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THE WORKS

OF

GEORGE HERBERT.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

EDITED FROM THE LATEST EDITIONS,

With Memoir, Explanatory Notes, &c.

LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.
AND NEW YORK.

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Preface.

HE Poems of GEORGE HERBERT were published after his death by his beloved friend Nicholas Ferrar, and at once attained popularity. Twenty thousand copies of "The Temple" were sold before Izaak Walton published the second edition of his "Life," in 1674. Cowley alone rivalled the poet of the Church in public estimation.

In spite of the quaintness and conceits peculiar to the age in which they were written, these Poems still retain a high place in our literature; the depth and reality of their religious feeling giving them a strong hold on English hearts, and the excellence of their language—pure and idiomatic as it is—preventing their becoming obsolete.

Herbert was the Keble of his age, an age which boasted of Shakspeare, Bacon, Spenser, and Ben Jonson. He was probably personally acquainted with the first, as we know he was with the second of these great men. He, Donne, and Cowley were poets of a different class, but great in their own sphere. Herbert is the best of the three, however, and remains the only one of them popularly read in the present day.

The shrewd common sense of "The Church Porch"—the

profound pathos of "The Sacrifice"—the delicacy and beauty of "The Flower" and "Virtue"—the Spenser-like allegory of "The Pilgrimage" would alone stamp "The Temple" as the production of a true poet.

"The Priest in the Temple" should never be parted from the Poems, on which it is a perfect commentary. While the Church of England exists the picture of the "Country Parson"—a portrait of Herbert himself—will be the delight of her ministers—their guide and incentive to excellence.

It is therefore with the certainty of having put "the right poet in the right place" that the Publishers add the Works of GEORGE HERBERT to the "Chandos Classics"

For many of the Notes to this edition we have been indebted to the MSS. of the late Reverend Richard Valentine, who studied and annotated HERBERT'S Works with great care.

The Printers to the Reader.*

THE dedication of this work having been made by the author to the Divine Majesty only, how should we now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from "Helicon." The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every man's judgment, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusal. Only for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common reader privy to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his Fellowship of Trinity College in Cambridge, and his Oratorship in the University, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary: quitting both his deserts and all the oppor-

* Published with the first edition, Cambridge, 1633.

tunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's Altar than to seek the honour of state employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none), which many of these ensuing verses bear witness of, they detract not from the freedom, but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so He accounted him meet not only to be called, but to be compelled to this service; wherein his faithful discharge was such as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testify his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to add, My Master.

Next God, he loved that which God Himself hath magnified above all things—that is, His Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable. Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his family to the church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements, drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him daily in the public celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an ecclesiastical dignity, which he was possessor of. But God permitted not the

accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him His instrument for re-edifying of the church belonging thereunto, that had lain ruinated almost twenty years.* The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by public collections, was in the end by his own and some few others' private free-will offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, "It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ;" otherwise than in this respect he could find nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the reader.

We conclude all with his own motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend in any way to his own honour:

Less than the least of God's mercies.

NICHOLAS FERRAR.†

* Layton Ecclesia, now Leighton Bromswold, near Spaldwich, in the county of Huntingdon. Walton says it was "a costly mosaic, for the form an exact cross, and for the decency and beauty . . . . . the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscotted as to be exceeded by none, and by his order the reading pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say "they should neither have a precedency or priority of the other, but that Prayer and Preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation."

† This celebrated member of the Church of England was the founder of the semi-monastic establishment of Little Gidding. He was born in London in 1593. He was in Parliament; but, giving up the world, established himself with his mother and family at Little Gidding, a village in Huntingdonshire, where, at that time, the church was used as a barn. He restored it, and established in his house a round of prayers, watchings, and repetitions of Scripture for every hour of the day and night. Young women also were trained in the house for nursing the poor. King Charles the First twice visited Little Gidding. Ferrar died in 1637, five years after his friend Herbert.

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Life of George Herbert.

THE

Life of Mr. George Herbert.

By IZAAK WALTON.

GEORGE HERBERT was born the third day of April, in the year of our Redemption 1593. The place of his birth was near to the town of Montgomery, and in that castle that did then bear the name of that town and county. That castle was then a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it; and with it a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours: a family that had been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and indeed, to do good to all mankind; for which they were eminent. But, alas! this family did in the late rebellion suffer extremely in their estates; and the heirs of that castle saw it laid level with that earth that was too good to bury those wretches that were the cause of it.

The father of our George was Richard Herbert,* the son of Edward Herbert, Knight, the son of Richard Herbert, Knight, the son of the famous Sir Richard Herbert, of Colebrook, in the county of Monmouth, Banneret, who was the youngest brother of that

* Of Blakehall, in Montgomery.

memorable William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, that lived in the reign of our King Edward IV.

His mother was Magdalen Newport, the youngest daughter of Sir Richard, and sister to Sir Francis Newport, of High Arkall, in the county of Salop, Knight, and grandfather of Francis, Lord Newport, now Comptroller of His Majesty's Household; a family that for their loyalty have suffered much in their estates, and seen the ruin of that excellent structure where their ancestors have long lived and been memorable for their hospitality.

This mother of George Herbert (of whose person, wisdom, and virtue I intend to give a true account in a seasonable place) was the happy mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's number and Job's distribution; and as often bless God that they were neither defective in their shapes or in their reason, and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing. I shall give the reader a short account of their names, and not say much of their fortunes.

Edward, the eldest, was first made Knight of the Bath at that glorious time of our late Prince Henry's* being installed Knight of the Garter, and after many years' useful travel, and the attainment of many languages, he was by King James sent Ambassador resident to the then French King Louis XIII. There he continued about two years; but he could not subject himself to a compliance with the humours of the Duke de Luines, who was then the great and powerful favourite at Court, so that, upon a complaint to our King, he was called back into England in some displeasure; but at his return he gave such an honourable account of his employment, and so justified his comportment to the Duke, and all the Court, that he was suddenly sent back upon the same embassy, from which he returned in the beginning of the reign of our good King Charles I., who made him first Baron of Castle Island, and not long after of Cherbury, in the county of Salop. He was a man of great learning and reason, as appears by his printed book "De Veritate," and by his "History of the Reign of Henry VIII.," and by several other tracts.†

* Son of James I.

† Lord Herbert of Cherbury had also greatly distinguished himself in the Wars of the Netherlands by a romantic bravery. He was generous, and had great

The second and third brothers were Richard and William, who ventured their lives to purchase honour in the wars of the Low Countries, and died officers in that employment. Charles was the fourth, and died Fellow of New College, in Oxford. Henry was the sixth, who became a menial servant to the Crown, in the days of King James, and continued to be so for fifty years, during all which time he hath been Master of the Revels, a place that requires a diligent wisdom, with which God hath blessed him. The seventh son was Thomas, who, being made captain of a ship in that fleet with which Sir Robert Mansell was sent against Algiers, did there show a fortunate and true English valour. Of the three sisters I need not say more than that they were all married to persons of worth and plentiful fortunes, and lived to be examples of virtue, and to do good in their generations.

I now come to give my intended account of George, who was the fifth of those seven brothers.

George Herbert spent much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain or tutor to him, and two of his brothers, in her own family (for she was then a widow), where he continued till about the age of twelve years; and being at that time well instructed in the rules of grammar, he was not long after commended to the care of Dr. Neale, who was then Dean of Westminster, and by him to the care of Mr. Ireland, who was then chief master of that school; where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that school till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after proved an excellent critic.

About the age of fifteen (he being then a King's scholar) he was elected out of that school for Trinity College in Cambridge, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608; and his

abilities; but it is sad to think of the brother of George Herbert as the author of "De Veritate," a book of which Hallam says, it is a "monument of an original independent thinker," but justly deemed inimical to every positive religion. He died 1648.

prudent mother, well knowing that he might easily lose or lessen that virtue and innocence which her advice and example had planted in his mind, did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr. Nevil, who was then Dean of Canterbury, and master of that college, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a tutor; which he did most gladly undertake; for he knew the excellences of his mother, and how to value such a friendship.

This was the method of his education, till he was settled in Cambridge, where we will leave him in his study till I have paid my promised account of his excellent mother, and I will endeavour to make it short.

I have told her birth, her marriage, and the number of her children, and have given some short account of them. I shall next tell the reader that her husband died when our George was about the age of four years. I am next to tell that she continued twelve years a widow; that she then married happily to a noble gentleman,* the brother and heir of the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind.

In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give Edward, her eldest son, such advantages of learning and other education as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did, at his being of a fit age, remove from Montgomery Castle with him and some of her younger sons to Oxford; and having entered Edward into Queen's College, and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care; yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child; but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother; which was to her great content;

* Sir John Danvers, of Danvers House, Chelsea, a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles I. It is distressing to think that after his excellent wife's death, at the breaking out of the Rebellion, he joined the rebels, sat as judge at the mock trial of the King and affixed his signature to the death-warrant of Charles I.

for she would often say, "That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company." And would therefore as often say, "That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning." For these reasons she endeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years; in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near that university; and particularly with Mr. John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place in this time of her being there. It was that John Donne who was after Dr. Donne, and Dean of St. Paul's, London; and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there in verse a character of the beauties of her body and mind. Of the first he says:

> No spring nor summer beauty has such grace
> As I have seen in an autumnal face.

Of the latter, he says:

> In all her words, to every hearer fit,
> You may at revels or at council sit.

The rest of her character may be read in his printed poems, in that elegy which bears the name of the "Autumnal Beauty." For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life.

This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls, but an amity made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues—an amity like that of St. Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous Olympias, whom, in his letters, he calls his saint; or an amity, indeed, more like that of St. Hierom to his Paula, whose affection to her was such that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph: "wishing all his body were turned into tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity." And this amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the fortieth year of his age, which was some years before he entered into sacred orders —a time when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support

of his wife, seven children, and a family; and in this time she proved one of his most bountiful benefactors, and he as grateful an acknowledger of it. You may take one testimony for what I have said of these two worthy persons from this following letter and sonnet:

"MADAM,—

"Your favours to me are everywhere; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there; and yet find them at Micham. Such riddles as these become things unexpressible, and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loth to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning; but my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me; and my coming this day is by the example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday to seek that which she loved most; and so did I. And, from her and myself, I return such thanks as are due to one whom we owe all the good opinion that they whom we need most have of us. By this messenger, and on this good day, I commit the enclosed holy hymns and sonnets (which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire) to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this enclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

"Your unworthiest servant,

"Unless your accepting him to be so have mended him,

"JO. DONNE."

"Micham, July 11, 1607.

"TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT, OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

"Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo,
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew more than the Church did know,—
The resurrection; so much good there is
Delivered of her, that some fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this,
But think these Magdalens were two or three.

Increase their number, lady, and their fame:
To their devotion add your innocence;
Take so much th' example as of the name;
The latter half; and in some recompense
That they did harbour Christ Himself a guest,
Harbour these hymns to His dear name addrest.

"J. D."

These hymns are now lost to us; but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven.

There might be more demonstrations of the friendship and the many sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons (for I have many of their letters in my hand), and much more might be said of her great prudence and piety; but my design was not to write hers, but the life of her son, and therefore I shall only tell my reader that about that very day twenty years that this letter was dated, and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Paul's) weep, and preach her funeral sermon in the parish church of Chelsey, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave, and where we must now leave her, and return to her son George, whom we left in his study in Cambridge.

And in Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such that we may conclude he consecrated the first-fruits of his early age to virtue and a serious study of learning. And that he did so, this following letter and sonnet, which were in the first year of his going to Cambridge, sent his dear mother for a New Year's gift, may appear to be some testimony:

"———But I fear the heat of my late ague hath dried up those springs by which scholars say the Muses use to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many love poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus, nor to bewail that so few are writ that look towards God and heaven. For my own part, my meaning, dear mother, is in these sonnets to declare my resolution to be that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory; and I beg you to receive this as one testimony:

"My God, where is that ancient heat towards Thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth Poetry
Wear Venus' livery?—only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of Thee, and lays
Upon Thine altar burnt? Cannot Thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out Thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot Thy dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or, since Thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears Thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by Thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that which one day worms may chance refuse?

"Sure, Lord, there is enough in Thee to dry
Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth Thy majesty;
Each cloud distils Thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and lilies speak Thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them is Thy abuse:
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind,
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on Thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth; when, Lord, in Thee
The beauty lies in the discovery. "G. H."

This was his resolution at the sending this letter to his dear mother, about which time he was in the seventeenth year of his age; and as he grew older, so he grew in learning, and more and more in favour both with God and man—insomuch, that in this morning of that short day of his life, he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of Heaven; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may and ought to be a pattern of virtue to all posterity, and especially to his brethren of the clergy

—of which the reader may expect a more exact account in what will follow.

I need not declare that he was a strict student, because, that he was so, there will be many testimonies in the future part of his life. I shall therefore only tell that he was made Bachelor of Arts in the year 1611; Major Fellow of the College, March 15th, 1615; and that in that year he was also made Master of Arts, he being then in the twenty-second year of his age—during all which time all, or the greatest diversion from his study, was the practice of music, in which he became a great master, and of which he would say, "That it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above the earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven before he possessed them." And it may be noted, that from his first entrance into the college, the generous Dr. Nevil was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person, his behaviour, and the excellent endowments of his mind, that he took him often into his own company, by which he confirmed his native gentleness; and if during this time he expressed any error, it was that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors; and his clothes seemed to prove that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage.

This may be some account of his disposition, and of the employment of his time, till he was Master of Arts, which was Anno 1615; and in the year 1619 he was chosen Orator for the university. His two precedent Orators were Sir Robert Naunton and Sir Francis Nethersole. The first was not long after made Secretary of State; and Sir Francis, not very long after his being orator, was made secretary to the Lady Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.* In this place of orator our George Herbert continued eight years, and managed it with as becoming and grave a gaiety as any had ever before or since his time. For he had acquired great learning, and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen. Of all which there might be very many particular evidences, but I will limit myself to the mention of but three.

And the first notable occasion of showing his fitness for this

* Daughter of James I.

employment of orator was manifested in a letter to King James upon the occasion of his sending that university his book, called "Basilicon Doron;"* and their orator was to acknowledge this great honour, and return their gratitude to his Majesty for such a condescension, at the close of which letter he writ,

QUID VATICANAM BODLEIANAMQUE OBJICIS HOSPES?
UNICUS EST NOBIS BIBLIOTHECA LIBER.

This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the King, that he inquired the orator's name, and then asked William, Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him; whose answer was, "That he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman; but he loved him more for his learning and virtue, than for that he was of his name and family." At which answer the King smiled, and asked the Earl leave "That he might love him too; for he took him to be the jewel of that university."

The next occasion he had and took to show his great abilities was with them to show also his great affection to that Church in which he received his baptism, and of which he professed himself a member; and the occasion was this: There was one Andrew Melvin, a minister of the Scotch Church, and rector of St. Andrew's, who, by a long and constant converse with a discontented part of that clergy which opposed episcopacy, became at last to be a chief leader of that faction; and had proudly appeared to be so to King James, when he was but King of that nation; who, the second year after his coronation in England, convened a part of the bishops and other learned divines of his Church, to attend him at Hampton Court, in order to a friendly conference with some dissenting brethren, both of this and the Church of Scotland; of which Scotch party Andrew Melvin was one;† and he being a man of

* This work is entitled, "Basilicon Doron; or, His Majesty's Instructions to his dearest Son, Henry the Prince," 1599.

† Andrew Melville was not present at the celebrated conference with the Puritans held at Hampton Court in 1603, but at a private conference held at the same place between James I. and a few Scottish ministers in 1606. In the first edition of Walton's "Life of Mr. George Herbert," Melville is described to be "master of a great wit; a wit full of knots and clenches; a wit sharp and satirical; exceeded, I think, by none of that nation, but their Buchanan."

learning, and inclined to satirical poetry, had scattered many malicious bitter verses against our liturgy, our ceremonies, and our Church government; which were by some of that party so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster School, where Mr. George Herbert then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on him and his kirk, as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel.

But to return to Mr. Melvin at Hampton Court conference: he there appeared to be a man of an unruly wit, of a strange confidence, of so furious a zeal, and of so ungoverned passions, that his insolence to the King and others at this conference lost him both his rectorship of St. Andrew's and his liberty too. For his former verses and his present reproaches there used against the Church and State, caused him to be committed prisoner to the Tower of London, where he remained very angry for three years. At which time of his commitment he found the Lady Arabella* an innocent prisoner there; and he pleased himself much in sending the next day after his commitment these two verses to the good lady; which I will underwrite, because they may give the reader a taste of his others, which were like these:

CAUSA TIBI MECUM EST COMMUNIS CARCERIS: ARABELLA TIBI CAUSA EST, ARAQUE SACRA MIHI.

I shall not trouble my reader with an account of his enlargement from that prison, or his death; but tell him Mr. Herbert's verses were thought so worthy to be preserved, that Dr. Duport, the learned Dean of Peterborough, hath lately collected and caused many of them to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend, Mr. George Herbert, and the cause he undertook.

And in order to my third and last observation of his great abilities, it will be needful to declare that about this time King James came very often to hunt at Newmarket and Royston, and was almost as often invited to Cambridge, where his entertainment

* Arabella Stuart, James I.'s first cousin; her father being Charles Stuart, Duke of Lenox, brother to Henry Darnley, Mary of Scotland's husband. She was imprisoned for having secretly married William Seymour, and died insane in the Tower, 1615.

was comedies suited to his pleasant humour; and where Mr. George Herbert was to welcome him with gratulations and the applauses of an orator, which he always performed so well, that he still grew more into the King's favour, insomuch that he had a particular appointment to attend his Majesty at Royston; where, after a discourse with him, his Majesty declared to his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, "That he found the orator's learning and wisdom much above his age or wit." The year following, the King appointed to end his progress at Cambridge, and to stay there certain days; at which time he was attended by the great secretary of nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam), and by the ever-memorable and learned Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desired friendship with our orator: upon whom the first put such a value on his judgment, that he usually desired his approbation before he would expose any of his books to be printed, and thought him so worthy of his friendship, that, having translated many of the prophet David's psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his patron, by a public dedication* of them to him, as the best judge of divine poetry. And for the learned bishop, it is observable, that at that time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about predestination and sanctity of life; of both which the orator did, not long after, send the bishop some safe and useful aphorisms, in a long letter, written in Greek; which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that, after reading it, the bishop put it into his bosom, and did often show it to many scholars, both of this and foreign nations; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life.

To these I might add the long and entire friendship betwixt

* Published in 4to, 1625. The dedication runs thus: "To his very good friend, Mr. George Herbert.—The pains that it pleased you to take about some of my writings I cannot forget, which did put me in mind to dedicate to you this poor exercise of my sickness. Besides, it being my manner for dedications to choose those that I hold most fit for the argument, I thought that in respect of divinity and poesy met, whereof the one is the matter, the other the style of this little writing, I could not make better choice: so with signification of my love and acknowledgment, I ever rest,

"Your affectionate friend,

"Fr. St. Albans."

him and Sir Henry Wotton,* and Dr. Donne,† but I have promised to contract myself, and shall therefore only add one testimony to what is also mentioned in the Life of Dr. Donne; namely, that a little before his death he caused many seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the figure of Christ crucified on an anchor (the emblem of hope), and of which Dr. Donne would often say, *crux mihi anchora.* These seals he gave or sent to most of those friends on which he put a value; and, at Mr. Herbert's death, these verses were found wrapped up with that seal which was by the doctor given to him:

> When my dear friend could write no more,
> He gave this seal, and so gave o'er.
>
> When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure,
> This anchor keeps my faith, that me, secure.‡

At this time of being orator, he had learnt to understand the Italian, Spanish, and French tongues very perfectly; hoping that, as his predecessors, so he might in time attain the place of a Secretary of State, he being at that time very high in the King's favour, and not meanly valued and loved by the most eminent and most powerful of the Court nobility. This and the love of a Court conversation, mixed with a laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from Cambridge to attend the King wheresoever the Court was, who then gave him a sinecure, which fell into his Majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had

* Sir Henry Wotton was born 1568, at Boughton Hall, in Kent. He was secretary to Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite, Essex, and on the fall of the Earl went to reside at Florence. In 1602 the Grand Duke of Tuscany sent him on a secret mission to James VI. of Scotland, and that King was so pleased with him that on his accession to the throne of England, he employed Sir Henry on various missions to the Courts of Italy and Germany. He was not only a distinguished diplomatist, but a devout Christian. He died 1639, seven years after Herbert.

† John Donne, born 1573, was brought up in the Romish faith, but after completing his studies he embraced that of the Church of England, and became secretary to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. He clandestinely married the Chancellor's niece, and, in consequence, lost his office, and was imprisoned. On his release he took orders, was made one of King James' chaplains, and Dean of St. Paul's. Donne is said by Dr. Johnson to have been the founder of the metaphysical school of poetry. Died 1631. See Walton's Lives of him and Sir H. Wotton.

‡ See Latin poems:

"Ad Johannem Donne, D.D., de uno sigillorum ejus, anchora et christo."

formerly given to her favourite Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth a hundred and twenty pounds per annum. With this and his annuity, and the advantage of his college and of his oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and Court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the King were there, but then he never failed; and, at other times, left the manage of his orator's place to his learned friend Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who is now* prebendary of Westminster.

I may not omit to tell that he had often designed to leave the university, and decline all study, which he thought did impair his health; for he had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and other infirmities, which he judged were increased by his studies; for he would often say, "He had too thoughtful a wit; a wit like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body." But his mother would by no means allow him to leave the university or to travel; and though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a mother; but did always submit to her wisdom. And what I have now said may partly appear in a copy of verses in his printed poems: it is one of those that bear the title of "Affliction;" and it appears to be a pious reflection on God's providence, and some passages of his life, in which he says:

"Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a ling'ring book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

"Yet, for I threatened oft the siege to raise,
Not simp'ring all mine age,
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetened pill, till I came near,
I could not go away, nor persevere.

* In Walton's time. He died in 1672.

"Yet lest, perchance, I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

"Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show;
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For then sure I should grow
To fruit or shade; at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

"Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek,
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change my service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah! my dear God, though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

"G. H."

In this time of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to Court, God, in whom there is an unseen change of causes, did, in a short time, put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after him, King James died also,* and with them all Mr. Herbert's Court hopes; so that he presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, as was judged to impair his health more than his study had done. In this time of retirement, he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court life, or betake himself to a study of divinity, and enter into sacred orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured

* James I. died 27th March, 1625.

them; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar.

He did at his return to London acquaint a Court friend with his resolution to enter into sacred orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom he replied, "It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of heaven should be of the noblest families on earth; and though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

This was then his resolution, and the God of constancy, who intended him for a great example of virtue, continued him in it; for within that year he was made deacon, but the day when, or by whom, I cannot learn; but that he was about that time made deacon is most certain; for I find by the records of Lincoln that he was made prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, July 15th, 1626; and that this prebend was given him by John, then lord bishop of that See. And now he had a fit occasion to show that piety and bounty that was derived from his generous mother, and his other memorable ancestors, and the occasion was this:

This Layton Ecclesia is a village near to Spalden, in the county of Huntingdon, and the greatest part of the parish church was fallen down, and that of it which stood was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the parishioners could not meet to perform their duty to God in public prayer and praises; and thus it had been for almost twenty years, in which time there had been some faint endeavours for a public collection, to enable the parishioners to rebuild it, but with no success, till Mr. Herbert undertook it; and he, by his own and the contribution of many of his kindred,

and other noble friends, undertook the re-edification of it, and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless till he saw it finished as it now stands; being for the workmanship a costly mosaic; for the form an exact cross; and for the decency and beauty, I am assured, it is the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscoted as to be exceeded by none; and by his order the reading pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say, "They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation."

Before I proceed further, I must look back to the time of Mr. Herbert's being made prebendary, and tell the reader, that not long after, his mother, being informed of his intentions to rebuild that church, and apprehending the great trouble and charge that he was likely to draw upon himself, his relations, and friends, before it could be finished, sent for him from London to Chelsea (where she then dwelt), and at his coming said, "George, I sent for you to persuade you to commit simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given you; namely, that you give him back his prebend; for, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse to undertake to build churches." Of which he desired he might have a day's time to consider, and then make her an answer; and at his return to her the next day, when he had first desired her blessing, and she given it him, his next request was, "That she would, at the age of thirty-three years, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God that, if he were able, he would rebuild that church." And then showed her such reasons for his resolution that she presently subscribed to be one of his benefactors, and undertook to solicit William, Earl of Pembroke, to become another, who subscribed for fifty pounds; and not long after, by a witty and persuasive letter from Mr. Herbert, made it fifty pounds more. And in this nomination of some of his benefactors, James, Duke of Lennox, and his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, ought to be remembered; as also the bounty of Mr. Nicholas Ferrar and Mr. Arthur Woodnot; the one a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Layton, and the other a goldsmith

in Foster Lane, London, ought not to be forgotten, for the memory of such men ought to outlive their lives. Of Mr. Ferrar I shall hereafter give an account in a more seasonable place; but before I proceed further, I will give this short account of Mr. Arthur Woodnot.

He was a man that had considered overgrown estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve than get them, and considered that there be many discontents that riches cure not, and did therefore set limits to himself as to the desire of wealth. And having attained so much as to be able to show some mercy to the poor and preserve a competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God, and to be useful for his friends; and he proved to be so to Mr. Herbert, for, beside his own bounty, he collected and returned most of the money that was paid for the rebuilding of that church; he kept all account of the charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the workmen paid. When I have said that this good man was an useful friend to Mr. Herbert's father and to his mother, and continued to be so to him, till he closed his eyes on his death-bed, I will forbear to say more, till I have the next fair occasion to mention the holy friendship that was betwixt him and Mr. Herbert. From whom Mr. Woodnot carried to his mother this following letter, and delivered it to her in a sickness, which was not long before that which proved to be her last:

A Letter of Mr. George Herbert to his Mother in her sickness.

Madam,—

At my last parting from you, I was the better content because I was in hope I should myself carry all sickness out of your family; but since I know I did not, and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment does fix me here, it being now but a month to our commencement, wherein my absence by how much it naturally augmented suspicion, by so much shall it make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all consolation. In the meantime, I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the

God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter? Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys; therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts. Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and I hope kept heavenly for yourself; but would you divide and choose too? Our college customs allow not that; and I should account myself most happy if I might change with you; for I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarls and incumbrances. Happy is he whose bottom is wound up and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem. For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance. So that now if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience; insomuch, that whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be, since if we had riches, we are commanded to give them away? So that the best use of them is, having, not to have them. But, perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation call on us to live in a more splendid fashion; but, O God, how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the Holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find "Blessed be the rich," or "Blessed be the noble," but "Blessed be the meek," and "Blessed be the poor," and "Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted." And yet, O God! most

carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared to be blessed. And for afflictions of the body, dear madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by thousands, and have endured such other tortures as the very mention of them might beget amazement; but their fiery trials have had an end, and yours (which, praised be God! are less) are not like to continue long. I beseech you, let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow; and know that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like trouble, yet you may say with David, "That God, who delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine." Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul: consider that God intends that to be as a sacred temple for Himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as grief, or allow that any sadness shall be His competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist: "Cast thy care on the Lord, and He shall nourish thee" (Psal. lv. 22). To which join that of St. Peter. "Casting all your care on the Lord, for He careth for you" (I. Pet. v. 7). What an admirable thing is this, that God puts His shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us, that we may the more quietly intend His service. To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you (Philip. iv. 4): St. Paul saith there, "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice." He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, "What, shall we rejoice in affliction?" Yes, I say again, rejoice; so that it is not left to us to rejoice or not rejoice; but whatsoever befalls us, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care of us. And it follows in the next verse: "Let your moderation appear unto all men: the Lord is at hand: be careful for nothing." What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves, God is at hand to deliver us from all, or in all. Dear madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

Your most obedient son,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trin. Coll. May 25th, 1622.

About the year 1629, and the thirty-fourth of his age, Mr.

Herbert was seized with a sharp quotidian ague, and thought to remove it by the change of air; to which end he went to Woodford in Essex, but thither more chiefly to enjoy the company of his beloved brother, Sir Henry Herbert, and other friends then of that family. In his house he remained about twelve months, and there became his own physician, and cured himself of his ague by forbearing drink, and not eating any meat, no, not mutton, nor a hen or pigeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant diet he removed his ague, but with inconveniences that were worse; for he brought upon himself a disposition to rheums and other weaknesses, and a supposed consumption. And it is to be noted that in the sharpest of his extreme fits he would often say, "Lord, abate my great affliction, or increase my patience; but, Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before Thee, because Thou doest it." By which, and a sanctified submission to the will of God, he showed he was inclinable to bear the sweet yoke of Christian discipline, both then and in the latter part of his life, of which there will be many true testimonies.

And now his care was to recover from his consumption by a change from Woodford into such an air as was most proper to that end. And his remove was to Dauntsey in Wiltshire, a noble house which stands in a choice air; the owner of it then was the Lord Danvers,* Earl of Danby, who loved Mr. Herbert so very much, that he allowed him such an apartment in it as might best suit with his accommodation and liking. And in this place, by a spare diet, declining all perplexing studies, moderate exercise, and a cheerful conversation, his health was apparently improved to a good degree of strength and cheerfulness. And then he declared his resolution both to marry and to enter into the sacred orders of priesthood. These had long been the desire of his mother and his other relations; but she lived not to see either, for she died in the year 1627. And though he was disobedient to her about Layton Church, yet in conformity to her will, he kept his Orator's

* Henry Danvers served as captain in the army sent by Elizabeth to aid Henry IV. of France; as major-general under Essex in Ireland, and was created Earl of Danby, co. York, by Charles I., 1626. He was founder of a botanic garden at Oxford. On his monument are the lines composed by Herbert to his memory, which are printed among the Miscellaneous Poems. The epitaph was written many years before Lord Danby's death.

place till after her death, and then presently declined it; and the more willingly that he might be succeeded by his friend Robert Creighton, who now is Dr. Creighton and the worthy Bishop of Wells.

I shall now proceed to his marriage; in order to which it will be convenient that I first give the reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both.

He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

These, and his other visible virtues, begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby; namely, from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, Esq.; this Mr. Danvers having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters (for he had so many), but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a Platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey; yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city, and love having got such possession, governed and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist; insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a love frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes as to have select

proxies; such as were true friends to both parties; such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more, because it proved so happy to both parties. For the eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.

About three months after his marriage, Dr. Curle, who was then rector of Bemerton in Wiltshire, was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, and not long after translated to Winchester, and by that means the presentation of a clerk to Bemerton did not fall to the Earl of Pembroke (who was the undoubted patron of it), but to the King, by reason of Dr. Curle's advancement. But Philip, then Earl of Pembroke (for William was lately dead), requested the King to bestow it on his kinsman, George Herbert; and the King said, "Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance." And the Earl as willingly and suddenly sent it to him without seeking. But though Mr. Herbert had formerly put on a resolution for the clergy, yet, at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account that he was to make for the cure of so many souls, made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a month; in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the priesthood and that living. And in this time of considering, he endured (as he would often say) such spiritual conflicts as none can think, but only those that have endured them.

In the midst of these conflicts, his old and dear friend, Mr. Arthur Woodnot, took a journey to salute him at Bainton (where he then was with his wife's friends and relations), and was joyful to be an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage. And after

they had rejoiced together some few days, they took a journey to Wilton, the famous seat of the Earls of Pembroke; at which time the King, the Earl, and the whole Court were there, or at Salisbury, which is near to it. And at this time Mr. Herbert presented his thanks to the Earl for his presentation to Bemerton, but had not yet resolved to accept it, and told him the reason why; but that night the Earl acquainted Dr. Laud,* then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolution. And the Bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did; and Mr. Herbert being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately (for Mr. Herbert had been made deacon some years before), and he was also the same day (which was April 26, 1630) inducted into the good and more pleasant than healthful parsonage of Bemerton, which is a mile† from Salisbury.

I have now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it; a life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety, for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now. But it becomes not me to censure. My design is rather to assure the reader that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being

* Afterwards beheaded by the rebels.

† Rather more than a mile.

left there alone to toll the bell (as the law requires him),* he stayed so much longer than an ordinary time before he returned to those friends that stayed expecting him at the church door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar; at which time and place (as he after told Mr. Woodnot) he set some rules to himself for the future manage of his life, and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.

And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr. Woodnot, "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for; and I can now behold the Court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures—pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God and His service is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependants to a love and reliance on Him, who never fails those that trust Him. But, above all, I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like Him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honoured me so much as to call me to serve Him at His altar, that as by His special grace He hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions; so He will, by His assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech Him that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others as to bring glory to my JESUS, whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor; and I am so proud of His service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do His will, and always call Him 'Jesus, my Master;' and I will always contemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of Jesus my Master."

* To make his induction known to the parishioners. A small square western tower at Bemerton still contains the ancient bell. See "Notes and Queries" for 1850.

And that he did so may appear in many parts of his "Book of Sacred Poems," especially in that which he calls "The Odour"—in which he seems to rejoice in the thoughts of that word, "Jesus," and say, that the adding these words, "my Master," to it, and the often repetition of them, seemed to perfume his mind and leave an Oriental fragrancy in his very breath. And for his unforced choice to serve at God's altar, he seems in another place of his poems ("The Pearl," Matt. xiii.) to rejoice, and say, "he knew the ways of learning; knew what nature does willingly, and what when it is forced by fire; knew the ways of honour, and when glory inclines the soul to noble expressions; knew the Court; knew the ways of pleasure, of love, of wit, of music, and upon what terms he declined all these for the service of his Master JESUS; and then concludes, saying,

> That through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
> But Thy silk twist, let down from heaven to me,
> Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
> To climb to Thee.

The third day after he was made Rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her, "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you that I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And, indeed, her unforced humility —that humility that was in her so original as to be born with her—made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her; and this love followed her in all places as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton, to

view the church and repair the chancel, and, indeed, to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down or decayed by reason of his predecessor's living at a better parsonage house, namely, at Minal,* sixteen or twenty miles from this place. At which time of Mr. Herbert's coming alone to Bemerton, there came to him a poor old woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind; but after she had spoke some few words to him, she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her, which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, "Speak, good mother; be not afraid to speak to me, for I am a man that will hear you with patience, and will relieve your necessities too if I be able, and this I will do willingly; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire." After which comfortable speech he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her, "he would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care." And having with patience heard and understood her wants (and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience), he, like a Christian clergyman, comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God and praying for him. Thus worthy, and (like David's blessed man) thus lowly, was Mr. George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others.

At his return that night to his wife at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages betwixt him and the poor woman, with which she was so affected that she went next day to Salisbury, and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman, and with a message "that she would see and be acquainted with her when her house was built at Bemerton."

There be many such passages both of him and his wife, of which some few will be related; but I shall first tell that he hasted to get the parish church repaired; then to beautify the chapel (which stands near his house), and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the parsonage house,

* Minal, or Mildenhall, is near Marlborough.

which he did also very completely, and at his own charge; and having done this good work, he caused these verses to be writ upon, or engraven in, the mantel of the chimney in his hall:

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour 's not lost.

We will now, by the reader's favour, suppose him fixed at Bemerton, and grant him to have seen the church repaired, and the chapel belonging to it very decently adorned, at his own great charge (which is a real truth), and having now fixed him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behaviour both to his parishioners and those many others that knew and conversed with him.

Doubtless Mr. Herbert had considered and given rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and man before he entered into holy orders. And it is not unlike but that he renewed those resolutions at his prostration before the holy altar, at his induction into the church of Bemerton; but as yet he was but a deacon, and therefore longed for the next Ember Week, that he might be ordained priest, and made capable of administering both the sacraments. At which time the Rev. Dr Humphrey Henchman, now Lord Bishop of London (who does not mention him but with some veneration for his life and excellent learning?), tells me, he laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head, and, alas! within less than three years lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to his grave.

And that Mr. Herbert might the better preserve those holy rules which such a priest as he intended to be ought to observe; and that time might not insensibly blot them out of his memory, but that the next year might show him his variations from this year's resolutions; he therefore did set down his rules, then resolved upon, in that order as the world now sees them printed in a little book called "The Country Parson,"* in which some of his rules are:

* Contained in this volume.

The Parson's Knowledge.
The Parson on Sundays.
The Parson Praying.
The Parson Preaching.
The Parson's Charity.
The Parson comforting the Sick.
The Parson Arguing.
The Parson Condescending.
The Parson in his Journey.
The Parson in his Mirth.
The Parson with his Churchwardens.
The Parson Blessing the People.

And his behaviour toward God and man may be said to be a practical comment on these and the other holy rules set down in that useful book; a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that country parson, that can spare twelve pence and yet wants it, is scarce excusable; because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the death of Mr. Herbert this book fell into the hands of his friend Mr. Woodnot; and he commended it into the trusty hands of Mr. Barnabas Oley, who published it with a most conscientious and excellent preface; from which I have had some of those truths that are related in this life of Mr. Herbert. The text for his first sermon was taken out of Solomon's Proverbs, and the words were, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." In which first sermon he gave his parishioners many necessary, holy, safe rules for the discharge of a good conscience both to God and man, and delivered his sermon after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence. But, at the close of this sermon, told them, "That should not be his constant way of preaching; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions; but that for their sakes his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons." And he then made it his humble request, that they would be constant to the afternoon's service and catechizing, and showed them convincing reasons why he desired it; and his obliging example and persuasions brought them to a willing conformity with his desires.

The texts for all his future sermons (which God knows were not many) were constantly taken out of the Gospel for the day; and he did as constantly declare why the Church did appoint that

portion of Scripture to be that day read, and in what manner the collect for every Sunday does refer to the Gospel or to the Epistle then read to them; and, that they might pray with understanding, he did usually take occasion to explain, not only the collect for every particular Sunday, but the reasons of all the other collects and responses in our Church service; and made it appear to them that the whole service of the Church was a reasonable, and therefore an acceptable sacrifice to God; as, namely, that we begin with confession of ourselves to be vile, miserable sinners; and that we begin so because, till we have confessed ourselves to be such, we are not capable of that mercy which we acknowledge we need and pray for; but having, in the prayer of our Lord, begged pardon for those sins which we have confessed, and hoping that as the priest hath declared our absolution, so by our public confession and real repentance we have obtained that pardon; then we dare and do proceed to beg of the Lord to open our lips, that our mouths may show forth His praise; for, till then, we are neither able nor worthy to praise Him. But this being supposed, we are then fit to say, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and fit to proceed to a further service of our God, in the collects, and psalms, and lauds that follow in the service.

And as to these psalms and lauds, he proceeded to inform them why they were so often, and some of them daily, repeated in our Church service, namely, the psalms every month, because they be an historical and thankful repetition of mercies past, and such a composition of prayers and praises as ought to be repeated often and publicly; for with such sacrifices God is honoured and well pleased. This for the psalms.

And for the hymns and lauds, appointed to be daily repeated or sung after the first and second lessons are read to the congregation, he proceeded to inform them that it was most reasonable, after they have heard the will and goodness of God declared or preached by the priest in his reading the two chapters, that it was then a seasonable duty to rise up and express their gratitude to Almighty God for those His mercies to them and to all mankind; and then to say with the blessed Virgin, that their souls do magnify the Lord, and that their spirits do also rejoice in God their Saviour. And that it was their duty also to rejoice with Simeon in his song,

and say with him, that their eyes have also seen their salvation; for they have seen that salvation which was but prophesied till his time, and he then broke out into those expressions of joy that he did see it; but they live to see it daily in the history of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoice, and daily to offer up their sacrifices of praise to their God for that particular mercy—a service which is now the constant employment of that blessed Virgin, and Simeon, and all those blessed saints that are possessed of heaven, and where they are at this time interchangeably and constantly singing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God, glory be to God on high, and on earth peace!" And he taught them that to do this was an acceptable service to God; because the prophet David says in his psalms, "He that praiseth the Lord honoureth Him."

He made them to understand how happy they be that are freed from the incumbrances of that law which our forefathers groaned under, namely, from the legal sacrifices and from the many ceremonies of the Levitical law—freed from circumcision, and from the strict observation of the Jewish Sabbath, and the like. And he made them to know that having received so many and so great blessings by being born since the days of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable sacrifice to Almighty God for them to acknowledge those blessings daily, and stand up and worship, and say as Zacharias did, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath (in our days) visited and redeemed His people; and (He hath in our days) remembered and showed that mercy, which by the mouth of the prophets He promised to our forefathers; and this He hath done according to His holy covenant made with them." And he made them to understand that we live to see and enjoy the benefit of it in His birth, His life, His passion, His resurrection, and ascension into heaven, where He now sits, sensible of all our temptations and infirmities, and where He is at this present time making intercession for us to His and our Father; and therefore they ought daily to express their public gratulations, and say daily with Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, that hath thus visited and thus redeemed His people." These were some of the reasons by which Mr. Herbert instructed his congregation for the use of the psalms and the hymns appointed to be daily sung or said in the Church service.

He informed them also when the priest did pray only for the congregation and not for himself; and when they did only pray for him; as, namely, after the repetition of the creed, before he proceeds to pray the Lord's prayer, or any of the appointed collects, the priest is directed to kneel down and pray for them, saying, "The Lord be with you;" and when they pray for him, saying, "And with Thy Spirit;" and then they join together in the following collects. And he assured them that when there is such mutual love, and such joint prayers offered for each other, then the holy angels look down from heaven, and are ready to carry such charitable desires to God Almighty, and He as ready to receive them; and that a Christian congregation calling thus upon God with one heart and one voice, and in one reverent and humble posture, look as beautiful as Jerusalem that is at peace with itself.

He instructed them also why the prayer of our Lord was prayed often in every full service of the Church, namely, at the conclusion of the several parts of that service; and prayed then, not only because it was composed and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect pattern for our less perfect forms of prayer, and therefore fittest to sum up and conclude all our imperfect petitions.

He instructed them also that, as by the second commandment we are required not to bow down or worship an idol or false god, so, by the contrary rule, we are to bow down and kneel, or stand up, and worship the true God. And he instructed them why the Church required the congregation to stand up at the repetition of the creeds, namely, because they did thereby declare both their obedience to the Church, and an assent to that faith into which they had been baptized. And he taught them that in that shorter creed or doxology, so often repeated daily, they also stood up to testify their belief to be that the God that they trusted in was one God and three Persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—to whom they and the priest gave glory. And because there had been heretics that had denied some of these three Persons to be God, therefore the congregation stood up and honoured Him by confessing, and saying, "It was so in the beginning, is now so, and shall ever be so world without end." And all gave their assent to this belief by standing up,* and saying, "Amen."

* Previous to the restoration of Charles II., during the reading of the psalms, the

He instructed them also what benefit they had by the Church's appointing the celebration of holy days, and the excellent use of them, namely, that they were set apart for particular commemorations of particular mercies received from Almighty God, and (as Reverend Mr. Hooker says) to be the landmarks to distinguish times; for by them we are taught to take notice how time passes by us, and that we ought not to let the year pass without a celebration of praise for those mercies which those days give us occasion to remember; and therefore they were to note that the year is appointed to begin the 25th day of March,* a day in which we commemorate the angel's appearing to the blessed Virgin, with the joyful tidings that she should conceive and bear a Son that should be the Redeemer of mankind. And she did so forty weeks after this joyful salutation, namely, at our Christmas—a day in which we commemorate His birth with joy and praise; and that eight days after this happy birth we celebrate His circumcision, namely, in that which we call New Year's Day. And that, upon that day which we call Twelfth Day, we commemorate the manifestation of the unsearchable riches of Jesus to the Gentiles; and that that day we also celebrate the memory of His goodness in sending a star to guide the three wise men from the east to Bethlehem, that they might there worship and present Him with their oblations of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And he (Mr. Herbert) instructed them that Jesus was forty days after His birth presented by His blessed mother in the Temple, namely, on that day which we call The Purification of the Blessed Virgin St. Mary. And he instructed them that by the Lent fast we imitate and commemorate our Saviour's humiliation in fasting forty days, and that we ought to endeavour to be like Him in purity. And that on Good Friday we commemorate and condole His crucifixion; and at Easter commemorate His glorious resurrection. And he taught them that after Jesus had manifested Himself to His disciples to be that Christ that was crucified, dead, and buried; and by His appearing

minister stood while the people sat—the latter, however, rising at the doxology.—(*From* Messrs. Bell & Daldy's Edition of "Herbert"). In the present day the congregation rise also at the doxology after the sermon; at one period they knelt.

* New Year's day was the 25th of March till the reign of George II., when in 1752 it was changed to the 1st of January. It is still the first day of the ecclesiastical year.

and conversing with His disciples for the space of forty days after His resurrection, He then, and not till then, ascended into heaven in the sight of those disciples, namely, on that day which we call the Ascension, or Holy Thursday. And that we then celebrate the performance of the promise which He made to His disciples at or before His ascension, namely, that though He left them, yet He would send them the Holy Ghost to be their Comforter; and that He did so on that day which the Church calls Whit Sunday. Thus the Church keeps an historical and circular commemoration of times as they pass by us—of such times as ought to incline us to occasional praises for the particular blessings which we do or might receive by those holy commemorations.

He made them know also why the Church hath appointed Ember Weeks; and to know the reason why the commandments, and the epistles, and gospels were to be read at the altar or communion table; why the priest was to pray the Litany kneeling, and why to pray some collects standing. And he gave them many other observations fit for his plain congregation, but not fit for me now to mention, for I must set limits to my pen, and not make that a treatise which I intended to be a much shorter account than I have made it:—But I have done, when I have told the reader that he was constant in catechizing every Sunday in the afternoon, and that his catechizing was after his second lesson, and in the pulpit; and that he never exceeded his half-hour, and was always so happy as to have an obedient and a full congregation.

And to this I must add that if he were at any time too zealous in his sermons, it was in reproving the indecencies of the people's behaviour in the time of divine service, and of those ministers that huddled up the Church prayers without a visible reverence and affection, namely, such as seemed to say the Lord's Prayer or collect in a breath; but for himself, his custom was to stop betwixt every collect, and give the people time to consider what they had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God before he engaged them into new petitions.

And by this account of his diligence to make his parishioners understand what they prayed, and why they praised and adored their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the reader's belief to the following account of Mr. Herbert's own practice,

which was to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces (the daughters of a deceased sister) and his whole family twice every day at the church prayers in the chapel which does almost join to his parsonage house. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the canonical hours of ten and four; and then and there he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation. And he would joy to have spent that time in that place where the honour of his Master Jesus dwelleth; and there, by that inward devotion which he testified constantly by an humble behaviour and visible adoration, he, like Joshua, brought not only his own household thus to serve the Lord, but brought most of his parishioners and many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day; and some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's saints' bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him, and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God and to him, that they thought themselves the happier when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour. Thus powerful was his reason and example, to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion.

And his constant public prayers did never make him to neglect his own private devotions, nor those prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his family, which always were a set form and not long; and he did always conclude them with that collect which the Church hath appointed for the day or week. Thus he made every day's sanctity a step towards that kingdom where impurity cannot enter.

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week on certain appointed days to the cathedral church in Salisbury; and at his return would say, that his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth. But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an

appointed private music meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.

And as his desire to enjoy his heaven upon earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others, of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to Salisbury, he overtook a gentleman that is still living in that city, and in their walk together Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused if he asked him some account of his faith; and said, "I do this the rather because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your tenant; and, sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon hearers that be like those fishes that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh." After which expression Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton, and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him.

In another of his Salisbury walks he met with a neighbour minister, and after some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some condolement for the decay of piety, and too general contempt of the clergy, Mr. Herbert took occasion to say, "One cure for these distempers would be for the clergy themselves to keep the Ember Weeks strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious clergy. And another cure would be for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of catechizing, on which the salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay people does depend; but principally that the clergy themselves would be sure to live unblamably; and that the dignified clergy especially, which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting, and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives; for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all that knew them to be such."

(And for proof of this we need no other testimony than the life and death of Dr. Lake, late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.) "This," said Mr. Herbert, "would be a cure for the wickedness and growing atheism of our age. And, my dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the manners of the laity; for it is not learning, but this, this only, that must do it; and till then the fault must lie at our doors."

In another walk to Salisbury he saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him, that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was, that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place. "For if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments."

Thus as our blessed Saviour, after His resurrection, did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to Cleopas and that other disciple which He met with and accompanied in their journey to Emmaus; so Mr. Herbert, in his path toward heaven, did daily take any fair occasion to instruct the ignorant, or comfort any that were in affliction; and did always confirm his precepts by showing humility and mercy, and ministering grace to the hearers.

And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with

his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn; which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty; for she rejoiced in the employment; and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her charity. And for his own, he set no limits to it, nor did ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them, especially his poor neighbours; to the meanest of whose houses he would go, and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them cheerfully if they were in distress; and would always praise God as much for being willing as for being able to do it. And when he was advised by a friend to be more frugal, because he might have children, his answer was, "he would not see the danger of want so far off; but being the Scripture does so commend charity as to tell us that charity is the top of Christian virtues, the covering of sins, the fulfilling of the law, the life of faith, and that charity hath a promise of the blessings of this life and of a reward in that life which is to come; being these and more excellent things are in Scripture spoken of thee, O Charity! and that being all my tithes and church-dues are a deodate from Thee, O my God, make me, O my God, so far to trust Thy promise as to return them back to Thee; and by Thy grace I will do so, in distributing them to any of Thy poor members that are in distress, or do but bear the image of Jesus my Master. Sir," said he to his friend, "my wife hath a competent maintenance secured her after my death, and therefore as this is my prayer, so this my resolution shall, by God's grace, be unalterable."

This may be some account of the excellencies of the active part of his life; and thus he continued till a consumption so weakened him as to confine him to his house, or to the chapel which does almost join to it; in which he continued to read prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak; in one of which times of his reading his wife observed him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits and weakened him; and he

confessed it did, but said, his life could not be better spent than in the service of his Master Jesus, who had done and suffered so much for him. "But," said he, "I will not be wilful; for though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak; and therefore Mr. Bostock shall be appointed to read prayers for me to-morrow, and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality." And Mr. Bostock did the next day undertake and continue this happy employment till Mr. Herbert's death. This Mr. Bostock was a learned and virtuous man, an old friend of Mr. Herbert's, and then his curate to the church of Fulston, which is a mile from Bemerton, to which church Bemerton is but a chapel of ease. And this Mr. Bostock did also constantly supply the church service for Mr. Herbert in that chapel, when the music meeting at Salisbury caused his absence from it.

About one month before his death, his friend Mr. Ferrar (for an account of whom I am by promise indebted to the reader, and intend to make him sudden payment) hearing of Mr. Herbert's sickness, sent Mr. Edmund Duncon (who is now Rector of Fryer Barnet, in the county of Middlesex) from his house of Gidden Hall, which is near to Huntingdon, to see Mr. Herbert, and to assure him he wanted not his daily prayers for his recovery;* and Mr.

The following was the daily prayer offered up for George Herbert in Mr. Ferrar's family: "O most mighty God and merciful Father! we most humbly beseech Thee, if it be Thy good pleasure to continue to us that singular benefit which Thou hast given us in the friendship of Thy servant, our dear brother, who now lieth on the bed of sickness, let him abide with us yet awhile, for the furtherance of our faith. We have, indeed, deserved by our ingratitude, not only the loss of him, but whatever other opportunities Thou hast given us for the attainment of our salvation. We do not deserve to be heard in our supplications; but Thy mercies are above all Thy works. In consideration whereof we prostrate ourselves in all humble earnestness, beseeching Thee, if so it may seem good to Thy divine Majesty, that Thou wilt hear us in this, who hast heard us in all the rest, and that Thou wilt bring him back again from the gates of death; that Thou wilt yet awhile spare him, that he may live to Thy honour and our comfort. Lord, Thou hast willed that our delights should be in the saints on earth, and in such as excel in virtue: how, then, should we not be afflicted and mourn when Thou takest them away from us? Thou hast made him a great help and furtherance of the best things amongst us: how, then, can we but esteem the loss of him a chastisement from Thy displeasure? O Lord, we beseech Thee that it may not be so! We beseech Thee, if it be Thy good pleasure, restore unto us our dear brother, by restoring to him his health; so will we praise and magnify Thy name and mercy with a song of thanksgiving. Hear us, O Lord, for Thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen."

Duncon was to return back to Gidden with an account of Mr. Herbert's condition. Mr. Duncon found him weak, and at that time lying on his bed or on a pallet; but at his seeing Mr. Duncon, he raised himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness inquired the health of his brother Ferrar, of which Mr. Duncon satisfied him; and after some discourse of Mr. Ferrar's holy life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr. Duncon, "Sir, I see by your habit that you are a priest, and I desire you to pray with me;" which being granted, Mr. Duncon asked him, "What prayers?" to which Mr. Herbert's answer was, "Oh, sir, the prayers of my mother, the Church of England. No other prayers are equal to them!—but, at this time, I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint;" and Mr. Duncon did so. After which, and some other discourse of Mr. Ferrar, Mrs. Herbert provided Mr. Duncon a plain supper and a clean lodging, and he betook himself to rest.—This Mr. Duncon tells me; and tells me that at his first view of Mr. Herbert, he saw majesty and humility so reconciled in his looks and behaviour, as begot in him an awful reverence for his person, and says, "his discourse was so pious, and his motion so genteel and meek, that after almost forty years, yet they remain still fresh in his memory."

The next morning Mr. Duncon left him, and betook himself to a journey to Bath, but with a promise to return back to him within five days; and he did so. But before I shall say anything of what discourse then fell betwixt them two, I will pay my promised account of Mr. Ferrar.

Mr. Nicholas Ferrar (who got the reputation of being called St. Nicholas at the age of six years) was born in London, and doubtless had good education in his youth; but certainly was at an early age made Fellow of Clare Hall in Cambridge, where he continued to be eminent for his piety, temperance, and learning. About the twenty-sixth year of his age he betook himself to travel, in which he added to his Latin and Greek a perfect knowledge of all the languages spoken in the western parts of our Christian world, and understood well the principles of their religion, and of their manner, and the reasons of their worship. In this his travel he met with many persuasions to come into a communion with that Church which calls itself Catholic; but he returned from his travels as he

went, eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England. In his absence from England, Mr. Ferrar's father (who was a merchant) allowed him a liberal maintenance; and, not long after his return into England, Mr. Ferrar had, by the death of his father, or an elder brother, or both, an estate left him, that enabled him to purchase land to the value of four or five hundred pounds a year, the greatest part of which land was at Little Gidden, four or six miles from Huntingdon, and about eighteen from Cambridge —which place he chose for the privacy of it, and for the hall, which had the parish church or chapel belonging and adjoining near to it; for Mr. Ferrar having seen the manners and vanities of the world, and found them to be, as Mr. Herbert says, "a nothing between two dishes," did so contemn it, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortifications, and in devotion, and charity, and to be always prepared for death; and his life was spent thus:

He and his family, which were like a little college, and about thirty in number, did most of them keep Lent and all Ember Weeks strictly, both in fasting and using all those mortifications and prayers that the Church hath appointed to be then used; and he and they did the like constantly on Fridays, and on the vigils or eves appointed to be fasted before the saints' days; and this frugality and abstinence turned to the relief of the poor; but this was but a part of his charity none but God and he knew the rest.

This family, which I have said to be in number about thirty, were a part of them his kindred, and the rest chosen to be of a temper fit to be moulded into a devout life; and all of them were for their dispositions serviceable, and quiet, and humble, and free from scandal. Having thus fitted himself for his family, he did, about the year 1630, betake himself to a constant and methodical service of God, and it was in this manner: He, being accompanied with most of his family, did himself use to read the Common Prayers (for he was a deacon) every day at the appointed hours of ten and four, in the parish church, which was very near his house, and which he had both repaired and adorned, for it was fallen into a great ruin, by reason of a depopulation of the village before Mr. Ferrar bought the manor. And he did also constantly read the matins every morning at the hour of six, either in the church or in

an oratory which was within his own house; and many of the family did there continue with him after the prayers were ended, and there they spent some hours in singing hymns or anthems, sometimes in the church, and often to an organ in the oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the psalms; and, in case the psalms were not always read in the day, then Mr. Ferrar, and others of the congregation, did at night, at the ring of a watch-bell, repair to the church or oratory, and there betake themselves to prayers and lauding God, and reading the psalms that had not been read in the day; and when these, or any part of the congregation, grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung, sometimes before and sometimes after midnight, and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying or singing lauds to God or reading the psalms; and when after some hours they also grew weary and faint, then they rung the watch-bell, and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society, which continued their devotions (as hath been mentioned) until morning. And it is to be noted that in this continued serving of God, the psalter, or whole book of psalms, was, in every four-and-twenty hours, sung or read over from the first to the last verse; and this was done as constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

Thus did Mr. Ferrar and his happy family serve God day and night: thus did they always behave themselves as in His presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strictest rules of temperance; eat and drink so as to be ready to rise at midnight, or at the call of a watch-bell, and perform their devotions to God.

And it is fit to tell the reader that many of the clergy that were more inclined to practical piety and devotion than to doubtful and needless disputations, did often come to Gidden Hall, and make themselves a part of that happy society, and stay a week or more, and then join with Mr. Ferrar and the family in these devotions, and assist and ease him or them in the watch by night. And these various devotions had never less than two of the domestic family in the night; and the watch was always kept in the church or

oratory, unless in extreme cold winter nights, and then it was maintained in a parlour which had a fire in it, and the parlour was fitted for that purpose. And this course of piety, and great liberality to his poor neighbours, Mr. Ferrar maintained till his death, which was in the year 1639.*

Mr. Ferrar's and Mr. Herbert's devout lives were both so noted that the general report of their sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight acquaintance which was begun at their being contemporaries in Cambridge; and this new holy friendship was long maintained without any interview, but only by loving and endearing letters. And one testimony of their friendship and pious designs may appear by Mr. Ferrar's commending "The Considerations of John Valdesso" (a book which he had met with in his travels, and translated out of Spanish into English) to be examined and censured by Mr. Herbert before it was made public; which excellent book Mr. Herbert did read, and returned back with many marginal notes, as they be now printed with it; and with them Mr. Herbert's affectionate letter to Mr. Ferrar.

This John Valdesso was a Spaniard, and was for his learning and virtue much valued and loved by the great Emperor, Charles the Fifth, whom Valdesso had followed as a cavalier all the time of his long and dangerous wars; and when Valdesso grew old, and grew weary both of war and the world, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the Emperor that his resolution was to decline his Majesty's service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative life, because there ought to be a vacancy of time betwixt fighting and dying. The Emperor had himself, for the same or other like reasons, put on the same resolution; but God and himself did, till then, only know them; and he did therefore desire Valdesso to consider well of what he had said, and to keep his purpose within his own breast till they two might have a second opportunity of a friendly discourse, which Valdesso promised to do.

In the meantime the Emperor appoints privately a day for him and Valdesso to meet again, and after a pious and free discourse, they both agreed on a certain day to receive the blessed sacrament publicly, and appointed an eloquent and devout friar to preach a

* Mr. Ferrar was buried at the western entrance of the church of Little Gidding. See note to Advertisement.

sermon of contempt of the world, and of the happiness and benefit of a contemplative life, which the friar did most affectionately. After which sermon the Emperor took occasion to declare openly, that the preacher had begot in him a resolution to lay down his dignities, and to forsake the world, and betake himself to a monastic life. And he pretended he had persuaded John Valdesso to do the like; but this is most certain, that after the Emperor had called his son Philip out of England, and resigned to him all his kingdoms, that then the Emperor and John Valdesso did perform their resolutions.

This account of John Valdesso I received from a friend that had it from the mouth of Mr. Ferrar; and the reader may note that in this retirement John Valdesso wrote his "Hundred and Ten Considerations," and many other treatises of worth, which want a second Mr. Ferrar to procure and translate them.

After this account of Mr. Ferrar and John Valdesso, I proceed to my account of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Duncon, who, according to his promise, returned from the Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr. Herbert much weaker than he left him; and therefore their discourse could not be long; but at Mr. Duncon's parting with him, Mr. Herbert spoke to this purpose: "Sir, I pray give my brother Ferrar an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me; and let him know that I have considered that God only is what He would be; and that I am, by His grace, become now so like Him as to be pleased with what pleaseth Him; and tell him that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health; and tell him my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience." Having said this, he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and, with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him, "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master; in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be

made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of "The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations;" of which Mr. Ferrar would say, there was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page; and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety. And it appears to have done so, for there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.

And this ought to be noted that when Mr. Ferrar sent this book to Cambridge to be licenced for the press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses—

> Religion stands a tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand—

to be printed; and Mr. Ferrar would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them; but after some time, and some arguments for and against their being made public, the Vice-Chancellor said, "I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I licence the whole book." So that it came to be printed without the diminution or addition of a syllable since it was delivered into the hands of Mr. Duncon, save only that Mr. Ferrar hath added that excellent preface that is printed before it.

At the time of Mr. Duncon's leaving Mr. Herbert (which was about three weeks before his death), his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath, and closed his eyes on his death-bed. In this time of his decay he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebendaries of the cathedral church in Salisbury, but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces (then a part of his family), and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay, to whom he would often speak to this purpose: "I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, and music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as

a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise Him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily that I might not die eternally; and my hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem—dwell there with men made perfect; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus, and with Him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it; and that every day which I have lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me; and that I shall live the less time for having lived this and the day past."

These and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said,

My God, my God!
My music shall find Thee,
And ev'ry string
Shall have his attribute to sing.

And having tuned it, he played and sang:

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King:
On Sundays heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful, and rife
More plentiful than hope.*

Thus he sang on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels, and he, and Mr. Ferrar now sing in heaven.

Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing till

* See the whole hymn, entitled "Sunday," in the Poems.

the day of his death; and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter, for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen." Upon which expression Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton Church, and his many acts of mercy; to which he made answer, saying, "They be good works if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise."

After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle; and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot stood constantly about his bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer. As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly and with much trouble; and observed him to fall into a sudden agony, which so surprised her, that she fell into a sudden passion, and required of him to know how he did; to which his answer was, "That he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and he had overcome him by the merits of his Master Jesus." After which answer he looked up and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, "If they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable." To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply, but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock, "Pray, sir, open that door; then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand:" which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said, "My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole executor for the good of my wife and nieces; and I desire you to show kindness to them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just, for I know you will be so for your own sake; but I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them." And having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise

to be so, he said, "I am now ready to die." After which words he said, "Lord, forsake me not, now my strength faileth me, but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul." And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul without any apparent disturbance. Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived, and thus he died like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life; which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation:

> All must to their cold graves;
> But the religious actions of the just
> Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.*

Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations. I have but this to say more of him, that if Andrew Melvin died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy. I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to die like him.

Iz. Wa.

There is a debt justly due to the memory of Mr. Herbert's virtuous wife, a part of which I will endeavour to pay by a very short account of the remainder of her life, which shall follow.

She continued his disconsolate widow about six years, bemoaning herself and complaining that she had lost the delight of her eyes; but more, that she had lost the spiritual guide for her poor soul; and would often say, "Oh that I had, like holy Mary, the mother of Jesus, treasured up all his sayings in my heart! but since I have not been able to do that, I will labour to live like him, that

* By James Shirley, the great dramatist, born 1594. He and his wife died from the effects of grief and terror after the great Fire of London, within twenty-four hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave.

where he now is, I may be also." And she would often say (as the prophet David for his son Absalom), "O that I had died for him!" Thus she continued mourning, till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester, Knt.; and though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body, and was so like Mr. Herbert as not to govern like a master, but as an affectionate husband; yet she would, even to him, often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, "That name must live in her memory till she put off mortality."

By Sir Robert she had only one child, a daughter, whose parts and plentiful estate make her happy in this world, and her well using of them gives a fair testimony that she will be so in that which is to come.

Mrs. Herbert was the wife of Sir Robert eight years, and lived his widow about fifteen; all which time she took a pleasure in mentioning and commending the excellences of Mr. George Herbert. She died in the year 1663, and lies buried at Highnam; Mr. Herbert in his own church, under the altar, and covered with a gravestone without any inscription.

This Lady Cook had preserved many of Mr. Herbert's private writings, which she intended to make public; but they and Highnam House were burnt together by the late rebels, and so lost to posterity. I. W.

The Temple.

The Temple.

The Dedication.

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to Thee;
Yet not mine neither; for from Thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best Thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain:
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

The Church Porch.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

THOU, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in baptism washed with His own blood;

It blots the lesson written in thy soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no bye-ways;
But gladly welcome what He doth afford;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and so
If rottenness have more, let heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' encloser; but since now
God hath impaled us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and ev'ry ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure to be cross* he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it as thou list, and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken may his mother kill
Big with his sister: he hath lost the reins,
Is outlawed by himself; all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth divest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure

* For the sake of contradiction.

Short of his can, and body; must I find
A pain in that wherein he finds a pleasure?
Stay at the third glass: if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not gallants, quit the room—
All in a shipwreck shift their several way—
Let not a common ruin thee intomb:
Be not a beast in courtesy, but stay—
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
Wine, above all things, doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
With his poor clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure; avarice gain;
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice
Lets his soul run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an epicure, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the virtue of that Name,
Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapest sins most dearly punished are,
Because to shun them also is so cheap;

For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
O crumble not away thy soul's fair heap!
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
Against thee; for his light was only lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a magistrate? then be severe;
If studious, copy fair what Time hath blurred;
Redeem truth from his jaws. If soldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.

O England! full of sin, but most of sloth,
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory!
Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfused a sheepishness into thy story:
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son;

Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion;
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art—make it thy great design;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mastering mind; so both are lost thereby:
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thousand pound to live
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches;
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be called his treasure.

When thou dost purpose aught (within thy power),
Be sure to do it, though it be but small:
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpering is but a lay hypocrisy:
Give it a corner, and the clue* undoes.
Who fears to do ill sets himself to task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

* A clue is the end of thread made into a ball, which, if pulled, unwinds; *i.e.*, the slightest hitch betrays hypocrisy.

Look to thy mouth: diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconces,* if thy stomach call;
Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two—who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit:
And say withal, "Earth to earth I commit."

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but man?
Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his ecliptic line—beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule, then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-trussed pack,
Whose every parcel underwrites a law.
Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest, for 't is thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it; else it is not true

* Bulwarks,—carving and talking to others.

That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a còntemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year; but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call·
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evĭl,
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjuror's devil—
Whom, when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? Raise thy head:
Take stars for money—stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchasèd.
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame:
She loseth three for one—her soul, rest, fame.

By no means run in debt: take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he 's a man of pleasure—
A kind of thing that 's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believèd for their oaths.
And are like empty vessels under sail.

Old courtiers know this; therefore set out so
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.
Wisdom 's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.
Say not, then, "This with that lace will do well;"
But, "This with my discretion will be brave."
Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a-doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart:
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore;
Servants and churches also play their part.
Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds his cracked name at length in the church glass.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:
Dost lose? rise up: dost win? rise in that state.
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
Game is a civil gunpowder—in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In conversation boldness now bears sway.
But know, that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness; therefore, first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get substantial worth:
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion* sour?
Then keep such company: make them thy allay:†

* Disposition. † Check.

Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour.
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows
Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break:
By great deeds show that thou canst little do;
And do them not: that shall thy wisdom be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be posed,*
'T is a thin web, which poisonous fancies make;
But the great soldier's honour was composed
Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest.
A toy shunned cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs least;
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thine own things laugh, lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abuses; for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness:
These are the scum with which coarse wits abound:
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest: nothing that 's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

* Brought to a standstill.

Wit 's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.
The giggler is a milkmaid, whom infection
Or a fired beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he 's the sport: the mirth then in him rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldness:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in service, care or coldness
Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his sins; for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatness; for thou makest thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm; yet such jealousy
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spur. Correct thy passion's spite;
Then may the beasts* draw thee to happy light.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour for the person's sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate,
And not the beast that bears it on his back.

* The animal passions sanctified and ruled.

I care not though the cloth of State should be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapestry.

Thy friend put in thy bosom: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear.
But love is lost; the way of friendship's gone;
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ His John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter bonds to Nature's ends,
And are her sureties ere they are a friend's.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than all.
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weakness score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty:
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesy grows in court; news in the city.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card
That suits him best of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best;
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure:
(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest
Rather than show his cards) steal from his treasure

What to ask further. Doubts well-raised do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once, but husband it,
And give men turns of speech: do not forestall
By lavishness thine own and other's wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his fickleness or poverty?
In love I should: but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire;
Mark all his wand'rings, and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds; the bow that 's there
Doth often aim at, never hit, the sphere.

Mark what another says; for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both;
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,

And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be;
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixed with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits *live* alone;
Write on the others, "Here lies such a one."

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all;
Shine like the sun in every corner; see
Whether thy stock of credit swell or fall.
Who say, "I care not," those I give for lost;
And to instruct them, 't will not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king),
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiss:
A good digestion turneth all to health;

And then, as far as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All foreign of that name; but scorn their ill;
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they 'll run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
Think heaven a better bargain than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour His;
Write, "So much given to God;" thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore to God His due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloined cankers the whole estate.
Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime,
'T is angels' music; therefore come not late.

God, then, deals blessings; if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day His due is understood;
For all the week thy food so oft He gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 't is better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not the Almighty God; O be not cross.
Fast when thou wilt; but then 't is gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love;
And love 's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most; for where most pray is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy state.
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most;
Praying 's the end of preaching. O be drest;
Stay not for the other pin; why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise;
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.

Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged His temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine

Jest not at preacher's language or expression;
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession;
God sent him, whatsoe'er he be. O tarry,
And love him for his Master; his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure
As those who mock at God's way of salvation.

Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.
The Jews refusèd thunder; and we, folly!*
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue: life's poor span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

* The Jewish law was given with thunder at Mount Sinai—they disobeyed it; St. Paul says: "It pleased God by the *foolishness* of preaching to save them that believe."—I. Corinthians i. 21. Some reject it; therefore, "Though God do hedge us in," &c.

SUPERLIMINARE.*

THOU, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thyself in church, approach, and taste
The Church's mystical repast.

Avoid profaneness; come not here
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that which groaneth to be so,
May at his peril farther go.

The Altar.

A BROKEN ALTAR, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cèmented with tears;
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touched the same.

A heart alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise Thy name:

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
O let Thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctify this ALTAR to be Thine.

* The threshold.

The Sacrifice.

O all ye who pass by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind,—
To me, who took eyes that I might you find:
Was ever grief like mine?

The princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one who doth now me brave
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
They use that power against me which I gave:
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there:
Was ever grief like mine?

For thirty pence he did my death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my soul melts, and my heart's dear treasure
Drops blood (the only beads) my words to measure:
"O let this cup pass, if it be Thy pleasure:"
Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being tempered with a sinner's tears,
A balsam are for both the hemispheres,
Curing all wounds but mine—all, but my fears.
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsy brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise! arise! they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How, with their lanterns, do they seek the Sun!
Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and staves they seek me as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief—
Most true to those who are my greatest grief:
Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?
Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury; yet, at their commands,
I suffer binding, who have loosed their bands:
Was ever grief like mine?

All my disciples fly! Fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the star
That brought the wise men of the east from far
Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another, bound
They lead me—urging that it was not sound
What I taught: comments would the text confound:
Was ever grief like mine?

The priests and rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst Him who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,
That I did thrust into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery:
Was ever grief like mine?

Some said that I the Temple to the floor
In three days razed, and raisèd as before.
Why, He that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they condemn me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus Adam my first breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

They bind and lead me unto Herod: he
Sends me to Pilate. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is my enmity.
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of Hosts and might:
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things else command:
Was ever grief like mine?

The Jews accuse me with despitefulness;
And vying malice with my gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness:
Was ever grief like mine?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like mine?

My silence rather doth augment their cry;
My dove doth back into my bosom fly,
Because the raging waters still are high:
Was ever grief like mine?

Hark, how they cry aloud still, "Crucify!
It is not fit He live a day!" they cry,
Who cannot live less than eternally:
Was ever grief like mine?

Pilate, a stranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, "Away! away!"
With noises confused frighting the day:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their ears,
Putting my life among their sins and fears,
And therefore wish my blood on them and theirs
Was ever grief like mine?

See how spite cankers things. These words aright
Usèd, and wished, are the whole world's delight;
But honey is their gall, brightness their night:
Was ever grief like mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesy;
For it was their own cause who killèd me:
Was ever grief like mine?

And a seditious murderer he was;
But I, the Prince of Peace—peace that doth pass
All understanding, more than heaven doth glass:
Was ever grief like mine?

Why, Cæsar is their only king, not I:
He clave the stony rock when they were dry;
But surely not their hearts, as I well try:
Was ever grief like mine?

Ah, how they scourge me! yet my tenderness
Doubles each lash; and yet their bitterness
Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness:
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
Who grasp the earth and heaven with my fist,
And never yet, whom I would punish, missed:
Was ever grief like mine?

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise,
Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to mine enemies:
Was ever grief like mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine,—
As Moses' face was veilèd, so is mine,
Lest on their double dark souls either shine:
Was ever grief like mine?

Servants and abjects flout me: they are witty:
"Now prophesy who strikes thee!" is their ditty.
So they, in me, deny themselves all pity:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am delivered unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well-nigh suffereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both have wept,
When all my tears were blood, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept:
Was ever grief like mine?

The soldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuse me, all:
Yet for twelve heavenly legions I could call:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with a scarlet robe they me array;
Which shows my blood to be the only way
And cordial left to rèpair man's decay:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and watered there:
Was ever grief like mine?

So sits the earth's great curse in Adam's fall
Upon my head; so I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with the reed they gave to me before
They strike my head, the rock from whence all store
Of heavenly blessings issue evermore:
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, "Hail, king!"
Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet since man's sceptres are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds,
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief like mine?

The soldiers also spit upon that face
Which angels did desire to have the grace,
And prophets, once to see, but found no place:
Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmèd forth they bring me to the rout,
Who "Crucify him!" cry with one strong shout.
God holds His peace at man, and man cries out:
Was ever grief like mine?

They lead me in once more, and putting then
My own clothes on, they lead me out again.
Whom devils fly, thus is he tossed of men:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now weary of sport, glad to engross
All spite in one, counting my life their loss,
They carry me to my most bitter cross:
Was ever grief like mine?

My cross I bear myself, until I faint;
Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal saint:
Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see—
Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree,
The Tree of Life to all but only me:
Was ever grief like mine?

Lo! here I hang, charged with a world of sin,
The greater world o' the two; for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must win:
Was ever grief like mine?

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
Or feel his part,—he would not cease to kneel
Till all were melted, though he were all steel:
Was ever grief like mine?

But, O my God, my God! why leav'st Thou me,
The Son, in whom Thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God——
Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound:
Was ever grief like mine?

Now heal thyself, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so when I left my crown
And Father's smile for you, to feel His frown:
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not myself, there doth consist
All that salvation which ye now resist;
Your safety in my sickness doth subsist:
Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas! what have I stolen from you?—death:
Was ever grief like mine?

A King my title is, prefixed on high,
Yet by my subjects am condemned to die
A servile death in servile company:
Was ever grief like mine?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice; yet, when they did call,
With manna, angels' food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief like mine?

They part my garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cured those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes:
Was ever grief like mine?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go;
For they will pierce my side, I full well know,
That as sin came, so sacraments might flow:
Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die, now all is finishèd;
My woe, man's weal; and now I bow my head;
Only let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine!

The Thanksgiving.

O King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To Thee of all kings only due)
O King of wounds! how shall I grieve for Thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep blood? why, Thou hast wept such store,
That all Thy body was one door.
Shall I be scourgèd, flouted, boxèd, sold?
'T is but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God! why dost Thou part from me?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping, Thy doleful story,
And side with Thy triumphant glory?
Shall Thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod, my posy? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate Thee, and
Copy Thy fair though bloody hand?
Surely I will revenge me on Thy love,
And try who shall victorious prove.
If Thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
All back unto Thee by the poor;
If Thou dost give me honour, men shall see
The honour doth belong to Thee.
I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be Thine;

My bosom friend, if he blaspheme Thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One-half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some chapel, die or live.
As for Thy passion—but of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For Thy predestination, I 'll contrive
That three years hence, if I survive,
I 'll build a spital,* or mend common ways,
But mend my own without delays.
Then I will use the works of Thy creation
As if I used them but for fashion;
The world and I will quarrel, and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My music shall find Thee, and ev'ry string
Shall have his attribute to sing,
That all together may accord in Thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
If Thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear;
If Thou hast giv'n it me, 't is here.
Nay, I will read Thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein Thy love,
Thy art of love, which I 'll turn back on Thee,
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for Thy passion—I will do for that——
Alas! my God, I know not what.

* Old abbreviation for hospital.

The Reprisal.

I HAVE considered it, and find
There is no dealing with Thy mighty passion;
For though I die for Thee, I am behind;
My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free;
And yet Thy wounds still my attempts defy,
For by Thy death I die for Thee.

Ah! was it not enough that Thou
By Thy eternal glory didst outgo me?
Couldst Thou not grief's sad conquests me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet by confession will I come
Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
Against Thee, in Thee I will overcome
The man* who once against Thee fought.

The Agony.

PHILOSOPHERS have measured mountains,
Fathomed the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
Walked with a staff to heav'n, and traced fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove;
Yet few there are that sound them,—Sin and Love.

* The old Adam, *i.e.*, the evil nature of man.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see
A Man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloody be.
Sin is that press and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice which on the cross a pike
Did set again abroach; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor, sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood, but I as wine.

The Sinner.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I seek
What I have treasured in my memory;
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to Thee.
I find there quarries of piled vanities,
But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
To show their face, since cross to Thy decrees;
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre:
In so much dregs the quintessence is small.
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, restore Thy image, hear my call;
And though my hard heart scarce to Thee can groan,
Remember that Thou once didst write in stone.

Good Friday.

O MY Chief Good,
How shall I measure out Thy blood?
How shall I count what Thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I Thy woes
Number according to Thy foes?
Or since one star showed Thy first breath,
Shall all Thy death?

Or shall each leaf
Which falls in Autumn, score a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be sign
Of the True Vine?

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That Thy distress through all may run,
And be my Sun.

Or rather let
My several sins their sorrows get;
That, as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

Since blood is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloody fight,
My heart hath store; write there, wherein
One box doth lie both ink and sin.

That when sin spies so many foes,
Thy whips, Thy nails, Thy wounds, Thy woes,
All come to lodge there, sin may say,
"No room for me," and fly away.

Sin being gone, O fill the place,
And keep possession with Thy grace;
Lest sin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

Redemption.

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolvèd to be bold,
And make a suit unto Him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancel the old.

In heaven at His manor I Him sought;
They told me there that He was lately gone
About some land, which He had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possessiòn.

I straight returned, and knowing His great birth,
Sought Him accordingly in great resorts,—
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts;
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
Of thieves and murderers; there I Him espied,
Who straight, "Your suit is granted," said, and died.

Sepulchre.

O BLESSED Body! whither art Thou thrown?
No lodging for Thee, but a cold hard stone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive Thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts, good store;
For they can lodge transgressions by the score;
Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave Thee.

But that which shows them large, shows them unfit.
Whatever sin did this pure rock commit,
Which holds Thee now? Who hath indicted it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain Thee,
And missing this, most falsely did arraign Thee;
Only these stones in quiet entertain Thee,
And order.

And as of old, the law by heav'nly art
Was writ in stone; so Thou, which also art
The letter of the Word, find'st no fit heart
To hold Thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
And so should perish, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold Thee.

Easter.

RISE, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise;
That, as His death calcinèd thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.

The cross taught all wood to resound His name
Who bore the same.
His stretchèd sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long;
Or since all music is but three parts vied,
And multiplied,
O let Thy blessèd spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art.

I got me flowers to strew Thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sun arising in the east,
Though he give light, and th' east perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

Easter Wings.

This curious poem and the one entitled the "Altar" have prototypes both in Greek and mediæval Latin poetry. To Theocritus has been ascribed the *Ara*; to him or to Simmias of Rhodes the *Syrinx*; and to Simmias the *Securis*, *Ovum* and *Alæ*. Most of them may be found in the Cambridge edition of the "Poetæ Minores Græci." Herbert's example was much followed by poetasters till Dryden ridiculed the fantasy in "Mac Flecknoe."

"Choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land,
Where thou may'st *wings* display or *altars* raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways."

Easter Wings.

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor;

With Thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day Thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.

With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victory,
For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

Holy Baptism.

As he that sees a dark and shady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky,
So when I viewed my sins, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water fly

Which is above the heavens, whose spring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemer's piercèd side.
O blessèd streams! either ye do prevent
And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them as they grow.
In you Redemption measures all my time,
And spreads the plaster equal to the crime;
You taught the Book of Life my name, that so,

Whatever future sins should me miscall,
Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

Holy Baptism.

Since, Lord, to Thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancy
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me still
Write Thee great God, and me a child :
Let me be soft and supple to Thy will,
Small to myself, to others mild,
Behither* ill.

Although by stealth
My flesh get on, yet let her sister,
My soul, bid nothing, but preserve her wealth :
The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health.

Nature.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That Thou hast aught to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is Thy highest art
To captivate strongholds to Thee.

If Thou shalt let this venom lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence by kind
Vanish into a wind,
Making Thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave Thy reverend law and fear;

* Except in.

Or make a new one, since the old
Is sapless grown,
And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust, than Thee to hold.

Sin.

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

Affliction.

WHEN first Thou didst entice to Thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joys I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have

Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with Thy gracious benefits.

I lookèd on Thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious household stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto Thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both heaven and earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joys my fellows were?
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek Thy face:

At first thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My days were strewed with flowers and happiness:
There was no month but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses clave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in every vein,
And tune my breath to groans,
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, Thou took'st away my life—
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost: a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.

Thus, thin and lean, without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatened oft the siege to raise,
Not simpering all mine age,
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took Thy sweetened pill, till I came near;
I could nor go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, Thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth Thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what Thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show:
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree—
For sure, then, I should grow
To fruit or shade; at least, some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though Thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weakness must be stout:

Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

Repentance.

LORD, I confess my sin is great;
Great is my sin. O! gently treat
With Thy quick flower, Thy momentary bloom
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights; but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let Thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathèd men,
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression.
I do confess
My foolishness;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which Thou hast poured into my soul;

Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather.
For if Thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise, we die together.

When Thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan;
Bitterness fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine, and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them th' other parts.

But Thou wilt sin and grief destroy,
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of His praises
Who dead men raises:
Fractures well cured make us more strong

Faith.

LORD, how couldst Thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sin, as when man's sight was dim,
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a most delicious feast;
I had it straight, and did as truly eat
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which, when I could not get, I thought it here;
That apprehension cured so well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well near.

I owèd thousands and much more;
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And lived accordingly; my Creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me anything, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story;
And when sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with Him who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gained it;
Where now by faith all arms are of a length,
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost Thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, Thou didst make the sun
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright;
And in this show what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkened clean
With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vanished away, when faith did change the scene,
And then appeared a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

Prayer.

PRAYER, the Church's banquet, angels' age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet, sounding heaven and earth.

Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
Reversèd thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-days'-world transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The Milky Way, the bird of Paradise;

Church bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

Holy Communion.

NOT in rich furniture or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,
To me dost now Thyself convey,
For so thou shouldst without me still have been,
Leaving within me sin.

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast,
Making Thy way my rest,
And Thy small quantities my length,
Which spread their forces into every part,
Meeting sin's force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshy hearts;
But as the outworks, they may control
My rebel flesh, and, carrying Thy name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Only Thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Opening the soul's most subtile* rooms;
While those to spirits refined, at door attend
Despatches from their friend.

GIVE me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither;

* Retired, hidden.

Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sin turned flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven,
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To sin, or sin to smother;
He might to heav'n from Paradise go,
As from one room t' another.

Thou hast restored us to this ease
By this Thy heav'nly blood;
Which I can go to when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

Antiphon.*

Cho. LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

* A chant in which strain answers strain.

Vers. The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Love.

I.

IMMORTAL Love, Author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
How hath man parcelled out Thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which Thou hast made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain;
Which siding with invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanship) and give Thee share in neither.

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit;
The world is theirs, they two play out the game,
Thou standing by; and though Thy glorious name
Wrought out deliverance from th' infernal pit,

Who sings Thy praise? only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

II.

IMMORTAL Heat, O let Thy greater flame
Attract the lesser to it; let those fires
Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make Thee way.
Then shall our hearts pant Thee; then shall our brain
All her inventions on Thine altar lay,
And there in hymns send back Thy fire again.

Our eyes shall see Thee, which before saw dust,
Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind.
Thou shalt recover all Thy goods in kind,
Who wert disseized* by usurping lust.

All knees shall bow to Thee, all wits shall rise
And praise Him who did make and mend our eyes.

The Temper.

HOW should I praise Thee, Lord? how should my rhymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

* Deprived of it.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to Thee:
The world 's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from heaven to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall He thy stature spell?

O let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there;
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet, take Thy way; for, sure, Thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me Thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.

The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mighty joy
Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord! if Thou must needs use Thy dart,
Save that, and me; or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to Thy word and art;
But Thy diviner world of grace
Thou suddenly dost raise and race,*
And every day a new Creator art.

O fix Thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May also fix their reverence;
For when Thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in Thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to Thee:
Though elements change and heaven move,
Let not Thy higher Court remove,
But keep a standing Majesty in me.

Jordan.

WHO says that fictions only and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines pass, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veiled, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

* Forcibly draw forth or develop.

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime:*
I envy no man's nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, "My God, my King!"

Employment.

IF, as a flower doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremity
Nipt in the bud;

The sweetness and the praise were Thine;
But the extension and the room
Which in Thy garland I should fill, were mine
At Thy great doom.

For as Thou dost impart Thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be.
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with Thee.

Let me not languish, then, and spend
A life as barren to Thy praise
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are busy; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,

* Pull for prime. A rustic athletic sport, in which two or more endeavoured to pull each other across a marked line on the ground—resembling the modern "tug of war." It passed into a proverbial expression.

Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

I am no link of Thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord, place me in Thy concert; give one strain
To my poor need.

The Holy Scriptures.

I.

O BOOK! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternity: thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here! this is the thankful glass,

That mends the looker's eyes: this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can endear
Thy praise too much? thou art Heaven's lieger* here,
Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joy's handsel;† heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to ev'ry mounter's bended knee.

* Vassal fighting for heaven.
† Handsel is the first instalment, or earnest.

II.

O THAT I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then as dispersèd herbs do watch* a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee; for in everything
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

Whit-Sunday.

LISTEN, sweet Dove, unto my song,
And spread Thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with Thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On Thy Apostles? Thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

* Watch a potion—meaning, wait to be made into a potion.

Such glorious gifts Thou didst bestow,
That the earth did like a heaven appear:
The stars were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sun, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wished for night,
When he beheld twelve suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyred by the fault
Of those who did themselves thro' their side wound;

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conquering sin
Did not excite Thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, Thou art the same—
The same sweet God of love and light:
Restore this day, for Thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

Giftie.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O let Thy graces without cease
Drop from above!

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives; O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove;
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for Thou dost know the way.
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say—
Drop from above.

Praise.

To write a verse or two, is all the praise
That I can raise;
Mend my estate in any ways,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or if I mount unto the sky,
I will do more.

Man is all weakness; there is no such thing
As prince or king:
His arm is short; yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb distilled, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the same floor,
To a brave soul; exalt the poor;
They can do more.

O raise me then! Poor bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work as well as they,
And much, much more.

Affliction.

KILL me not every day,
Thou Lord of life! since Thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalem's stay.

If all men's tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
What were they all, compared to Thine?

Wherein if they were set,
They would discolour Thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not; and as Thou art
All my delight, so all my smart:
Thy cross took up in one,
By way of imprest, all my future moan.

Mattins.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
But Thou art ready there to catch
My morning soul and sacrifice;
That we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That Thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,
Pouring upon it all Thy art,
As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve Thee;
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show;
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.

Sin.

O THAT I could a sin once see!
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat opposite to the Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of virtue, and of being.

But God more care of us hath had:
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sin we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live,
So devils are our sins in pròspective.

Even-Song.

BLEST be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be busy and to play.
But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to Himself He did deny;
For when He sees my ways, I die;
But I have got His Son, and He hath none.

What have I brought Thee home
For this Thy love? have I discharged the debt,
Which this day's favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought was foam.

Thy diet, care, and cost,
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to Thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still Thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, "It doth suffice;
Henceforth repose; your work is done."

Thus in Thy ebony box
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disordered clocks.

I muse, which shows more love,
The day or night: that is the gale, this the harbour
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, Thou art all love.
Not one poor minute 'scapes Thy breast,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

Church Monuments.

WHILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust;
To which the blast of death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My body to this school, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and find his birth
Written in dusty heraldry and lines;
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at jeat,* and marble put for signs,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them
When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust?
Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
And true descent, that when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
That flesh is but the glass† which holds the dust
That measures all our time, which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. Mark, here below,
How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

* Jet. † The hour-glass.

Church Music.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you! when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me hence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assigned.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, God help poor kings!

Comfort, I 'll die; for if you post from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more;
But if I travel in your company,
You know the way to heaven's door.

Church Lock and Key.

I KNOW it is my sin which locks Thine ears,
And binds Thy hands;
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears,
Or else the chilliness of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it still;
So I do lay the want of my desire,
Not on my sins or coldness, but Thy will.

Yet hear, O God, only for His blood's sake,
Which pleads for me;
For though sins plead too, yet like stones they make
His blood's sweet current much more loud to be.

The Church Floor.

MARK you the floor? that square and speckled stone
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is Patience;

And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checkered all along,
Humility.
The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the quire above,
Is Confidence;

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is Love
And Charity.

Hither sometimes sin steals, and stains
The marble's neat and curious veins;
But all is cleansèd when the marble weeps.
Sometimes death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the dust about the floor;
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
Blest be the Architect, whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart.

The Windows.

LORD, how can man preach Thy eternal Word?
He is a brittle crazy glass,
Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through Thy grace.

But when Thou dost anneal* in glass Thy story,
Making Thy life to shine within
The holy preachers, then the light and glory
More reverend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe; but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience, ring.

Trinity Sunday.

LORD, who hast formed me out of mud,
And hast redeemed me through Thy blood,
And sanctified me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore;
For I confess my heavy score,
And I will strive to sin no more.

* To *anneal* is to fix the colours in painted glass, by melting them and it in great heat.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity;
That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

Content.

PEACE, muttering thoughts! and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breast.
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest and call
Of an untrainèd hope or passion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm t' itself alone;
But when it would appear to other's eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre;
Where in each room of the well furnish'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days' wonder;
And after death the fumes that spring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder
As those which rise from a huge king.

Only thy chronicle is lost; and yet
Better by worms be all once spent,
Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not rent.*

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
And are chawed by others' pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourished fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing, soul; till thine own ground;
Do not thyself or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

The Quiddity.†

My God, a verse is not a crown;
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in France or Spain;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or domain.

* Which are lasting.

† A scholastic term, synonymous with a quip or quirk.

It is no office, art, or news;
Nor the Exchange, or busy Hall:
But it is that which, while I use,
I am with Thee, and Most take all.

Humility.

I SAW the Virtues sitting hand in hand
In sev'ral ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beasts and fowls, by their command,
Presented tokens of submissiòn.

Humility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the beasts the presents tendered were,
Gave them about to all.

The angry Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was given to Mansuetude.*
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turkey brought his coral chain,
That went to Temperance.
On Justice was bestowed the Fox's brain,
Killed in the way by chance.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacock's plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace

* Gentleness. The probable meaning of this quaint allegory is, that as the united Virtues dominated the Evil Passions (represented by beasts), while guided by Humility, so, when Pride awoke, and bade them each claim worldly splendour (the peacock's train) "as proper to his place," the Evil Passions would have conquered them thus divided, had not Humility preserved them by her tears.

Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out; which, when the beasts espied,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had lived to rule their side,
They had deposed each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoiled all the train; then saying, "Here it is
For which ye wrangle," made them turn their frown
Against the beasts; so, jointly bandying,
They drive them soon away;
And then amerced them, double gifts to bring
At the next session day.

Vanity.

LORD, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is stylèd honour, riches, or fair eyes,
But is—fair dust!
I surname them gilded clay,
Dear earth, fine grass, or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both regiments,
The world's, and Thine;
Thine clad with simpleness and sad events;
The other fine,

Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was dust before doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront those joys, wherewith Thou didst endow
And long since wed
My poor soul, e'en sick of love;
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heaven and Thee
Planted in me.

Constancy.

WHO is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind;

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words, and works, and fashion too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close tentations:* when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; Virtue is his sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To wreathe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.
This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

Affliction.

My heart did heave, and there came forth, "O God!"
By that I knew that Thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a sceptre of the rod:
Hadst Thou not had Thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

* Temptations or trials.

But since Thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies;* and when there 's assigned
So much breath to a sigh, what 's then behind?
Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.†

Thy life on earth was grief, and Thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in Thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying daily, praise Thee to Thy loss.

The Star.

BRIGHT spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be anywhere
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a debtor,
And make it better.

* Reckonings, which were anciently kept by two notched sticks corresponding to each other, each person being a party to the account having one.

† There is a popular old superstition that every time we sigh, we lose a drop of blood from the heart, and thus impair our strength. See "Hamlet," Act IV., Scene 7:

"A spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing."

For with thy firework burn to dust
Folly, and worse than folly, lust;
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengaged from sin and sickness,
Touch it with thy celestial quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then, with our trinity of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of Him, who died to part
Sin and my heart:

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland streams.

Sunday.

O DAY most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of Time; Care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav'n's palace archèd lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife*
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the week-days trail on ground,

* The Church.

Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

Avarice.

MONEY, thou bane of bliss and source of woe,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferred our right:
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee!

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana-{Mary / Army}gram.

HOW well her name an army doth present,
In whom the Lord of Hosts did pitch His tent!

To all Angels and Saints.

O GLORIOUS spirits, who, after all your bands,
See the smooth face of God, without a frown,
Or strict commands;
Where every one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands!

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessèd Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress:

Thou art the holy Mine whence came the Gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old,
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas! I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing;
And where His pleasure no injunction lays,
('T is your own case) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour:
Therefore we dare not from His garland steal,
To make a posy for inferior power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What 's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse.
Who do not so;
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Master's hand can show.

Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur,
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When the elements did for place contest
With him whose will
Ordained the highest to be best,
The earth sat still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a business, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

O that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressèd me.

But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

Denial.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent ears,
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse;
My breast was full of fears
And disorder.

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder:
Each took his way; some would to pleasures go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go anywhere, they say,
As to benumb
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
"Come, come, my God, O come!"
But no hearing.

O that Thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to Thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untuned, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so Thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

Christmas.

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,
With full cry of affections, quite astray;
I took up in the next inn I could find.

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to Him, ready there
To be all passengers' most sweet relief.

O Thou whose glorious yet contracted light,
Wrapt in night's mantle, stole into a manger;

Since my dark soul and brutish is Thy right,
To Man of all beasts be not Thou a stranger:

Furnish and deck my soul, that Thou may'st have
A better lodging than a rack or grave.

THE shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for Thee?
My soul 's a shepherd too: a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is Thy Word; the streams, Thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight hours.
Then we will chide the sun for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.
I will go searching, till I find a sun
Shall stay till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly
As frost-nipt suns look sadly.
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
And one another pay;
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine
Till ev'n His beams sing, and my music shine.

Ungratefulness.

LORD, with what bounty and rare clemency
Hast Thou redeemed us from the grave!
If Thou hadst let us run,

Gladly had man adored the sun,
And thought his god most brave;
Where now we shall be better gods than he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
The Trinity and Incarnation:
Thou hast unlocked them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of Thy creation
Unto Thyself in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier cabinet is the Trinity,
Whose sparkling light access denies:
Therefore Thou dost not show
This fully to us, till death blow
The dust into our eyes;
For by that powder Thou wilt make us see.

But all Thy sweets are packed up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow;
That, as the first affrights,
This may allure us with delights,
Because this box we know;
For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserved, and dark to Thee;
When Thou demandest but a heart,
He cavils instantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart,
Defrauding Thee, who gavest two for one.

Sighs and Groans.

O DO not use me
After my sins! look not on my desert,
But on Thy glory! then Thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me; for Thou only art
The mighty God, but I a silly worm:
O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can Thy ill steward make?
I have abused Thy stock, destroyed Thy woods,
Sucked all Thy magazines! My head did ache,
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods:
O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; because my lust
Hath still sowed fig-leaves to exclude Thy light;
But I am frailty, and already dust:
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
With the turned vial of Thy bitter wrath!
For Thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death: since He died for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me!
For Thou hast life and death at Thy command;
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,

Cordial and Corrosive ; put not Thy hand
Into the bitter box ; but, O my God !
My God, relieve me !

The World.

LOVE built a stately house, where Fortune came,
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same ;
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration ;
But reverend laws, and many a proclamation
Reformèd all at length with menaces.

Then entered Sin, and with that sycamore
Whose leaves first sheltered man from drought and dew,
Working and winding slily evermore,
The inward walls and summers* cleft and tore ;
But Grace shored these, and cut that as it† grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band,
To raze the building to the very floor ;
Which they effected,—none could them withstand ;
But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
And built a braver palace than before.

* A summer or sommer is a main beam or girder. The name is now seldom used, except in the compound term, bressumur or brest-summer.

† As "Grace" grew.

Vanity.

POOR silly soul, whose hope and head lie low;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow;
To whom the stars shine not so fair as eyes,
Nor solid work as false embroideries;
Hark! and beware, lest what you now do measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sour displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly;
For they can never be at rest
Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then, silly soul, take heed! for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

Colossians iii. 3.

OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

MY words and thoughts do both express this notion,
That LIFE hath with the sun a double motion.
The first IS straight, and our diurnal friend;
The other HID, and doth obliquely bend.

One life is wrapt IN flesh, and tends to earth;
The other winds t'wards HIM whose happy birth
Taught me to live here so THAT still one eye
Should aim and shoot at that which IS on high—
Quitting with daily labour all MY pleasure,
To gain at harvest an eternal TREASURE.*

Vanity.

THE fleet astronomer can bore
And thread the spheres with his quick-piercing mind:
He views their stations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had designed
To make a purchase there; he sees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-eyed aspècts, and secret glances.

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earnèd pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the venturous wretch;
That he might save his life, and also hers
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtile chymic can divest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his mind,

* Read the words in capitals downwards: they form "My life is hid in Him that is my treasure."

Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and drest
To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God? who yet His glorious law
Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and frosts, with love and awe;
So that we need not say, "Where's this command?"
Poor man! thou searchest round
To find out death, but missest life at hand.

Lent.

WELCOME, dear feast of Lent! who loves not thee,
He loves not temperance or authority,
But is composed of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast; the Church says, Now:
Give to thy mother what thou wouldst allow
To every corporation.

The humble soul, composed of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines disagree:
He says, "In things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandal to the Church," and not
"The Church is so to me."

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;

Unless authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less,
And power itself disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light;
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish fumes,
Sour exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It 's true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy e'en as He."
In both let 's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though He be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us how to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
As may our faults control:

That ev'ry man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlour; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul.

Vertue.*

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

* This poem is thus introduced into Walton's "Angler":—"PISCATOR.—And now, scholar! my direction for thy fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Herbert says of such days and showers as these; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them.

'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,' &c., &c."

The Pearl.

MATT. XIII.

I KNOW the ways of learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowèd,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun,
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire,
What willing Nature speaks, what forced by fire;
Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit:
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes:
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit
Have done these twenty hundred years, and more;
I know the projects of unbridled store:

My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand
Therefore not sealèd, but with open eyes
I fly to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have Thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But Thy silk-twist* let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to Thee.

Affliction.

BROKEN in pieces all asunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortured in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scattered smart;
As wat'ring-pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their fury can control,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

* An allusion to Ariadne's silken clue by which the Labyrinth was passed.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

O help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also Thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the sun scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers which work for grief,
Enter Thy pay,
And day by day
Labour Thy praise and my relief:
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heav'n, and much more, Thee.

Man.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'rything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;

A beast, yet is or should be more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.*

Nothing hath got so far,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws:
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

* An allusion to the old superstition of the astrologers that the moon, tides, and planets affected different portions of the human frame for good or evil.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat:
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

Antiphon.

Chor. PRAISED be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Chor. Who hath dealt His mercies so,
Ang. To His friend,
Men. And to His foe;

Chor. That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,

Men. And us in th' end.
Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was sold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And Him we take.
Chor. Wherefore, since that He is such,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, Thy praises shall be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no store.
Chor. Praised be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one

Unkindness.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendship first, I think, if that agree
Which I intend,
Unto my friend's intent and end.
I would not use a friend as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame.
I could not use a friend as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor:
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;
But let the poor,
And Thou within them starve at door.
I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free;
But when Thy grace
Sues for my heart, I Thee displace;
Nor would I use a friend as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend, what Thou hast done fulfil?
O write in brass: "My God upon a tree
His blood did spill,
Only to purchase my good will:"
Yet use I not my foes as I use Thee.

Life.

I MADE a posy,* while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

* A nosegay or garland.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

Submission.

BUT that Thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are Thine,
My mind would be extremely stirred
For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should Thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sight;
And pilfering what I once did give,
Disseize* Thee of Thy right.

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise Thee?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand;
I will no more advise:
Only do Thou lend me a hand,
Since Thou hast both mine eyes.

* Deprive.

Justice.

I CANNOT skill of these Thy ways:
Lord, Thou didst make me, yet Thou woundest me:
Lord, Thou dost wound me, yet Thou dost relieve me:
Lord, Thou relievest, yet I die by Thee:
Lord, Thou dost kill me, yet Thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly pays;
For I do praise Thee, yet I praise Thee not:
My prayers mean Thee, yet my prayers stray:
I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got:
My soul doth love Thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of these my ways.

Charms and Knots.

WHO read a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone *
At the head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When the hair is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten still, if sermons go for gains.†

In shallow waters heaven doth show:
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

Affliction.

My God, I read this day,
That planted Paradise was not so firm
As was and is Thy floating Ark; whose stay
And anchor Thou art only, to confirm
And strengthen it in every age,
When waves do rise and tempests rage.

At first we lived in pleasure;
Thine own delights Thou didst to us impart:
When we grew wanton, Thou didst use displeasure
To make us Thine; yet, that we might not part,
As we at first did board with Thee,
Now Thou wouldst taste our misery.

* See "A Priest in the Temple."

† An allusion to tithes or the tenth part paid to the Church, but repaid by its ministrations.

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are Thine:
Some angels used the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then Thy double line
And several baits in either kind
Furnish Thy table to Thy mind.

Affliction, then, is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and woe,
That Thy bright beams may tame Thy bow.

Mortification.

HOW soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way,
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves:
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead.
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;

That music summons to the knell
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb enclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shows the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And drest his hearse, while he has breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die
That all these dyings may be life in death.

Decay.

SWEET were the days when thou didst lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
Advise with Abraham; when Thy power could not
Encounter Moses' strong complaints and moan:
Thy words were then, "Let me alone."

One might have sought and found Thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:
"Is my God this way?" "No," they would reply;
"He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell."

But now Thou dost Thyself immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart;
Where yet both Sin and Satan, Thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
To gain Thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
Of Thy great love once spread, as in an urn,
Doth closet up itself, and still retreat;
Cold sin still forcing it, till it return
And calling Justice, all things burn!

Misery.

LORD, let the angels praise Thy name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing!
Folly and sin play all his game.
His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grass,
He knows it,—fill the glass.

How canst Thou brook his foolishness?
Why, he'll not lose a cup of drink for Thee:
Bid him but temper his excess,—
Not he: he knows where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Than to serve Thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own! as if none knew but he.
No man shall beat into his head
That Thou within his curtains drawn canst see:
They are of cloth
Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but Thy hand
For one poor minute, stumble at a pin:
They would not have their actions scanned,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrel * Thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve Thee; but Thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of Thy mild dove,
Not suff'ring those
Who would, to be Thy foes.

My God, man cannot praise Thy name:
Thou art all brightness, perfect purity:
The sun holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of Thee.
How shall infection
Presume on Thy perfection?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
And those things most which are most pure and fine:
So our clay hearts, e'en when we crouch
To sing Thy praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this
Or none Thy portion is.

* *Quarrel* was used in Herbert's time as a verb active.

Man cannot serve Thee: let him go
And serve the swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night;
These preachers make
His head to shoot and ache.

O foolish man! where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares?
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars:
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a dainty bower
Made in the tree where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not his power
Who made the arbour: this exceeds her wit.
But man doth know
The Spring whence all things flow.

And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign:
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the blood of God to run in vain.
Ah, wretch! what verse
Can thy strange ways rehearse?

Indeed at first man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring, whose posy* was "My pleasure:"
He was a garden in a Paradise:
Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

* Motto round a ring.

But sin hath fooled him. Now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to the glimpse of bliss:
A sick tossed vessel, dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf:*
My God, I mean myself.

Jordan.

WHEN first my lines of heavenly joys made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
Off'ring their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind when they ascend,
So did I weave myself into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, "How wide is all this long pretence!
There is in love a sweetness ready penned:
Copy out only that, and save expense."

* Sand-bank on which he is wrecked.

Prayer.

OF what an easy, quick access,
My blessèd Lord, art Thou! how suddenly
May our requests Thine ear invade!
To show that state dislikes not easiness.
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more *not* hear than Thou canst die.

Of what supreme almighty power
Is Thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measured hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art Thou possest! who, when Thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove;
That by destroying that which tied Thy purse,
Thou mightst make way for liberality!

Since then, these three wait on Thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love; I value prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go;
I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

Obedience.

My God, if writings may
Convey a lordship any way
Whither the buyer and the seller please,
Let it not Thee displease
If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines as there doth need
To pass itself and all it hath to Thee.
To which I do agree,
And here present it as my special deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passéd with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the wrangler from Thy treasure.

O let Thy sacred will
All Thy delight in me fulfil!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as Thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill.

Lord, what is man to Thee,
That Thou shouldst mind a rotten tree?
Yet since Thou canst not choose but see my actions—
So great are Thy perfections—
Thou may'st as well my actions guide as see.

Besides, Thy death and blood
Showed a strange love to all our good:

Thy sorrows were in earnest: no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forego:
To one word only I say, No:
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a gift or donation,
Lord, let it now by way of purchase go.

He that will pass his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines! till in Heaven's court of rolls
They were by wingèd souls
Entered for both, far above their desert!

Conscience.

PEACE, prattler, do not lour:
Not a fair look but thou dost call it foul;
Not a sweet dish but thou dost call it sour;
Music to thee doth howl.
By listening to thy chatting fears,
I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere.

Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:
No room for prattlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee
That I have physic to expel thee.

And the receipt shall be
My Saviour's blood: whenever at His board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word—
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physic, know there 's some for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill
For those that trouble me:
The bloody cross of my dear Lord
Is both my physic and my sword.

Sion.

LORD, with what glory wast Thou served of old,
When Solomon's Temple stood and flourishèd!
Where most things were of purest gold;
The wood was all embellishèd
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare:
All showed the builders, craved the seer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and state,
Did not affect Thee much—was not Thy aim;
Something there was that sowed debate;
Wherefore Thou quittest Thy ancient claim:

And now Thy architecture meets with sin—
For all Thy frame and fabric is within.

There Thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth Thee, Thou sometimes it;
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight—he doth submit.
All Solomon's sea of brass* and world of stone
Is not so dear to Thee as one good groan.

And, truly, brass and stones are heavy things,
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for Thee;
But groans are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
The note is sad, yet music for a King.

Home.

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
While Thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

How canst Thou stay, considering the pace
The blood did make which Thou didst waste?
When I behold it trickling down Thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste.
O show Thyself, &c.

* See I. Kings vii. 23.

When man was lost, Thy pity looked about,
To see what help i' the earth or sky;
But there was none—at least, no help without:
The help did in Thy bosom lie.
O show Thyself, &c.

There lay Thy Son!—and must He leave that nest,
That hive of sweetness, to remove
Thraldom from those who would not at a feast
Leave one poor apple for Thy love?
O show Thyself, &c.

He did, He came: O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canst Thou be strange?
So many years baptized, and not appear;
As if Thy love could fail or change?
O show Thyself, &c.

Yet if Thou stayest still, why must I stay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe? hence, all ye clouds, away,
Away; I must get up and see.
O show Thyself, &c.

What is this weary world? this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth so fast?
What is this womankind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste?
O show Thyself, &c.

With one small sigh Thou gavest me th' other day
I blasted all the joys about me;
And scowling on them as they pined away,
"Now come again," said I, "and flout me."
O show Thyself, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way soe'er I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves and come to Thee.
O show Thyself, &c.

We talk of harvests; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and loved, though dreadful day.
O show Thyself, &c.

O loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinioned with mortality,
As an entangled, hampered thing.
O show Thyself, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and groan?
The most of me to heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joys are all packed up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show Thyself, &c.

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joints do pray;
And e'en my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
The word is, Stay, says ever, Come.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

The British Church.

I JOY, dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright:
Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspèct in fit array,
Neither too mean nor yet too gay,
Shows who is best:
Outlandish looks may not compare;
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the hills,* which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferred,
Hath kissed so long her painted shrines,
That e'en her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley† is so shy
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:
While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother (what those miss),
The mean thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.

* The Church of Rome. † The Puritan faith.

Blessèd be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with His grace,
And none but thee.

The Quip.*

THE merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose;
Which when I plucked not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he:
"I heard in music you had skill;"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allowed me half an eye:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration;
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

* A merry playing upon words.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large,—say, "I am thine,"
And then they have their answer home.

The Dawning.

AWAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gathered into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth:
Awake, awake!
And with a thankful heart His comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
And feel His death, but not His victory.

Arise, sad heart: if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's resurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand
Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, arise!
And with His burial linen dry thine eyes.
Christ left His grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
Draws tears or blood, not want a handkerchief.

Jesu.

JESU is in my heart, His sacred name
Is deeply carved there: but the other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
E'en all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner where was J,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.

When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart He was "I ease you,"
And to my whole is JESU.

Business.

CANST be idle? canst thou play,
Foolish soul who sinned to-day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath *these*, *those* ill forbears.*

Winds still work: it is their plot,
Be the season cold or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones!
Lesser pains 'scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, Who died for thee?

Who did leave His Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had He life, or had He none?

* He who has faults or fears does ill when he forbears from shedding tears.

If He had not lived for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly,
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That His own self He forgot.
Did He die or did He not?

If He had not died for thee,
Thou hadst lived in misery.
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviour's death?

He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets his cross:
He that sins, hath he no loss?

He that finds a silver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither sin nor Saviour feels.

Dialogue.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then control
Any thought of waving.*

* Wavering.

But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains,
What delight or hope remains?

What (child), is the balance thine?
Thine the poise and measure?
If I say, "Thou shalt be mine,"
Finger not my treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only He
Who for man was sold, can see,
That transferred th' accounts to me.

But as I can see no merit,
Leading to this favour,
So the way to fit me for it
Is beyond my savour.
As the reason, then, is thine,
So the way is none of mine:
I disclaim the whole design:
Sin disclaims and I resign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay, my creature, would
Follow my resigning;
That as I did freely part
With my glory and desert,
Left all joys to feel all smart——
Ah! no more: thou break'st my heart.

Dullness.

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickness, that I may with mirth
Praise Thee brimful!

The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair,
And with quaint metaphors her curlèd hair
Curl o'er again:

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloody death, and undeserved, makes Thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That those Thy form doth show,
The very dust where Thou dost tread and go
Makes beauties here;

Where are my lines, then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window songs?
Lovers are still pretending, and e'en wrongs
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugared lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure Thou didst put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear Thy gift, that with a constant wit
I may but look t'wards Thee:
Look only; for to love Thee, who can be—
What angel—fit?

Joue-Joy.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Annealed * on every bunch. One standing by
Asked what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgment) said, it seemed to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of Joy and Charity. "Sir, you have not missed,"
The man replied; "it figures JESUS CHRIST."

Hope.

I GAVE to Hope a watch of mine, but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old prayer-book I did present,
And he an optic sent.
With that I gave a phial full of tears,
But he a few green ears.
Ah, loiterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring,
I did expect a ring.†

* Burnt in.

† An allegorical poem. The poet gives *his time* to Hope; Hope gives him an anchor, or sure resting-place for hope. He gives prayer; Hope returns an optic (the name then for a telescope), that he may see into the future. He gives her tears then, and receives a few green ears, the pledge of a future harvest. The poet murmurs because the gift is not a ring, or complete bliss; but Hope can never give *completion*—that would banish it.

Sins round.

SORRY I am, my God, sorry I am
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busy flame,
Until their cockatrice they hatch and bring;
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.*
They vent the wares, and pass them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions;
My hands do join to finish the inventions.

My hands do join to finish the inventions,
And so my sins ascend three storeys† high,
As Babel grew, before there were dissentions.
Yet ill deeds loiter not; for they supply
New thoughts of sinning; wherefore, to my shame,
Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

Time.

MEETING with Time, "Slack thing," said I,
"Thy scythe is dull; whet it, for shame."
"No marvel, sir," he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame;

* Ætna. † By thoughts, words, and actions.

But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it."

"Perhaps some such of old did pass,
Who above all things loved this life;
To whom thy scythe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

"And in his blessing thou art blest;
For where thou only wert before
An executioner at best,
Thou art a gardener now, and more.
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

"And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
E'en pleasures here increase the wrong,
And length of days lengthens the rod.
Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

"Of what strange length must that needs be,
Which e'en eternity excludes!"
Thus far Time heard me patiently;
Then chafing said, "This man deludes;
What do I here before his door?
He doth not crave less time, but more."

Gratefulness.

THOU that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more,—a grateful heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,
And says, "If he in this be crost,
All Thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost."

But Thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at Thy door,
Tears sullying Thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, Thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise;
Nay, Thou hast made a sigh and groan
Thy joys.

Not that Thou hast not still above
Much better tunes than groans can make;
But that these country airs Thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canst Thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of Thee.

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me;
As if Thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No;
Go seek elsewhere."

I did; and going did a rainbow note.
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat;
I will search out the matter.
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digged I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But after death out of His grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;*
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain,† which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue
Is only there.

* The Apostles.

† The Gospel.

Confession.

O WHAT a cunning guest
Is this same Grief! within my heart I made
Closets; and in them many a chest;
And like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till;
Yet Grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As God's afflictions into man,
When He a torture hath designed.
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts,
And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave and cast about;
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much less give out.
No smith can make such locks, but they have keys;
Closets are halls to them; and hearts, highways.

Only an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fast'ning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord, I acknowledge; take Thy plagues away:

For since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond: let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

Giddiness.

O what a thing is man! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'ral men at least
Each sev'ral hour.

One while he counts of heaven, as of his treasure;
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge * in quiet: now he scorns increase;
Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crushed the building: and 't is partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind,
And, like a dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires!

* To lie snug.

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass: all would disperse,
And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us: one creation
Will not suffice our turn:
Except Thou make us daily, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

The Bunch of Grapes.

JOY, I did lock thee up; but some bad man
Hath let thee out again;
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago: one vogue and vein,
One air of thoughts usurps my brain.
I did towards Canaan draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old by God's command
Travelled, and saw no town;
So now each Christian hath his journeys spanned:
Their story pens and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.
God's works are wide, and let in future times;
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;*
Our Scripture dew drops fast:

* Allusions to the march of Israel through the desert.

We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrouds:
Alas! our murmurings come not last.
But where 's the cluster? where 's the taste
Of mine inheritance?* Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the grape who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessèd be God, who prospered Noah's vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good store.
But much more Him I must adore
Who of the law's sour juice sweet wine did make,
E'en God Himself, being pressèd for my sake.†

Love Unknown.

DEAR friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad;
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve,
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To Him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle placed my heart. But He
(I sigh to say)
Looked on a servant who did know his eye
Better than you know me, or (which is one)
Than I myself. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seized on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issued from the side

* Alluding to the grapes brought from Canaan by the spies.—*Num.* xiii. 23.
† Isaiah lxiii. 3.

Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cause: there it was dipt and dyed,
And washed, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. "Your heart was foul, I fear."
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more than my lease will bear;
Yet still asked pardon, and was not denied.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one eventide
(I sigh to tell)
Walked by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set AFFLICTION.
The greatness showed the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;—
My heart that brought it (do you understand?)
The offerer's heart. "Your heart was hard, I fear."
Indeed 't is true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there;
But with a richer drug than scalding water
I bathed it often, e'en with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
E'en taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where to repair the strength

Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed;
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak)
I found that some had stuffed the bed with thoughts,
I would say thorns. Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures e'en my rest was gone?
Full well I understood Who had been there;
For I had given the key to none, but One:
It must be He. "Your heart was dull, I fear."
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me, so that when I prayed,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by Another paid,
Who took the debt upon Him. "Truly, friend,
For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
The font did only what was old renew:
The caldron suppled what was grown too hard:
The thorns did quicken what was grown too dull:
All did but strive to mend what you had marred.
Wherefore be cheered, and praise Him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick."

Man's Medley.

HARK, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring!
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence:
In th' other angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heaven, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimmed with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one;
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

The Storm.

IF as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and flow,
My sighs and tears as busy were above,
Sure they would move
And much affect Thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object* their crimes.

Stars have their storms, e'en in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience spurrèd by remorse
Hath a strange force;
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy door.

There it stands knocking, to thy music's wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glory and honour are set by till it
An answer get.
Poets have wronged poor storms: such days are best
They purge the air without; within, the breast.

Paradise.

I BLESS Thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among Thy trees, which in a ROW
To Thee both fruit and order OW.

* Recall their crimes to mind; accuse.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the inclosure is Thine ARM.

Inclose me still for fear I START.
Be to me rather sharp and TART,
Than let me want Thy hand and ART.

When Thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
And with Thy knife but prune and PARE,
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND:
Such cuttings rather heal than REND:
And such beginnings touch their END.

The Method.

POOR heart, lament.
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools His will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect what thou dost move;
For He is Power; and sure He would,
For He is Love.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book:
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
To such indifferents chainèd be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay! what's there?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not Him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart, rejoice.

Divinity.

As men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres supplied;
As if a star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heaven they also serve,
Divinity's transcendent sky,
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broached the wine,
Have thickened it with definitions?
And jagged His seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine, which He taught and gave,
Was clear as heaven, from whence it came.
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

"Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto."
O dark instructions, e'en as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But He doth bid us take His blood for wine.
Bid what He please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what He doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man!
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head:
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To heaven alone both go and lead.

Providence.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of Thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do Thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man Thou hast made known Thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To Thy renown; but all their hands and throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,—
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee fain,
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

The beasts say, "Eat me;" but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but Mine to praise.
The trees say, "Pull me;" but the hand you stretch
Is Mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to Thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both Thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine,
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but Thine.

For either Thy command or Thy permission
Lays hands on all: they are Thy right and left;
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both: all must appear,
And be disposed, and dressed, and tuned by Thee,
Who sweetly temperest all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many,
For Thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to Thee, they know Thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, e'en when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net:
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing engendered doth prevent* his meat:
Flies have their table spread ere they appear;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost Thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist, checkered with night and day!
Which, as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food
When they are fledged, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever,† and as fit to use;
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the grass, and dung the ground for more;
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil;
Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store;
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that Thy care
Would show a root that gives expressions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars?‡
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.§

* Come before.
† Fairer. According to Sir John Lubbock, the bee adds beauty to the flower.
‡ In ruling man's fate.
§ Red roses are tonics.

Doubtless, our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much surer than our art* is sure.

Thou hast hid metals; man may take them thence,
But at his peril: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave—as if the thing had sense,
And threatened man, that he should fill the space.

E'en poisons praise Thee! Should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poisons, antidotes are most;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are ruled by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as Thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling Thy goods.
The hills with health abound, the vales with store;
The south with marble; north with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easy things, good cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare
Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass; warm without weight
Is wool and furs; cool without closeness, shade;
Speed without pains, a horse; tall without height,
A servile hawk; low without loss, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need;
If they seek fine things, Thou dost make them run

* The art of astrology.

For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes but man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire
But man alone, to show his heavenly breed;
And only he hath fuel in desire.

When the earth was dry, Thou madest a sea of wet;
When that lay gathered, Thou didst broach* the mountains;
When yet some places could no moisture get,
The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds good fountains.

Rain! do not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
Your honey drops: press not to smell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need less reparation.
How smooth are silks, compared with a stake
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes Thou dost divide Thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and needle—all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks are hot and dry;
Cold fruits' warm kernels help against the wind;
The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually;
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

* To pierce or tap; meaning, to produce rivers.

Thy creatures leap not, but express a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry* fish and flesh; bats, birds and beast;
Sponges, non-sense and sense; mines, th' earth and plants.

To show Thou art not bound, as if Thy lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes Thou shiftest hands.
Most things move the under jaw; the crocodile not.
Most things sleep lying; the elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can express Thy works but he that knows them;
And none can know Thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but only He that owes† them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honour Thee; and so I give Thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many ways in store
To honour Thee; and so each hymn Thy fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

Ephesians iv. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, etc.

AND art thou grievèd, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sour,
And cross Thy love?

* Unite; are the connecting-link.
† Owns.

Grievèd for me? the God of strength and power
Grieved for a worm, which when I tread,
I pass away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep, foolish heart,
And weeping live;
For death is dry as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins express;—melt into dew.

When saucy mirth shall knock or call at door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, He puts on sense:
I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too; He doth groan.

O, take thy lute, and tune it to a strain
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
E'en endless tears
Without relief.
If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no crystal, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies;
And flesh would fail,

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon! for Thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.

The Family.

WHAT doth this noise of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the house and family are Thine,
Though some of them repine.
Turn out these wranglers, which defile Thy seat;
For where Thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
Then Order plays* the soul,
And giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
Expecting a command;
Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys,
But griefs without a noise;
Yet speak they louder than distempered fears:
What is so shrill as silent tears?

* Plays upon; attunes.

This is Thy house, with these it doth abound;
And where these are not found,
Perhaps Thou comest sometimes, and for a day,
But not to make a constant stay.

The Size.

CONTENT thee, greedy heart!
Modest and moderate joys to those that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are passing brave.
Let th' upper springs into the low
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught*
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail?
If thou hast wherewithal to spice a draught
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To the isle of spices, is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
Wouldst thou His laws of fasting disannul?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joys are all at once,
But little do reserve themselves for more:

* Freight.

Those have their hopes; these what they have renounce,
And live on score:
Those are at home; these journey still,
And meet the rest on Zion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenced joy,
And in the flesh condemned it as unfit,
At least in lump; for such doth oft destroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present health restore.

A Christian's state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,
Yet active strength; whose long and bony face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy:
For we should count—since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
Which thou hast opened; do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
"These seas are tears, and heaven the haven."

Artillery.

AS I one evening sat before my cell,
Methought a star did shoot into my lap.
I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap;
When suddenly I heard one say,
"Do as thou usest, disobey:
Expel good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest."

I, who had heard of music in the spheres,
But not of speech in stars, began to muse;
But turning to my God, whose ministers
The stars and all things are: "If I refuse,
Dread Lord," said I, "so oft my good,
Then I refuse not e'en with blood
To wash away my stubborn thought;
For I will do or suffer what I ought.

"But I have also stars and shooters too,
Born where Thy servants both artilleries use.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo
And work up to Thee; yet Thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more obliged to do Thy will
Than Thou to grant mine; but because
Thy promise now hath e'en set Thee Thy laws.

"Then we are shooters both, and Thou dost deign
To enter combat with us, and contest

With Thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shun not my arrows, and behold my breast.
Yet if Thou shunnest, I am Thine:
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no articling with Thee:
I am but finite, yet Thine infinitely.

Church-Rents and Schisms.

BRAVE rose, alas! where art thou? in the chair
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves; which, when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them underfoot,
Where rude unhallowed steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? Is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed, Christ's precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,*
And made you look much fresher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies†
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turnèd your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

* Martyrdoms. † Schisms.

Then did your several parts unloose and start;
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north wind
They rushèd in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind!
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as stars? since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And e'en all Africk! would at least I might
With these two poor ones lick up all the dew
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!

Justice.

O DREADFUL justice, what a fright and terror
Wast thou of old,
When sin and error
Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glass discolour thee!
He that did but look up was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seemed to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and scape
Did like some tottering engine show;
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christ's pure veil presents the sight,
I see no fears;
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee.
God's promises hath made thee mine:
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

The Pilgrimage.

I TRAVELLED on, seeing the hill where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
With many a flower;
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my hour.
So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robbed of all my gold,
Save one good angel,* which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

* A gold angel was a piece of money of the value of ten shillings, bearing the figure of an angel.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill, *
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gained the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that, abashed and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?"
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived.

My hill was farther; so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went,—"None goes that way
And lives." "If that be all," said I,
"After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair." †

The Hold-fast.

I THREATENED to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might;
But I was told by one it could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

"Then will I trust," said I, "in Him alone:
Nay, e'en to trust in Him was also His:

* Every reader will be struck by the outline here presented of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It was written when Bunyan was still an infant.

† A rest.

We must confess that nothing is our own;
Then I confess that He my succour is."

But to have nought is ours, not to confess
That we have nought. I stood amazed at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend express
That all things were more ours by being His.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Because Thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, Thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and story
Are both Thy due; but I a silly fly,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not Thy Word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not Thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,

My inch of life; or let Thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

The Discharge.

BUSY inquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou pry,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous* eye
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summed up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall;
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is His right.
He is thy night at noon; He is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is His, for He hath sown.

And well it was for thee when this befell,
That God did make
Thy business His, and in thy life partake;
For thou canst tell,
If it be His once, all is well.

* Desiring.

Only the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things required of thee.

They ask enough: why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for woe
In times to come, for it will grow.*

Man and the present fit: if he provide,
He breaks the square.
This hour is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon death's side.

For death each hour environs and surrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto those grounds
But thro' a churchyard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die; but they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt loose the chain,
And wake thy sorrow?

* Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.—*S. Matt.* vi. 34.

Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to-morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come; or if it must,
Do not forecast;
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away, distrust!
My God hath promised; He is just.

Praise.

KING of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love Thee;
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst.
And when Justice called for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol Thee:
E'en eternity is too short
To extol Thee.

An Offering.

COME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As men's returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And single things grow fruitful by deserts.
In public judgments one may be a nation,*
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

* By prayer and individual obedience a nation is preserved.

But all I fear is, lest thy heart displease,
As neither good nor one: so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone,—
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart: recover these,
And thou may'st offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood,
Dropping from heaven, which doth both cleanse and close
All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose
Until thou find, and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymn be this:

SINCE my sadness
Into gladness,
Lord, Thou dost convert,
O accept
What Thou hast kept,
As Thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were Thine
And none of mine,
Surely Thine alone.

Yet Thy favour
May give savour
To this poor oblation;
And it raise
To be Thy praise,
And be my salvation.

Longing.

WITH sick and famished eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To Thee my cries,
To Thee my groans,
To Thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
My heart is withered like a ground
Which Thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From Thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because Thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants them, and they suck Thee
More free.

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
Bow down Thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,

What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow Thine ear,
And hear!

Lord Jesu, Thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord, hear! Shall He that made the ear
Not hear?

Behold, Thy dust doth stir;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at Thee:
Wilt Thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says, Come?

To Thee help appertains.
Hast Thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all locked? hath a sinner's plea
No key?

Indeed the world 's Thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assigned;
Yet a meek look
Hath interlined.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die
And fall to nothing: Thou dost reign,

And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet am I styled
Thy child.

Lord, didst Thou leave Thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be
That Thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all Thy promises live and bide.
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in Thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To-day.

My love, my sweetness, hear!
By these Thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out Thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cries,
Which dies.

The Bag.

AWAY, despair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it: He doth steer,
E'en when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of His art:
Well may He close His eyes, but not His heart.*

Hast thou not heard that my Lord JESUS died?
Then let me tell thee a strange story.
The God of power as He did ride
In His majestic robes of glory,
Resolved to 'light,† and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars His tire of light and rings obtained,
The cloud His bow, the fire His spear,
The sky His azure mantle gained.
And when they asked what He would wear,
He smiled and said as He did go,
He had new clothes a-making here below.

When He was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inn.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel sin;
And having given the rest before,
Here He gave up His life to pay our score.

* St. Matt. viii. 24. † Alight; descend.

But as He was returning there came one
That ran upon Him with a spear.
He who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Received the blow upon His side,
And straight He turned and to His brethren cried,

"If ye have anything to send or write
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my Father's hands and sight,
(Believe me) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind what you impart,
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

"Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will use me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Anything to me. Hark, despair, away!"

The Jews.

POOR nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our scions have purloined and left you dry;
Whose streams we got by the Apostles' sluice,
And use in baptism, while ye pine and die;
Who by not keeping once became a debtor,
And now by keeping lose the letter.

O that my prayers!—mine, alas!—
O that some angel might a trumpet sound,

At which the Church, falling upon her face,
Should cry so loud until the trump were drowned,
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain
That your sweet sap might come again!

The Collar.

I STRUCK the board and cried, "No more!
I will abroad.
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away, take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load."
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

The Glimpse.

WHITHER away, delight?
Thou camest but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingering pain and smart,
But one half-hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight should have
More skill in music, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but adds to the desire of meat.
Lime begged of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat,
Which by the spring's access grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Picked here and there a crumb, and would not die;
But constant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
"A slender thread a gentle guest will tie."

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go so that thy stay be short.
Thou know'st how grief and sin
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a court!

Assurance.

O SPITEFUL bitter thought!
Bitterly spiteful thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poison bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poison can there be.

Thou saidst but even now
That all was not so fair as I conceived
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes; but that I was deceived:
Either the league was broke or near it,
And that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? What more
Could poison, if it had a tongue, express?
What is thy aim? Wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despairs and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But Thou art my desert;
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform Thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once Thyself indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore, if Thou canst fail,
Then can Thy truth and I; but while rocks stand
And rivers stir, Thou canst not shrink or quail;
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt Thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruin praise Thy power.

Now, foolish thought, go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy shame; for thou hast cast a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for itself love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

The Call.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way as gives us breath:
Such a Truth as ends all strife:
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light as shows a feast:
Such a Feast as mends in length:
Such a Strength as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy as none can move:
Such a Love as none can part:
Such a Heart as joys in love.

Clasping of Hands.

LORD, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
If mine I am; and Thine much more,
Than I or ought or can be mine.
Yet to be Thine doth me restore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more,
Since this being mine brings with it Thine,
And Thou with me dost Thee restore.
If I without Thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor Thine.

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine:
So mine Thou art, that something more
I may presume Thee mine than Thine.
For Thou didst suffer to restore
Not Thee, but me, and to be mine;
And with advantage mine the more,
Since Thou in death wast none of Thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me Thine,
Or rather make no Thine and mine!

Praise.

LORD, I will mean and speak Thy praise,
Thy praise alone.
My busy heart shall spin it all my days;
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
That Thou mayest yet have more.

When Thou dost favour any action,
It runs, it flies:
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When Thou dost bless, hath twelve; one wheel doth rise
To twenty then, or more.

But when Thou dost on business blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of door.

Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do Thee employ
In ruling all
This spacious globe: angels must have their joy,
Devils their rod, the sea his shore,
The winds their stint; and yet, when I did call,
Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear;
But when mine eyes *
Did weep to heaven, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in; yet of a size
That would contain much more.

But after Thou hadst slipped a drop
From Thy right eye
(Which there did hang like streamers near the top
Of some fair church to show the sore
And bloody battle which Thou once didst try),
The glass was full, and more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
Though pressed, runs thin,
O that I might some other hearts convert;
And so take up at use good store:
That to Thy chests there might be coming in
Both all my praise, and more!

* Psalm lvi. 8.

Joseph's Coat.

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down, I fall into a bed and rest;
Sorrow hath changed its note: such is His will
Who changeth all things as Him pleaseth best.
For well He knows, if but one grief and smart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it e'en my heart,
And both would run until they found a bier
To fetch the body; both being due to grief.
But He hath spoiled the race, and given to anguish
One of Joy's coats, 'ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languish.
I live to show His power, who once did bring
My joys to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

The Pulley.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span."

So Strength first made a way;
Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all His treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said He,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

The Priesthood.

BLEST Order, which in power doth so excel,
That with the one hand thou liftest to the sky,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh;
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay sword
For that of th' Holy Word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallowed fire;
And I but earth and clay: should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in Holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorned to stand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade

Of skilful artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne'er so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come,
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat,
Have one beginning and one final sum;
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But the holy men of God such vessels are
As serve Him up who all the world commands.
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey Him Who conveys their hands:
O what pure things, most pure, must those things be
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old sins and new doctrines of our land.
Only, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at His feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean stuff whereon to show His skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poor do by submission
What pride by opposition.*

* The meek, by "distance" (*i.e.*, humility) and submission, offer a truer homage to power than the proud who acknowledge it by their opposition and defiance. By this quaint conceit Herbert expresses a hope that God will be won by his humility to accept him as His priest.

The Search.

WHITHER, O whither art Thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My searches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.*

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the sky
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me deny
That Thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet Thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how stars above
Simper and shine,
As having keys unto Thy love,
While poor I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek Thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Winged like an arrow; but my scout
Returns in vain.

I turned another (having store)
Into a groan,
Because the search was dumb before;
But all was one.

* Succeed; come right.

Lord, dost Thou some new fabric mould
Which favour wins,
And keeps Thee present, leaving th' old
Unto their sins?

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals Thee still?
What covert dare eclipse Thy face?
Is it Thy will?

O let not that of anything:*
Let rather brass,
Or steel, or mountains be Thy ring,
And I will pass.

Thy will such an entrenching is,
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kiss,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
As is Thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge,†
Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths, away;
Turn, and restore me:
Be not Almighty, let me say,
Against, but for me.

* Let nothing eclipse Thy face. † See how I am burdened.

When Thou dost turn, and wilt be near,
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appear
To come between?

For as Thy absence doth excel
All distance known,
So doth Thy nearness bear the bell,
Making two one.

Grief.

O WHO will give me tears? Come, all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come, clouds and rain:
My grief hath need of all the wat'ry things
That nature hath produced. Let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes, too dry for me,
Unless they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow fords, two little spouts
Of a less world? the greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumb and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him music and a rhyme;
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God!

The Cross.

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
Until I had some place where I might sing
And serve Thee; and not only I,
But all my wealth and family might combine
To set Thy honour up as our design?

And then when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combat, this dear end,
So much desired, is given, to take away
My power to serve Thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound,
And lay my threatenings bleeding on the ground!

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul (the memory
What I would do for Thee, if once my groans
Could be allowed for harmony)
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
E'en when my will doth study Thy renown:
Thou turn'st the edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, e'en when my hopes seem to be sped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow;

To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another woe,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And e'en in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah, my dear Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me: these cross actions
Do wind a rope about and cut my heart:
And yet since these Thy contradictions
Are properly a Cross felt by Thy Son,
With but four words, my words, "Thy will be done."

The Flower.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite underground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell

And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy Word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell at night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide,

Who would be more,
Swelling through store,*
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride?

Dotage.

FALSE glozing† pleasures, casks of happiness,
Foolish night-fires,‡ women's and children's wishes,
Chases in arras,§ gilded emptiness,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,‖
Embroidered lies, nothing between two dishes;
These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs e'en from the very bone;
These are the sorrows here.

But O the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joys in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
Before a court, e'en that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Than miseries are here!

* Being proud from prosperity.
† Flattering.
‡ Wills-o'-the-wisp.
§ Arras is finely embroidered tapestry on which hunting scenes were often embroidered.
‖ Race.

The Son.

LET foreign nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords;
I like our language, as our men and coast:
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To parents' issue and the sun's bright star!
A son is light and fruit; a fruitful flame
Chasing the father's dimness, carried far
From the first man in the East to fresh and new
Western discoveries of posterity.
So in one word our Lord's humility
We turn upon Him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We Him in glory call, the Son of Man.

A True Hymn.

MY joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say;
And still it runneth muttering up and down
With only this, "My joy, my life, my crown!"

Yet slight not these few words:
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains that somewhat is behind
To make His verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want.
As when th' heart says (sighing to be approved)
"O, could I love!" and stops; God writeth, "Loved."

The Answer.

My comforts drop and melt away like snow:
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
Which my fierce youth did bandy fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
Flies of estates and sunshine. But to all
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky,
But cooling by the way, grows pursy and slow,
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears: to all, that so
Show me and set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

A Dialogue-Anthem.

CHRISTIAN, DEATH.

Chr. ALAS, poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. Alas, poor mortal, void of story!
Go spell and read how I have killed thy King.

Chr. Poor Death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on Him makes thee accurst.

Dea. Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die;
These arms shall crush thee.

Chr. Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before;
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

The Water-Course.

THOU who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow,
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail;
For who can look for less that loveth { Life? / Strife?
But rather turn the pipe and water's course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store

Of sovereign tears, springing from true remorse;
That so in pureness thou mayest Him adore
Who gives to man, as He sees fit, {Salvation. / Damnation.

Self-condemnation.

THOU who condemnest Jewish hate
For choosing Barabbas a murderer
Before the Lord of glory,
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye (that busy wanderer),
That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss
This world's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferred
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading;
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas Jew.

Thus we prevent * the last great day,
And judge ourselves. That light which sin and passion
Did before dim and choke,

* Go before; here, to forestall.

When once those snuffs are taken away,
Shines bright and clear, e'en unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloak.

Bitter-Sweet.

AH, my dear angry Lord,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike;
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve;
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament and love.

The Change.

WHEN first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsafed e'en in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in sin,
I felt a sugared strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, e'en able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm

His swing and sway;
But still Thy sweet original joy
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If Thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but opened and sealed up again,
What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love!
When Thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspèct of Thine spend in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
In heav'n above!

The Twenty-third Psalm.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed:
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, He doth convert
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' sight;
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

Mary Magdalen.

WHEN blessèd Mary wiped her Saviour's feet
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before),
And wore them for a jewel on her head,
Showing His steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stained herself, why did she strive
To make Him clean, who could not be defiled?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not His feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sins are piled
Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
To bear her filth; and that her sins did dash
E'en God Himself: wherefore she was not loth,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash;
And yet in washing one, she washèd both.

Aaron.

HOLINESS on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest.
Thus are true Aarons drest.*

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor priest! thus am I drest.

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest:
In Him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only music, striking me e'en dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new drest.

* Exodus xxviii. 29—37.

So holy in my Head,
Perfect and light in my dear Breast,
My doctrine tuned by Christ (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest),
Come, people; Aaron 's drest.

The Odour.

II. *Cor.* ii.

HOW sweetly doth "My Master" sound! "My Master!"
As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content,
An Oriental fragrancy, "My Master!"

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind e'en thrust into them both;
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells that feeds and fats my mind.

"My Master," shall I speak? O that to Thee
"My Servant" were a little so,
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness to Thee!

Then should the Pomander,* which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection
And tell me more;

* A little ball of perfumes to hold in the hand, the warmth of which brought out its scent.

For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when "My Master," which alone is sweet,
And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet
"My Servant," as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetening me
(As sweet things traffic when they meet)
Return to Thee;
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.

The Foil.

IF we could see below
The sphere of virtue and each shining grace,
As plainly as that above doth show,
This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made stars the foil
To set off virtues; griefs to set off sinning.
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

The Forerunners.

THE harbingers are come. See, see their mark:
White is their colour, and behold my head.

But must they have my brain? must they dispark *
Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Must dulness turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, "Thou art still my God."

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
E'en all my heart, and what is lodgèd there:
I pass † not, I, what of the rest become,
So "Thou art still my God" be out of fear.
He will be pleasèd with that ditty;
And if I please Him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell, sweet phrases, lovely metaphors:
But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
Of stews and brothels only knew the doors,
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to church well drest and clad:
My God must have my best, e'en all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly?
Hath some fond lover 'ticed thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the church and love a sty?
Fie! thou wilt soil thy broidered coat,
And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note?‡

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
With canvas, not with arras, clothe their shame:

* To open or do away with a park.

† Care not.

‡ The poems or rather verses of that period were very impure. Vaughan says, "The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream was the blessed man Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts (of whom I am the least), and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired Wit of his time."—Preface to *Silex Scintilians*, p. 58.

Let folly speak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrowed thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words should go together

Yet if you go, I pass not: take your way;
For "Thou art still my God" is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go, birds of spring: let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleness chalk the door,
So all within be livelier than before.

The Rose.

PRESS me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugared lies,
And to use a larger measure
Than my strict yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here:
Coloured griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes that look as clear
As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be,—
Such delights, I meant to say,—
There are no such things to me,
Who have passed my right away

But I will not much oppose
Unto what you now advise:
Only take this gentle rose,
And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer than a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity disclose,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a rose,
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
Worldly joys to be a scourge;
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physic, choose:
Only though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse,
For my answer is a rose.

Discipline.

THROW away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent:
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away Thy wrath.

The Invitation.

COME ye hither all, whose taste
Is your waste;
Save your cost, and mend your fare.

God is here prepared and drest,
And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is blood.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your sins to sight:
Taste and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on sin doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth destroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the sky:
Here is love, which, having breath
E'en in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall

Still invite, still call to Thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

The Banquet.

WELCOME, sweet and sacred cheer,
Welcome dear!
With me, in me, live and dwell;
For Thy neatness * passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is some star (fled from the sphere)
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin,
Flowers, and gums, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemy should win?

Doubtless neither star nor flower
Hath the power

* Purity.

Such a sweetness to impart:
Only God, who gives perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruised are better scented;
God, to show how far His love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drowned,
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the ground.

Having raised me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly He doth meet my taste.
But I still being low and short,
Far from court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I fly
To the sky;
Where I wipe mine eyes, and see
What I seek for, what I sue;
Him I view
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life:
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the strife.

The Posy.*

LET wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill:
"Less than the least
Of all Thy mercies," is my posy still.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write;
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention, rest;
Comparisons, go play; wit, use thy will;
"Less than the least
Of all God's mercies" is my posy still.

A Parody.

SOUL'S Joy, when Thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because Thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on Thee.

* A motto on a ring.

Yet when Thou dost suppress
The cheerfulness
Of Thy abode,
And in my powers not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load;

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormy night
Can so afflict or so affright
As Thy eclipsèd light.

Ah, Lord! do not withdraw,
Lest want of awe
Make sin appear;
And when Thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that Thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While sin doth rave,
And falsely boast
That I may seek, but Thou art lost;
Thou, and alone Thou, know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me enfold!
I half believe
That sin says true; but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

The Elixir.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his* tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

* In the seventh edition of "Herbert" this word is printed "this," not *his*, which appears to us the more intelligible reading.

A Wreath.

A WREATHÈD garland of deservèd praise,
Of praise deservèd, unto Thee I give,
I give to Thee, who knowest all my ways,
My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,—
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,
To Thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know Thy ways,
Know them and practise them: then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.

Death.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we considered thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turned to dust and bones to sticks.

We looked on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did find

The shells of fledge souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at doomsday,
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave,
Making our pillows either down or dust.

Doomsday.

COME away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispering, "Live you, brother?"

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas! no music feels,
But Thy trumpet; then it kneels,

As peculiar notes and strains
Cure tarantula's* raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession;
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend;
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and public woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurled,
Parcelled out to all the world.
Lord, Thy broken concert raise,
And the music shall be praise.

Judgment.

ALMIGHTY Judge, how shall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,

* The tarantula is the largest of European spiders. The bite was said to produce most extraordinary symptoms. Sense and motion were said to be lost, and only to be restored by the sound of peculiar music. It need scarcely be said that symptoms and cure are alike without foundation in truth, but the fable was believed by every one in Herbert's lifetime.

Able a heart of iron to appal,
When Thou shalt call
For ev'ry man's peculiar book?

What others mean to do I know not well;
Yet I hear tell
That some will turn Thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when Thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into Thy hand:
Let that be scanned;
There Thou shalt find my faults are Thine.

Heaven.

O WHO will show me those delights on high?
ECHO. *I.*
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.
ECHO. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
ECHO. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that still abide?
ECHO. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
ECHO. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the echo then of bliss?
ECHO. *Yes.*

Then tell me what is that supreme delight?
ECHO. *Light.*
Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
ECHO. *Joy.*
But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
ECHO. *Leisure.*
Light, joy, and leisure; but shall they persèver?
ECHO. *Ever.*

Love.

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
"If I lacked anything."

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

The Church Militant.

ALMIGHTY Lord, who from Thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things e'en as one,
The smallest ant or atom knows Thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour;
Much more do commonweals acknowledge Thee,
And wrap their policies in Thy decree,
Complying with Thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, Thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didst Thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more endear it to be Thine.
Spices come from the East; so did Thy spouse,
Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of Noah's shady vine, chaste as the dove,
Prepared and fitted to receive Thy love.
The course was westward, that the sun might light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where th' Ark did rest, there Abraham began
To bring the other Ark from Canaan.
Moses pursued this; but King Solomon
Finished and fixed the old religion.

When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain,
By nailing Christ, to fasten it again.
But to the Gentiles He bore cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Only whereas the Ark in glory shone,
Now with the cross, as with a staff, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrim, westward bent,
Knocking at all doors ever as she went.
Yet as the sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some light,
Till all depart; so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the Eastern nations for a time,
Till both removèd to the western clime.
To Egypt * first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy Macarius † and great Anthony ‡
Made Pharaoh Moses, changing th' history.
Goshen was darkness, Egypt full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mighty baptism to produce,
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Religion thence fled into Greece, where Arts

* The Christian Church flourished in Africa. St. Athanasius was a native of Alexandria but Herbert probably mentions Macarius and Anthony because they preceded him in date.

† Macarius was a celebrated hermit of Egypt, of the fourth century. Fifty extant Greek Homilies are ascribed to him. Died 390 A.D.

‡ St. Anthony, one of the Christian Fathers and the reputed founder of Monachism, was born at Heraclea, in Upper Egypt, in 251 A.D. His austerities as a hermit caused him to be regarded as a saint.

Gave her the highest place in all men's hearts.
Learning was posed, Philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.
Plato and Aristotle were at a loss,
And wheeled about again to spell Christ's-cross.
Prayers chased syllogisms into their den,
And *Ergo* was transformed into *Amen*.
Though Greece took horse as soon as Egypt did,
And Rome as both; yet Egypt faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixèd time
Before the other. Greece being past her prime,
Religion went to Rome, subduing those
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The warrior his dear scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds:
Wounds willingly endured to work his bliss,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.
The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust
A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust;
Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
Him in His members who for him was slain.
The Shepherd's hook grew to a Sceptre here,*
Giving new names and numbers to the year.
But th' empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them
Who were cut short in Alexander's stem.
In both of these Prowess and Arts did tame
And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came;
Which using, and not fearing skill in the one,
Or strength in the other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and struggling th' empire knew,
(As dying things are wont), until it flew
At length to Germany, still westward bending,

* The pastoral staff becoming the papal sceptre.

And there the Church's festival attending;
That as before empire and arts made way
(For no less harbingers would serve than they),
So they might still, and point us out the place,
Where first the Church should raise her downcast face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there,
Then showers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the empire shared with Germany,
But England in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's* British line meant this of old,
And did this mystery wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From Time's great chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and sun together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Much about one and the same time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sin did set out of Eastern Babylon,
And travelled westward also; journeying on
He chid the Church away, where'er he came,
Breaking her peace and tainting her good name.
At first he got to Egypt, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which every year did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearly a sallet lost.
Ah! what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlic with an humble face,

* Constantine the Great was said to have had a British mother—Helena. He made Christianity the religion of the Eastern Empire.

Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshippeth his meat
Who makes a root his god: how low is he,
If God and man be severed infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolery.
Thus Sin in Egypt sneakèd for awhile;
His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poor game. Thence he to Greece doth pass,
And being craftier much than Goodness was,
He left behind him garrisons of sins,
To make good that which ev'ry day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a garden bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchasèd;
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall as what befell;
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From Greece he went to Rome; and as before
He was a god, now he's an Emperor.
Nero and others lodged him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Roman sphere.
Glory was his chief instrument of old;
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold;
Which soon was blown to such a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did destroy the game,

Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;
Yet did a rogue* with hope of carnal joy
Cheat the most subtle nations. Who so coy,
So trim, as Greece and Egypt? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such Mahometan stupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Only the West and Rome do keep them free
From this contagious infidelity.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
As Rome will one day find unto her cost.
Sin being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolved one night
To be a churchman too, and wear a mitre;
The old debauchèd ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his study, where he sate
Busy in controversies sprung of late.
A gown and pen became him wondrous well;
His grave aspèct had more of heaven than hell;
Only there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sin in Greece a prophet was before,†
And in old Rome a mighty emperor,
So now, being priest, he plainly did profess
To make a jest of Christ's three offices;
The rather since his scattered jugglings were
United now in one both time and sphere.
From Egypt he took petty deities,
From Greece oracular infallibilities,

* Mahomet. † By the oracles.

And from old Rome the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Church's treasure.
Then in memorial of his ancient throne,
He did surname his palace, Babylon.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations,
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes;—
From Egypt anchorism and retiredness,
Learning from Greece, from old Rome stateliness,
And blending these, he carried all men's eyes,
While Truth sat by, counting his victories;
Whereby he grew apace and scorned to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finally work each nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All post to Rome: princes submit their necks
Either to his public foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur;
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors cloisterers;
Who without spear, or sword, or other drum
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquered, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Pope's mule.
As new and old Rome did one empire twist,
So both together are one Antichrist;
Yet with two faces, as their Janus was,
Being in this their old cracked looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Thus Sin triumphs in western Babylon;
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.

Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the East.
Old and new Babylon are to hell and night
As is the moon and sun to heaven and light.
When the one did set, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hell's landmarks, Satan's double crest;
They are sin's nipples, feeding the East and West.
But as in vice the copy still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds;
So though Sin made his latter seat the better,
The latter Church is to the first a debtor.
The second Temple could not reach the first;
And the late reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
Nay, it shall ev'ry year decrease and fade,
Till such a darkness do the world invade
At Christ's last coming, as His first did find:
Yet must there such proportions be assigned
To these diminishings, as is between
The spacious world and Jewry to be seen.
Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,*
Ready to pass to the American strand.
When height of malice and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts
(The marks of future bane) shall fill our cup

* "When Mr. Ferrar sent this work to Cambridge to be licenced for the press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses, 'Religion stands on tiptoe,' &c. to be printed, and Mr. Ferrar would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them; but after some time, and some arguments for and against these being made public, the Vice-Chancellor said, 'I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations and was a divine poet; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I licence the whole book."—IZAAK WALTON.

Unto the brim, and make our measure up;
When Seine shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames,
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams:*
When Italy of us shall have her will,†
And all her calendar of sins fulfil;
Whereby one may foretell what sins next year
Shall both in France and England domineer;
Then shall Religion to America flee:
They have their times of Gospel, e'en as we.
My God, Thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away;
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss,—
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward fly,
So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Ushered the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, and Sin the Church shall smother
That when they have accomplished the round,
And met in the east their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both, and search them round.

* Admits Infidelity from France and Romanism from Italy. There does appear something prophetic in these lines, despite the Vice-Chancellor.

† When Romanism shall fill the land.

Thus do both lights, as well in Church as sun,
Light one another and together run.
Thus also sin and darkness follow still
The Church and sun with all their power and skill.
But as the sun still goes both west and east,
So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go; because it drew more near
To time and place where judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?

L'Envoy.

KING of Glory, King of Peace,
With the one make war to cease;
With the other bless Thy sheep,
Thee to love, in Thee to sleep.
Let not Sin devour Thy fold,
Bragging that Thy blood is cold;
That Thy death is also dead,
While his conquests daily spread;
That Thy flesh hath lost his food,
And Thy cross is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till Thy conquest and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all;
And then bargain with the wind
To discharge what is behind.

Blessèd be God alone,
Thrice blessèd Three in One.

Miscellaneous Poems.

A Sonnet

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE. HE WAS THEN AGED 16.

MY God, where is that ancient heat towards Thee
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of Thee? and lays
Upon Thine altar burnt? Cannot Thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out Thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot Thy dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or, since Thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears Thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by Thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that, which one day worms may chance refuse?
Sure, Lord, there is enough in Thee to dry
Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth Thy majesty:
Each cloud distils Thy praise, and doth forbid

Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and lilies speak Thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them is Thy abuse.
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on Thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth; when, Lord, in Thee
The beauty lies in the discovery.

Inscription

IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

IF thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind
And built without thy cost,
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost.

On Lord Danvers.*

SACRED marble, safely keep
His dust, who under thee must sleep,

* This epitaph was written for Lord Danvers during his life. He survived Herbert more than forty years.

Until the years again restore
Their dead, and Time shall be no more.
Meanwhile, if he (which all things wears)
Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
Are shed for him; dissolve thy frame,—
Thou art requited: for his fame,
His virtue, and his worth shall be
Another monument to thee.

A Paradox.

(FROM A MS. COLLECTION, FORMERLY DR. RAWLINSON'S, IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

THAT THE SICK ARE IN A BETTER CASE THAN THE WHOLE.

YOU who admire yourselves because
You neither groan nor weep,
And think it contrary to Nature's laws
To want one ounce of sleep;
Your strong belief
Acquits yourselves, and gives the sick all grief.

Your state to ours is contrary,
That makes you think us poor;
So blackmoors think us foul, and we
Are quit with them, and more.
Nothing can see
And judge of things but mediocrity.

The sick are in themselves a state
Which health hath nought to do.

How know you that our tears proceed from woe,
And not from better fate?
Since that mirth hath
Her waters also and desired bath.

How know you that the sighs we send
From want of breath proceed,
Not from excess? and therefore we do spend
That which we do not need;
So trembling may
As well show inward warbling, as decay.

Cease then to judge calamities
By outward form and show,
But view yourselves, and inward turn your eyes,
Then you shall fully know
That your estate
Is, of the two, the far more desperate.

You always fear to feel those smarts
Which we but sometimes prove.
Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
None but gross joys you move:
Why, then, confess
Your fears in number more, your joys are less.

Then for yourselves, not us, embrace
Plaints to bad fortune due;
For though you visit us, and plain * our case,
We doubt much whether you
Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.

* Lament.

A Priest to the Temple;

OR,

The Country Parson, his Character, and Rule of Holy Life.

(First printed in MDCLII.)

An Advertisement to the Reader.

THE First Edition of this book came out in sad times (*Anno Domini* 1652), when violence had gotten the upper hand: what here next follows was thought meet to be the Preface to it. Now, the Almighty, who changeth times and seasons, Himself abiding unchangeable, having (for His own name's sake, and their sakes to whom the former Preface was dedicated, who, many of them, were fervent intercessors for the same) wrought a wonderful deliverance; it is thought fit that it should withdraw, and stand here behind the curtain, resigning that place to another, that may move the reader to thankfulness for that stupendous mercy; and to express it, as by all possible testifications, so by making a right use of this book.

The Author to the Reader.

BEING desirous (through the mercy of God) to please Him, for Whom I am and live, and Who giveth me my desires and performances; and considering with myself that the way to please Him is to feed my flock diligently and faithfully, since our Saviour hath made that the argument of a pastor's love, I have resolved to set down the form and character of a true pastor, that I may have a mark to aim at, which also I will set as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree. Not that I think, if a man do not all which is here expressed, he presently sins and displeases God; but that it is a good strife to go as far as we can in pleasing Him who hath done so much for us. The Lord prosper the intention to myself and others, who may not despise my poor labours, but add to those points which I have observed, until the book grow to a complete pastoral.

GEO. HERBERT.

1632.

A Priest to the Temple.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

OF A PASTOR.

A PASTOR is the deputy of Christ, for the reducing of man to the obedience of God. This definition is evident, and contains the direct steps of pastoral duty and authority. For, first, man fell from God by disobedience; secondly, Christ is the glorious instrument of God for the revoking of man; thirdly, Christ being not to continue on earth, but after He had fulfilled the work of reconciliation, to be received up into heaven, He constituted deputies in His place, and these are priests. And therefore St. Paul, in the beginning of his Epistles, professeth this; and in the First to the Colossians * plainly avoucheth that he "fills up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, for His body's sake, which is the Church," wherein is contained the complete definition of a minister. Out of this charter of the priesthood may be plainly gathered both the dignity thereof and the duty: the dignity, in that a priest may do that which Christ did, and by His authority and as His vicegerent; the duty, in that a priest is to do that which Christ did, and after His manner, both for doctrine and life.

* Verse 24.

CHAPTER II.

THEIR DIVERSITIES.

OF pastors (intending mine own nation only, and also therein setting aside the reverend prelates of the Church, to whom this discourse ariseth not) some live in the Universities, some in noble houses, some in parishes residing on their cures. Of those that live in the Universities, some live there in office, whose rule is that of the Apostle (Romans xii. 6): "Having gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching," &c., "he that ruleth," let him do it "with diligence," &c. Some in a preparatory way, whose aim and labour must be not only to get knowledge, but to subdue and mortify all lusts and affections; and not to think that when they have read the fathers or schoolmen, a minister is made, and the thing done. The greatest and hardest preparation is within; for unto the ungodly saith God, "Why dost thou preach my laws, and takest my covenant in thy mouth?" (Psalm l. 16). Those that live in noble houses are called chaplains, whose duty and obligation being the same to the houses they live in, as a parson's to his parish, in describing the one (which is, indeed, the bent of my discourse) the other will be manifest. Let not chaplains think themselves so free as many of them do, and, because they have different names, think their office different. Doubtless they are parsons of the families they live in, and are entertained to that end either by an open or implicit covenant. Before they are in orders, they may be received for companions or discoursers; but after a man is once minister, he cannot agree to come into any house where he shall not exercise what he is, unless he forsake his plough and look back. Wherefore they are not to be over-submissive and base, but to keep up with the lord and lady of the house, and to preserve a boldness with them and all, even so far as reproof to their very face when occasion calls, but seasonably and discreetly. They who do not thus, while they remember their earthly lord, do much forget their heavenly; they wrong the priest-

hood, neglect their duty, and shall be so far from that which they seek with their over-submissiveness and cringing, that they shall ever be despised. They who for the hope of promotion neglect any necessary admonition or reproof, sell (with Judas) their Lord and Master.

CHAPTER III.

THE PARSON'S LIFE.

THE Country Parson is exceeding exact in his life, being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, grave, in all his ways. And because the two highest points of life, wherein a Christian is most seen, are patience and mortification: patience in regard of afflictions—mortification in regard of lusts and affections, and the stupefying and deading of all the clamorous powers of the soul; therefore he hath thoroughly studied these, that he may be an absolute master and commander of himself, for all the purposes which God hath ordained him. Yet in these points he labours most in those things which are most apt to scandalize his parish. And, first, because country people live hardly, and therefore, as feeling their own sweat, and consequently knowing the price of money, are offended much with any who by hard usage increase their travail, the country parson is very circumspect in avoiding all covetousness, neither being greedy to get, nor niggardly to keep, nor troubled to lose any worldly wealth; but in all his words and actions slighting and disesteeming it, even to a wondering that the world should so much value wealth, which, in the day of wrath, hath not one dram of comfort for us. Secondly, because luxury is a very visible sin, the parson is very careful to avoid all the kinds thereof, but especially that of drinking, because it is the most popular vice; into which if he come, he prostitutes himself both to shame and sin, and by having fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness he disableth himself of authority to reprove them; for sins make all equal whom they find together, and then they are worst who ought to be best. Neither is it for the servant of Christ to haunt inns, or taverns, or alehouses, to the dishonour of his person and office. The parson doth not so, but orders his life in such a fashion, that when death

takes him, as the Jews and Judas did Christ, he may say as He did, "I sat daily with you teaching in the Temple." Thirdly, because country people (as indeed all honest men) do much esteem their word, it being the life of buying and selling and dealing in the world, therefore the parson is very strict in keeping his word, though it be to his own hindrance, as knowing that if he be not so, he will quickly be discovered and disregarded; neither will they believe him in the pulpit whom they cannot trust in his conversation. As for oaths and apparel, the disorders thereof are also very manifest. The parson's yea is yea, and nay, nay; and his apparel plain, but reverend and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell; the purity of his mind breaking out and dilating itself even to his body, clothes, and habitation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PARSON'S KNOWLEDGE.

THE Country Parson is full of all knowledge. They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge, but in a skilful hand serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge. He condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching, because people by what they understand are best led to what they understand not. But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in the Book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort,—the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks and lives. In the Scriptures he finds four things: Precepts for life, Doctrines for knowledge, Examples for illustration, and Promises for comfort: these he hath digested severally. But for the understanding of these; the means he useth are, first, a holy life, remembering what his Master saith, that "if any do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John vii.); and assuring himself that wicked men, however learned, do not know the Scriptures, because they feel them not, and because they are not understood but with the same Spirit that writ them. The second means is prayer, which if it be necessary even in temporal things, how

much more in things of another world, where the well is deep, and we have nothing of ourselves to draw with? Wherefore he ever begins the reading of the Scripture with some short inward ejaculation, as, "Lord, open mine eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of Thy law," &c. The third means is a diligent collation of Scripture with Scripture. For all truth being consonant to itself, and all being penned by one and the self-same Spirit, it cannot be but that an industrious and judicious comparing of place with place must be a singular help for the right understanding of the Scriptures. To this may be added the consideration of any text with the coherence thereof, touching what goes before and what follows after, as also the scope of the Holy Ghost. When the Apostles would have called down fire from heaven, they were reproved, as ignorant of what spirit they were. For the Law required one thing, and the Gospel another; yet as diverse, not as repugnant; therefore the spirit of both is to be considered and weighed. The fourth means are commenters and fathers, who have handled the places controverted, which the parson by no means refuseth. As he doth not so study others as to neglect the grace of God in himself, and what the Holy Spirit teacheth him, so doth he assure himself that God in all ages hath had His servants, to whom He hath revealed His truth, as well as to him; and that as one country doth not bear all things, that there may be a commerce, so neither hath God opened or will open all to one, that there may be a traffic in knowledge between the servants of God for the planting both of love and humility. Wherefore he hath one comment at least upon every book of Scripture, and ploughing with this and his own meditations, he enters into the secrets of God treasured in the holy Scripture.

CHAPTER V.

THE PARSON'S ACCESSORY KNOWLEDGES.

THE Country Parson hath read the fathers also, and the schoolmen, and the later writers, or a good proportion of all, out of all which he hath compiled a book and body of divinity, which is the storehouse of his sermons, and which he preacheth all his life; but

diversely clothed, illustrated, and enlarged. For though the world is full of such composures, yet every man's own is fittest, readiest and most savoury to him. Besides, this being to be done in his younger and preparatory times, it is an honest joy ever after to look upon his well-spent hours. This body he made by way of expounding the Church Catechism, to which all divinity may easily be reduced. For it being indifferent in itself to choose any method, that is best to be chosen of which there is likeliest to be most use. Now, catechizing being a work of singular and admirable benefit to the Church of God, and a thing required under canonical obedience,* the expounding of our Catechism must needs be the most useful form. Yet hath the parson, besides this laborious work, a slighter form of catechizing, fitter for country people: according as his audience is, so he useth one or other, or sometimes both, if his audience be intermixed. He greatly esteems also of cases of conscience, wherein he is much versed. And, indeed, herein is the greatest ability of a parson, to lead his people exactly in the ways of truth, so that they neither decline to the right hand nor to the left. Neither let any think this a slight thing. For every one hath not digested when it is a sin to take something for money lent, or when not; when it is a fault to discover another's fault, or when not; when the affections of the soul in desiring and procuring increase of means or honour be a sin of covetousness or ambition, and when not; when the appetites of the body in eating, drinking, sleep, and the pleasure that comes with sleep, be sins of gluttony, drunkenness, sloth, lust, and when not; and so in many circumstances of actions. Now, if a shepherd know not which grass will bane and which not, how is he fit to be a shepherd? Wherefore the parson hath thoroughly canvassed all the particulars of human actions, at least all those which he observeth are most incident to his parish.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARSON PRAYING.

THE Country Parson when he is to read divine services composeth himself to all possible reverence, lifting up his heart and

* Canon lix.

hands and eyes, and using all other gestures which may express a hearty and unfeigned devotion. This he doth, first, as being truly touched and amazed with the majesty of God, before whom he then presents himself; yet not as himself alone, but as presenting with himself the whole congregation, whose sins he then bears, and brings with his own to the heavenly altar to be bathed and washed in the sacred laver of Christ's blood. Secondly, as this is the true reason of his inward fear, so he is content to express this outwardly to the utmost of his power; that being first affected himself, he may affect also his people, knowing that no sermon moves them so much to reverence, which they forget again when they come to pray, as a devout behaviour in the very act of praying. Accordingly his voice is humble, his words treatable and slow, yet not so slow neither as to let the fervency of the supplicant hang and die between speaking, but with a grave liveliness, between fear and zeal, pausing yet pressing, he performs his duty. Besides, his example, he having often instructed his people how to carry themselves in divine service, exacts of them all possible reverence, by no means enduring either talking, or sleeping, or gazing, or leaning, or half-kneeling, or any undutiful behaviour in them, but causing them when they sit, or stand, or kneel, to do all in a straight and steady posture, as attending to what is done in the Church; and every one, man and child, answering aloud both Amen and all other answers which are on the clerk's and people's part to answer, which answers also are to be done not in a huddling or slubbering fashion, gaping, or scratching the head, or spitting even in the midst of their answer, but gently and pausably, thinking what they say, so that while they answer, "As it was in the beginning," &c., they meditate as they speak, that God hath ever had His people that have glorified Him as well as now, and that He shall have so for ever. And the like in other answers. This is that which the Apostle calls a reasonable service (Romans xii.), when we speak not as parrots, without reason, or offer up such sacrifices as they did of old, which was of beasts devoid of reason; but when we use our reason, and apply our powers to the service of Him that gives them. If there be any of the gentry or nobility of the parish, who sometimes make it a piece of state not to come at the beginning of service with their poor neighbours, but at mid-prayers, both to

their own loss and of theirs also who gaze upon them when they come in, and neglect the present service of God, he by no means suffers it, but after divers gentle admonitions, if they persevere, he causes them to be presented; or if the poor churchwardens be affrighted with their greatness, notwithstanding his instruction that they ought not to be so, but even to let the world sink so they do their duty, he presents them himself, only protesting to them that not any ill-will draws him to it, but the debt and obligation of his calling being to obey God rather than men.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PARSON PREACHING.

THE Country Parson preacheth constantly: the pulpit is his joy and his throne. If he at any time intermit, it is either for want of health, or against some great festival, that he may the better celebrate it, or for the variety of the hearers, that he may be heard at his return more attentively. When he intermits, he is ever very well supplied by some able man, who treads in his steps, and will not throw down what he hath built; whom also he entreats to press some point, that he himself hath often urged with no great success, that so, in the mouth of two or three witnesses, the truth may be more established. When he preacheth he procures attention by all possible art, both by earnestness of speech (it being natural to men to think that where is much earnestness there is somewhat worth hearing), and by a diligent and busy cast of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he observes who marks and who not; and with particularizing of his speech—now to the younger folk, then to the elder; now to the poor, and now to the rich: "This is for you, and this is for you;" for particulars ever touch and awake more than generals. Herein also he serves himself of the judgments of God, as those of ancient times, so especially of the late ones; and those most which are nearest to his parish; for people are very attentive at such discourses, and think it behoves them to be so, when God is so near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them stories and sayings of others, according

as his text invites him; for them also men heed and remember better than exhortations, which though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people, which are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but stories and sayings they will well remember. He often tells them that sermons are dangerous things, that none goes out of church as he came in, but either better or worse; that none is careless before his Judge, and that the Word of God shall judge us. By these and other means the parson procures attention; but the character of his sermon is holiness: he is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but holy; a character that Hermogenes* never dreamed of, and therefore he could give no precept thereof. But it is gained, first, by choosing texts of devotion, not controversy, moving and ravishing texts, whereof the Scriptures are full. Secondly, by dipping and seasoning all our words and sentences in our hearts before they come into our mouths, truly affecting and cordially expressing all that we say, so that the auditors may plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep. Thirdly, by turning often, and making many apostrophes to God, as, "O Lord, bless my people and teach them this point;" or, "O my Master, on whose errand I come, let me hold my peace, and do Thou speak Thyself, for Thou art love, and when Thou teachest all are scholars." Some such irradiations scatteringly in the sermon, carry great holiness in them. The prophets are admirable in this. So Isaiah lxiv.: "Oh that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down!" &c.; and Jeremiah x., after he had complained of the desolation of Israel, turns to God suddenly, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself," &c. Fourthly, by frequent wishes of the people's good, and joying therein, though he himself were with St. Paul even sacrificed upon the service of their faith; for there is no greater sign of holiness than the procuring and rejoicing in another's good. And herein St. Paul excelled in all his Epistles. How did he put the Romans in all his prayers! (Rom. i. 9); and ceased not to give thanks for the Ephesians (Eph. i. 16); and

* Hermogenes, surnamed Xyster, was a celebrated Greek writer on Rhetoric, whose treatise on it was long the text-book in the schools. He lived in the reign of Marcus Aurelius; died 180 A.D.

for the Corinthians (chap. i. 4); and for the Philippians made request with joy (chap. i. 4); and is in contention for them whether to live or die; be with them or Christ (verse 23); which, setting aside his care of his flock, were a madness to doubt of. What an admirable epistle is the second to the Corinthians! how full of affections!—he joys and he is sorry, he grieves and he glories: never was there such care of a flock expressed, save in the great Shepherd of the fold, who first shed tears over Jerusalem, and afterwards blood. Therefore this care may be learned there, and then woven into sermons, which will make them appear exceeding reverend and holy. Lastly, by an often urging of the presence and majesty of God, by these or suchlike speeches:—"Oh, let us all take heed what we do! God sees us, He sees whether I speak as I ought, or you hear as you ought; He sees hearts as we see faces: He is among us; for if we be here, He must be here, since we are here by Him, and without Him could not be here." Then turning the discourse to his majesty, "And He is a great God and terrible; as great in mercy, so great in judgment. There are but two devouring elements, fire and water: He hath both in Him; His voice is the sound of many waters (Revelation i); and He himself is a consuming fire (Hebrews xii.)." Such discourses show very holy. The parson's method in handling of a text consists of two parts: first, a plain and evident declaration of the meaning of the text; and secondly, some choice observations drawn out of the whole text as it lies entire and unbroken in the Scripture itself. This he thinks natural, and sweet, and grave. Whereas the other way of crumbling a text into small parts, as, the person speaking or spoken to, the subject and object, and the like, hath neither in it sweetness, nor gravity, nor variety, since the words apart are not Scripture, but a dictionary, and may be considered alike in all the Scripture. The parson exceeds not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency, and he that profits not in that time, will less afterwards, the same affection which made him not profit before making him then weary, and so he grows from not relishing to loathing.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARSON ON SUNDAYS.

THE Country Parson, as soon as he awakes on Sunday morning, presently falls to work, and seems to himself so as a market man is when the market day comes, or a shopkeeper when customers use to come in. His thoughts are full of making the best of the day, and contriving it to his best gains. To this end, besides his ordinary prayers, he makes a peculiar one for a blessing on the exercises of the day. That nothing befall him unworthy of that Majesty before which he is to present himself, but that all may be done with reverence to His glory, and with edification to his flock, humbly beseeching his Master that how or whenever He punish him, it be not in his ministry; then he turns to request for his people that the Lord would be pleased to sanctify them all, that they may come with holy hearts and awful minds into the congregation, and that the good God would pardon all those who come with less prepared hearts than they ought. This done, he sets himself to the consideration of the duties of the day, and if there be any extraordinary addition to the customary exercises, either from the time of the year, or from the state, or from God, by a child born or dead, or any other accident, he contrives how and in what manner to induce * it to the best advantage. Afterwards, when the hour calls, with his family attending him, he goes to church, at his first entrance humbly adoring and worshipping the invisible majesty and presence of Almighty God, and blessing the people, either openly or to himself. Then having read Divine Service twice fully, and preached in the morning, and catechized in the afternoon, he thinks he hath in some measure, according to poor and frail man, discharged the public duties of the congregation. The rest of the day he spends either in reconciling neighbours that are at variance, or in visiting the sick, or in exhortations to some of his flock by themselves, whom his sermons cannot or do not reach. And every one is more awaked when we come and say, "Thou art the man." This way he finds ex-

* Use it as an inducement.

ceeding useful and winning; and these exhortations he calls his privy purse, even as princes have theirs, besides their public disbursements. At night, he thinks it a very fit time, both suitable to the joy of the day and without hindrance to public duties, either to entertain some of his neighbours or to be entertained of them, where he takes occasion to discourse of such things as are both profitable and pleasant, and to raise up their minds to apprehend God's good blessing to our Church and state—that order is kept in the one, and peace in the other, without disturbance or interruption of public divine offices. As he opened the day with prayer, so he closeth it, humbly beseeching the Almighty to pardon and accept our poor services, and to improve them, that we may grow therein, and that our feet may be like hinds' feet, ever climbing up higher and higher unto Him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARSON'S STATE OF LIFE.

THE Country Parson, considering that virginity is a higher state than matrimony, and that the ministry requires the best and highest things, is rather unmarried than married. But yet as the temper of his body may be, or as the temper of his parish may be, where he may have occasion to converse with women, and that among suspicious men, and other like circumstances considered, he is rather married than unmarried. Let him communicate the thing often by prayer unto God, and as His grace shall direct him, so let him proceed. If he be unmarried and keep house, he hath not a woman in his house, but finds opportunities of having his meat dressed and other services done by men-servants at home, and his linen washed abroad. If he be unmarried, and sojourn, he never talks with any woman alone, but in the audience of others, and that seldom, and then also in a serious manner, never jestingly or sportfully. He is very circumspect in all companies, both of his behaviour, speech, and very looks, knowing himself to be both suspected and envied. If he stand steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath

so decreed in his heart that he will keep himself a virgin, he spends his days in fasting and prayer, and blesseth God for the gift of continency, knowing that it can no way be preserved but only by those means by which at first it was obtained. He therefore thinks it not enough for him to observe the fasting days of the Church, and the daily prayers enjoined him by authority, which he observeth out of humble conformity and obedience, but adds to them, out of choice and devotion, some other days for fasting and hours for prayers; and by these he keeps his body tame, serviceable, and healthful, and his soul fervent, active, young, and lusty as an eagle. He often readeth the lives of the primitive monks, hermits, and virgins, and wondereth not so much at their patient suffering and cheerful dying under persecuting emperors (though that indeed be very admirable), as at their daily temperance, abstinence, watchings, and constant prayers and mortifications in the time of peace and prosperity. To put on the profound humility, and the exact temperance of our Lord Jesus, with other exemplary virtues of that sort, and to keep them on in the sunshine and noon of prosperity, he findeth to be as necessary, and as difficult at least, as to be clothed with perfect patience and Christian fortitude in the cold midnight storms of persecution and adversity. He keepeth his watch and ward night and day against the proper and peculiar temptations of his state of life, which are principally these two, spiritual pride and impurity of heart: against these ghostly enemies he girdeth up his loins, keeps the imagination from roving, puts on the whole armour of God, and, by the virtue of the shield of faith, he is not afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness [carnal impurity], nor of the sickness that destroyeth at noonday [ghostly pride and self-conceit]. Other temptations he hath, which, like mortal enemies, may sometimes disquiet him likewise; for the human soul being bounded and kept in her sensitive faculty, will run out more or less in her intellectual. Original concupiscence is such an active thing by reason of continual inward or outward temptations, that it is ever attempting or doing one mischief or other. Ambition, or untimely desire of promotion to a higher state or place, under colour of accommodation or necessary provision, is a common temptation to men of any eminency, especially being single men. Curiosity

in prying into high speculative and unprofitable questions is another great stumbling-block to the holiness of scholars. These and many other spiritual wickednesses in high places doth the parson fear, or experiment, or both, and that much more being single than if he were married; for then commonly the stream of temptations is turned another way,—into covetousness, love of pleasure, or ease, or the like. If the parson be unmarried, and means to continue so, he doth at least as much as hath been said. If he be married, the choice of his wife was made rather by his ear than by his eye; his judgment, not his affection, found out a fit wife for him, whose humble and liberal disposition he preferred before beauty, riches, or honour. He knew that (the good instrument of God to bring women to heaven) a wise and loving husband could, out of humility, produce any special grace of faith, patience, meekness, love, obedience, &c., and out of liberality make her fruitful in all good works. As he is just in all things, so is he to his wife also, counting nothing so much his own as that he may be unjust unto it. Therefore he gives her respect both afore her servants and others, and half at least of the government of the house, reserving so much of the affairs as serve for a diversion for him; yet never so giving over the reins but that he sometimes looks how things go, demanding an account, but not by the way of an account; and this must be done the oftener or the seldomer, according as he is satisfied of his wife's discretion.

CHAPTER X.

THE PARSON IN HIS HOUSE.

THE Parson is very exact in the governing of his house, making it a copy and model for his parish. He knows the temper and pulse of every person in his house, and accordingly either meets with their vices or advanceth their virtues. His wife is either religious, or night and day he is winning her to it. Instead of the qualities of the world, he requires only three of her: First, a training up of her children and maids in the fear of God, with prayers, and catechizing, and all religious duties. Secondly, a curing and

healing of all wounds and sores with her own hands, which skill either she brought with her, or he takes care she shall learn it of some religious neighbour. Thirdly, a providing for her family in such sort as that neither they want a competent sustentation nor her husband be brought in debt. His children he first makes Christians, and then commonwealth's men: the one he owes to his heavenly country, the other to his earthly, having no title to either, except he do good to both. Therefore, having seasoned them with all piety, not only of words in praying and reading, but in actions, in visiting other sick children, and tending their wounds, and sending his charity by them to the poor, and sometimes giving them a little money to do it of themselves, that they get a delight in it, and enter favour with God, who weighs even children's actions (I. Kings xiv. 12, 13). He afterwards turns his care to fit all their dispositions with some calling, not sparing the eldest, but giving him the prerogative of his father's profession, which, happily for his other children he is not able to do. Yet in binding them apprentices (in case he think fit to do so) he takes care not to put them into vain trades, and unbefitting the reverence of their father's calling, such as are taverns for men, and lace-making for women; because those trades, for the most part, serve but the vices and vanities of the world, which he is to deny and not augment. However, he resolves with himself never to omit any present good deed of charity in consideration of providing a stock for his children, but assures himself that money thus lent to God is placed surer for his children's advantage than if it were given to the Chamber of London.* Good deeds and good breeding are his two great stocks for his children; if God give anything above those, and not spent in them, he blesseth God, and lays it out as he sees cause. His servants are all religious, and were it not his duty to have them so, it were his profit, for none are so well served as by religious servants, both because they do best and because what they do is blessed and prospers. After religion, he teacheth them that three things make a complete servant—Truth and diligence, and neatness, or cleanliness. Those that can read are allowed times for it, and those that cannot are taught, for all in his house are either teachers or learners, or both, so that his family is a school of re-

* The city of London was anciently called *Camera Regis*.

ligion, and they all account that to teach the ignorant is the greatest alms. Even the walls are not idle, but something is written or painted there which may excite the reader to a thought of piety, especially the 101st Psalm, which is expressed in a fair table, as being the rule of a family.* And when they go abroad, his wife among her neighbours is the beginner of good discourses, his children among children, his servants among other servants, so that as in the house of those that are skilled in music all are musicians, so in the house of a preacher all are preachers. He suffers not a lie or equivocation by any means in his house, but counts it the art and secret of governing to preserve a directness and open plainness in all things, so that all his house knows that there is no help for a fault done but confession. He himself, or his wife, takes account of sermons, and how every one profits, comparing this year with the last; and besides the common prayers of the family, he straightly requires of all to pray by themselves before they sleep at night and stir out in the morning, and knows what prayers they say, and till they have learned them makes them kneel by him, esteeming that this private praying is a more voluntary act in them than when they are called to others' prayers, and that which when they leave the family they carry with them. He keeps his servants between love and fear, according as he finds them, but generally he distributes it thus: to his children he shows more love than terror, to his servants more terror than love, but an old good servant boards a child.† The furniture of his house is very plain, but clean, whole, and sweet, as sweet as his garden can make; for he hath no money for such things, charity being his only perfume, which deserves cost when he can spare it. His fare is plain and common, but wholesome; what he hath is little, but very good; it consisteth most of mutton, beef, and veal; if he adds anything for a great day or a stranger, his garden or orchard supplies it, or his

* "I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes; I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave to me. A froward heart shall depart from me; I will not know a wicked person. Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I cut off; him that hath a high heart and a proud look I will not suffer. Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful in the land, that they may dwell with me; he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me. He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house; he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight."

† Is as a child.

barn and yard: he goes no further for any entertainment lest he go into the world, esteeming it absurd that he should exceed who teacheth others temperance. But those which his home produceth he refuseth not, as coming cheap and easy, and arising from the improvement of things which otherwise would be lost. Wherein he admires and imitates the wonderful providence and thrift of the great Householder of the world; for there being two things which as they are are unuseful to man,—the one for smallness, as crumbs and scattered corn and the like, the other for the foulness, as wash and dirt, and things thereinto fallen,—God hath provided creatures for both: for the first poultry, for the second swine. These save man the labour, and doing that which either he could not do or was not fit for him to do, by taking both sorts of food into them, do as it were dress and prepare both for man in themselves by growing themselves fit for his table. The parson in his house observes fasting days, and particularly, as Sunday is his day of joy, so Friday* his day of humiliation, which he celebrates not only with abstinence of diet, but also of company, recreation, and all outward contentments, and besides, with confession of sins and all acts of mortification. Now fasting days contain a treble obligation: First, of eating less that day than on other days; secondly, of eating no pleasing or over-nourishing things, as the Israelites did eat sour herbs; thirdly, of eating no flesh, which is but the determination of the second rule by authority to this particular. The two former obligations are much more essential to a true fast than the third and last, and fasting days were fully performed by keeping of the two former, had not authority interposed; so that to eat little, and that unpleasant, is the natural rule of fasting, although it be flesh. For since fasting in Scripture language is an afflicting of our souls, if a piece of dry flesh at my table be more unpleasant to me than some fish there, certainly to eat the flesh, and not the fish, is to keep the fasting day naturally. And it is observable that the prohibiting of flesh came from hot countries, where both flesh alone, and much more with wine, is apt to nourish more than in cold regions, and where flesh may be much better spared and with more safety than elsewhere, where both the people and the drink being

* In all churches Friday has been appointed as a fast day, in memory of our Lord's crucifixion.

cold and phlegmatic, the eating of flesh is an antidote to both. For it is certain that a weak stomach being prepossessed with flesh shall much better brook and bear a draught of beer than if it had taken before either fish or roots, or such things, which will discover itself by spitting, and rheum, or phlegm. To conclude, the parson, if he be in full health, keeps the three obligations, eating fish or roots, and that for quantity little, for quality unpleasant. If his body be weak and obstructed, as most students are, he cannot keep the last obligation nor suffer others in his house that are so to keep it, but only the two former, which also in diseases of exinanition (as consumptions) must be broken, for meat was made for man, not man for meat. To all this may be added, not for emboldening the unruly, but for the comfort of the weak, that not only sickness breaks these obligations of fasting, but sickliness also. For it is as unnatural to do anything that leads me to a sickness to which I am inclined, as not to get out of that sickness, when I am in it, by any diet. One thing is evident, that an English body and a student's body are two great obstructed vessels, and there is nothing that is food, and not physic, which doth less obstruct than flesh moderately taken, as being immoderately taken it is exceeding obstructive. And obstructions are the cause of most diseases.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PARSON'S COURTESY.

THE Country Parson owing a debt of charity to the poor and of courtesy to his other parishioners, he so distinguisheth, that he keeps his money for the poor, and his table for those that are above alms. Not but that the poor are welcome also to his table, whom he sometimes purposely takes home with him, setting them close by him, and carving for them, both for his own humility and their comfort, who are much cheered with such friendliness. But since both is to be done, the better sort invited, and meaner relieved, he chooseth rather to give the poor money, which they can better employ to their own advantage, and suitably to their needs, than so much given in meat at dinner. Having then invited some of his parish, he taketh his times to do the like to the rest; so that

in the compass of the year he hath them all with him, because country people are very observant of such things, and will not be persuaded but, being not invited, they are hated. Which persuasion the parson by all means avoids, knowing that where there are such conceits there is no room for his doctrine to enter. Yet doth he oftenest invite those whom he sees take best courses, that so both they may be encouraged to persevere, and others spurred to do well, that they may enjoy the like courtesy. For though he desire that all should live well and virtuously, not for any reward of his, but for virtue's sake; yet that will not be so; and therefore as God, although we should love Him only for His own sake, yet out of His infinite pity hath set forth heaven for a reward to draw men to piety, and is content if at least so they will become good. So the country parson, who is a diligent observer and tracker of God's ways, sets up as many encouragements to goodness as he can, both in honour, and profit, and fame, that he may, if not the best way, yet any way, make his parish good.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PARSON'S CHARITY.

THE Country Parson is full of charity; it is his predominant element. For many and wonderful things are spoken of thee, thou great virtue. To charity is given the covering of sins (I. Peter iv. 8); and the forgiveness of sins (Matthew vi. 14, Luke vii. 47); the fulfilling of the law (Romans xiii. 10); the life of faith (James ii. 26); the blessings of this life (Proverbs xxii. 9, Psalm xli. 2); and the reward of the next (Matthew xxv. 35). In brief, it is the body of religion (John xiii. 35), and the top of Christian virtues (I. Corinthians xiii). Wherefore all his works relish of charity. When he riseth in the morning he bethinketh himself what good deeds he can do that day, and presently doth them; counting that day lost wherein he hath not exercised his charity. He first considers his own parish, and takes care that there be not a beggar or idle person in his parish, but that all be in a competent way of getting their living. This he effects either by bounty, or by persuasion, or by authority, making use of that excellent statute which

binds all parishes to maintain their own. If his parish be rich, he exacts this of them; if poor, and he able, he easeth them therein. But he gives no set pension to any; for this in time will lose the name and effect of charity with the poor people, though not with God; for then they will reckon upon it as on a debt; and if it be taken away, though justly, they will murmur and repine as much as he that is disseized of his own inheritance. But the parson having a double aim, and making a hook of his charity, causeth them still to depend on him; and so by continual and fresh bounties, unexpected to them, but resolved to himself, he wins them to praise God more, to live more religiously, and to take more pains in their vocation, as not knowing when they shall be relieved; which otherwise they would reckon upon and turn to idleness. Besides this general provision, he hath other times of opening his hand; as at great festivals and communions; not suffering any that day that he receives to want a good meal suiting to the joy of the occasion. But specially at hard times and dearths, he even parts his living and life among them, giving some corn outright, and selling other at under rates; and when his own stock serves not, working those that are able to the same charity, still pressing it in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, and never leaving them till he obtain his desire. Yet in all his charity he distinguisheth, giving them most who live best, and take most pains, and are most charged; so is his charity in effect a sermon. After the consideration of his own parish, he enlargeth himself, if he be able, to the neighbourhood; for that also is some kind of obligation; so doth he also to those at his door, whom God puts in his way and makes his neighbours. But these he helps not without some testimony, except the evidence of the misery bring testimony with it. For though these testimonies also may be falsified, yet considering that the law allows these in case they be true, but allows by no means to give without testimony, as he obeys authority in the one, so that being once satisfied he allows his charity some blindness in the other; especially, since of the two commands we are more enjoined to be charitable than wise. But evident miseries have a natural privilege and exemption from all law. Whenever he gives anything, and sees them labour in thanking of him, he exacts of them to let him alone, and say rather, "God be praised,

God be glorified;" that so the thanks may go the right way, and thither only where they are only due. So doth he also before giving make them say their prayers first, or the Creed, and ten Commandments, and as he finds them perfect, rewards them the more. For other givings are lay and secular, but this is to give like a priest.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PARSON'S CHURCH.

THE Country Parson hath a special care of his church, that all things there be decent, and befitting His name by which it is called. Therefore, first, he takes order that all things be in good repair; as walls plastered, windows glazed, floor paved, seats whole, firm, and uniform, especially that the pulpit, and desk, and communion table, and font, be as they ought for those great duties that are performed in them. Secondly, that the church be swept and kept clean, without dust or cobwebs, and at great festivals strewed and stuck with boughs, and perfumed with incense. Thirdly, that there be fit and proper texts of Scripture everywhere painted,* and that all the painting be grave and reverend, not with light colours or foolish antics. Fourthly, that all the books appointed by authority be there, and those not torn or fouled, but whole, and clean, and well bound; and that there be a fitting and sightly communion cloth of fine linen, with a handsome and seemly carpet of good and costly stuff or cloth, and all kept sweet and clean, in a strong and decent chest, with a chalice and cover, and a stoup or flagon, and a basin for alms and offerings; besides which he hath a poor man's box conveniently seated to receive the charity of well-minded people, and to lay up treasure for the sick and needy. And all this he doth, not as out of necessity, or as putting a holiness in the things, but as desiring to keep the middle way between superstition and slovenliness, and as following the Apostle's two great and admirable rules in things of this nature; the first whereof is, "Let all things be done decently and in order;" the second, "Let all things be done to edification" (I. Cor. xiv). For

* On the walls. This kind of church decoration began in 1547.

these two rules comprise and include the double object of our duty, God,—and our neighbour; the first being for the honour of God, the second for the benefit of our neighbour. So that they excellently score out the way, and fully and exactly contain, even in external and indifferent things, what course is to be taken, and put them to great shame who deny the Scripture to be perfect.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PARSON IN CIRCUIT.

THE Country Parson upon the afternoons in the week-days takes occasion sometimes to visit in person, now one quarter of his parish, now another. For there he shall find his flock most naturally as they are, wallowing in the midst of their affairs; whereas on Sunday it is easy for them to compose themselves to order, which they put on as their holyday clothes, and come to church in frame, but commonly the next day put off both. When he comes to any house, first he blesseth it, and then as he finds the persons of the house employed, so he forms his discourse. Those that he finds religiously employed he both commends them much, and furthers them when he is gone in their employment; as if he finds them reading, he furnisheth them with good books; if curing poor people, he supplies them with receipts, and instructs them further in that skill, showing them how acceptable such works are to God, and wishing them ever to do the cures with their own hands, and not to put them over to servants. Those that he finds busy in the works of their calling, he commendeth them also; for it is a good and just thing for every one to do their own business. But then he admonisheth them of two things: first, that they dive not too deep into worldly affairs, plunging themselves over head and ears into carking and caring; but that they so labour as neither to labour anxiously, nor distrustfully, nor profanely. Then they labour anxiously, when they overdo it, to the loss of their quiet and health; then distrustfully, when they doubt God's providence, thinking that their own labour is the cause of their thriving, as if it were in their own hands to thrive or not to thrive. Then they labour profanely, when they set themselves to work like brute

beasts, never raising their thoughts to God, nor sanctifying their labour with daily prayer; when on the Lord's day they do unnecessary servile work, or in time of divine service on other holy days, except in the cases of extreme poverty, and in the seasons of seed-time and harvest. Secondly, he adviseth them so to labour for wealth and maintenance as that they make not that the end of their labour, but that they may have wherewithal to serve God the better, and to do good deeds. After these discourses, if they be poor and needy whom he thus finds labouring, he gives them somewhat; and opens not only his mouth, but his purse to their relief, that so they go on more cheerfully in their vocation, and himself be ever the more welcome to them. Those that the parson finds idle or ill employed, he chides not at first, for that were neither civil nor profitable, but always in the close, before he departs from them; yet in this he distinguisheth; for if he be a plain countryman he reproves him plainly, for they are not sensible of fineness; if they be of higher quality they commonly are quick, and sensible, and very tender of reproof; and therefore he lays his discourse so that he comes to the point very leisurely, and oftentimes, as Nathan did, in the person of another, making them to reprove themselves. However, one way or other, he ever reproves them, that he may keep himself pure, and not be entangled in others' sins. Neither in this doth he forbear, though there be company by; for as when the offence is particular, and against me, I am to follow our Saviour's rule, and to take my brother aside and reprove him; so when the offence is public and against God, I am then to follow the Apostle's rule (I. Timothy v. 20), and to rebuke openly that which is done openly. Besides these occasional discourses, the parson questions what order is kept in the house, as about prayers, morning and evening, on their knees reading of Scripture, catechizing, singing of psalms at their work and on holydays; who can read, who not; and sometimes he hears the children read himself, and blesseth, encouraging also the servants to learn to read, and offering to have them taught on holydays by his servants. If the parson were ashamed of particularizing in these things he were not fit to be a parson; but he holds the rule that nothing is little in God's service: if it once have the honour of that name, it grows great instantly. Wherefore neither disdaineth he to enter into the

poorest cottage, though he even creep into it, and though it smell never so loathsomely; for both God is there also, and those for whom God died. And so much the rather doth he so, as his access to the poor is more comfortable than to the rich, and in regard of himself it is more humiliation. These are the parson's general aims in his circuit; but with these he mingles other discourses for conversation sake, and to make his higher purposes slip the more easily.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PARSON COMFORTING.

THE Country Parson, when any of his cure is sick, or afflicted with loss of friend or estate, or any ways distressed, fails not to afford his best comforts, and rather goes to them than sends for the afflicted, though they can and otherwise ought to come to him. To this end he hath thoroughly digested all the points of consolation, as having continual use of them, such as are from God's general providence extended even to lilies; from his particular to his church; from his promises, from the examples of all saints that ever were; from Christ Himself, perfecting our redemption no other way than by sorrow; from the benefit of affliction which softens and works the stubborn heart of man; from the certainty both of deliverance and reward if we faint not; from the miserable comparison of the moment of griefs here with the weight of joys hereafter. Besides this, in his visiting the sick or otherwise afflicted, he followeth the Church's counsel, namely, in persuading them to particular confession; labouring to make them understand the great good use of this ancient and pious ordinance, and how necessary it is in some cases; he also urgeth them to do some pious charitable works as a necessary evidence and fruit of their faith at that time especially: the participation of the Holy Sacrament, how comfortable and sovereign a medicine it is to all sin-sick souls; what strength, and joy, and peace it administers against all temptations, even to death itself,—he plainly and generally intimateth all this to the disaffected or sick person, that so the hunger and thirst after it may come rather from themselves than from his persuasion.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PARSON A FATHER.

THE Country Parson is not only a father to his flock, but also professeth himself thoroughly of the opinion, carrying it about with him as fully as if he had begot his whole parish. And of this he makes great use; for by this means, when any sins, he hateth him not as an officer, but pities him as a father; and even in those wrongs which, either in tithing or otherwise, are done to his own person, he considers the offender as a child, and forgives, so he may have any sign of amendment; so also when, after many admonitions, any continues to be refractory, yet he gives him not over, but is long before he proceed to disinheriting, or perhaps never goes so far, knowing that some are called at the eleventh hour; and therefore he still expects, and waits, lest he should determine God's hour of coming, which, as he cannot touching the last day, so neither the intermediate days of conversion.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PARSON IN JOURNEY.

THE Country Parson, when a just occasion calleth him out of his parish (which he diligently and strictly weigheth, his parish being all his joy and thought), leaveth not his ministry behind him, but is himself wherever he is. Therefore those he meets on the way he blesseth audibly, and with those he overtakes or that overtake him, he begins good discourses such as may edify, interposing sometimes some short and honest refreshments which may make his other discourses more welcome and less tedious. And when he comes to his inn he refuseth not to join, that he may enlarge the glory of God to the company he is in, by a due blessing of God for their safe arrival, and saying grace at meat and at going to bed, by giving the host notice that he will have prayers in the hall, wishing him to inform his guests thereof, that if any be willing to partake they may resort thither. The like he doth in the

morning, using pleasantly the outlandish proverb, that Prayers and Provender never hinder Journey. When he comes to any other house where his kindred or other relations give him any authority over the family, if he be to stay for a time, he considers diligently the state thereof to God-ward, and that in two points: first, what disorders there are either in apparel, or diet, or too open a buttery, or reading vain books, or swearing, or breeding up children to no calling, but in idleness, or the like. Secondly, what means of piety, whether daily prayers be used, grace, reading of Scriptures, and other good books; how Sundays, holydays, and fasting days are kept. And accordingly, as he finds any defect in these, he first considers with himself what kind of remedy fits the temper of the house best, and then he faithfully and boldly applieth it, yet seasonably and discreetly, by taking aside the lord or lady, or master and mistress of the house, and showing them clearly that they respect them most who wish them best, and that not a desire to meddle with others' affairs, but the earnestness to do all the good he can, moves him to say thus and thus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PARSON IN SENTINEL.

THE Country Parson, wherever he is, keeps God's watch; that is, there is nothing spoken or done in the company where he is but comes under his test and censure: if it be well spoken or done, he takes occasion to commend and enlarge it; if ill, he presently lays hold of it, lest the poison steal into some young and unwary spirits, and possess them even before they themselves heed it. But this he doth discreetly, with mollifying and suppling words: "This was not so well said as it might have been forborne;" "We cannot allow this." Or else, if the thing will admit interpretation, "Your meaning is not thus, but thus;" or, "So far indeed what you say is true and well said; but this will not stand." This is called keeping God's watch, when the baits which the enemy lays in company are discovered and avoided; this is to be on God's side, and be true to His party. Besides, if he perceive in company any discourse tending to ill, either by the wickedness or

quarrelsomeness thereof, he either prevents it judiciously, or breaks it off seasonably by some diversion. Wherein a pleasantness of disposition is of great use, men being willing to sell the interest and engagement of their discourses for no price sooner than that of mirth; whither the nature of man, loving refreshment, gladly betakes itself, even to the loss of honour.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PARSON IN REFERENCE.

THE Country Parson is sincere and upright in all his relations. And, first, he is just to his country; as when he is set at an armour or horse, he borrows them not to serve the turn, nor provides slight and unuseful, but such as are every way fitting to do his country true and laudable service when occasion requires. To do otherwise is deceit, and therefore not for him, who is hearty and true in all his ways, as being the servant of Him in whom there was no guile. Likewise in any other country duty, he considers what is the end of any command, and then he suits things faithfully according to that end. Secondly, he carries himself very respectively, as to all the fathers of the Church, so especially to his diocesan, honouring him both in word and behaviour, and resorting unto him in any difficulty either in his studies or in his parish. He observes visitations, and being there, makes due use of them, as of clergy councils, for the benefit of the diocese. And therefore, before he comes, having observed some defects in the ministry, he then, either in sermon, if he preach, or at some other time of the day, propounds among his brethren what were fitting to be done. Thirdly, he keeps good correspondence with all the neighbouring pastors round about him, performing for them any ministerial office, which is not to the prejudice of his own parish. Likewise he welcomes to his house any minister, how poor or mean soever, with as joyful a countenance as if he were to entertain some great lord. Fourthly, he fulfils the duty and debt of neighbourhood to all the parishes which are near him; for the Apostle's rule (Philip. iv.) being admirable and large, that "we should do whatsoever things are honest, or just, or pure, or lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue or

any praise." And neighbourhood being ever reputed, even among the heathen, as an obligation to do good, rather than to those that are farther, where things are otherwise equal, therefore he satisfies this duty also; especially if God have sent any calamity, either by fire or famine, to any neighbouring parish, then he expects no brief;* but taking his parish together the next Sunday, or holyday, and exposing to them the uncertainty of human affairs, none knowing whose turn may be next; and then, when he hath affrighted them with this, exposing the obligation of charity and neighbourhood, he first gives himself liberally, and then incites them to give —making together a sum either to be sent, or, which were more comfortable, all together choosing some fit day to carry it themselves, and cheer the afflicted. So, if any neighbouring village be overburdened with poor, and his own less charged, he finds some way of relieving it, and reducing the manna and bread of charity to some equality, representing to his people that the blessing of God to them ought to make them the more charitable, and not the less, lest He cast their neighbours' poverty on them also.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PARSON IN GOD'S STEAD.

THE Country Parson is in God's stead to his parish, and dischargeth God what he can of His promises. Wherefore there is nothing done either well or ill, whereof he is not the rewarder or punisher. If he chance to find any reading in another's Bible, he provides him one of his own. If he find another giving a poor man a penny, he gives him a tester† for it, if the giver be fit to receive it; or if he be of a condition above such gifts, he sends him a good book, or easeth him in his tithes, telling him when he hath forgotten it, "This I do because at such and such a time you were charitable." This is in some sort a discharging of God; as concerning this life, who hath promised that godliness shall be

* Briefs were abolished by Act of 9 George IV., 15 July, 1828.

† Sixpence. It is written *testorne* in some of the books of Edward VI.'s reign, and took its name from the King's head (*tête* or *téte*) engraved on it.

gainful, but in the other, God is His own immediate paymaster, rewarding all good deeds to their full proportion. "The parson's punishing of sin and vice is rather by withdrawing his bounty and courtesy from the parties offending, or by private or public reproof, as the case requires, than by causing them to be presented or otherwise complained of. And yet, as the malice of the person or heinousness of the crime may be, he is careful to see condign punishment inflicted, and with truly godly zeal, without hatred to the person, hungereth and thirsteth after righteous punishment of unrighteousness. Thus, both in rewarding virtue and in punishing vice, the parson endeavoureth to be in God's stead, knowing that country people are drawn or led by sense more than by faith, by present rewards or punishments more than by future."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PARSON CATECHIZING.

THE Country Parson values catechizing highly, for there being three points of his duty—the one, to infuse a competent knowledge of salvation in every one of his flock; the other, to multiply and build up this knowledge to a spiritual temple; the third, to inflame this knowledge, to press and drive it to practice, turning it to reformation of life by pithy and lively exhortations. Catechizing is the first point, and but by catechizing the other cannot be attained. Besides, whereas in sermons there is a kind of state, in catechizing there is an humbleness very suitable to Christian regeneration, which exceedingly delights him as by way of exercise upon himself, and by way of preaching to himself, for the advancing of his own mortification; for in preaching to others he forgets not himself, but is first a sermon to himself, and then to others, growing with the growth of his parish. He useth and preferreth the ordinary Church Catechism, partly for obedience to authority, partly for uniformity sake, that the same common truths may be everywhere professed, especially since many remove from parish to parish, who, like Christian soldiers, are to give the word, and to satisfy the congregation by their catholic answers. He exacts of all the doctrine of the Catechism: of the younger sort the very words, of the elder the

substance.* Those he catechizeth publicly, these privately, giving age honour, according to the Apostle's rule (I. Tim. v. 1). He requires all to be present at catechizing. First, for the authority of the work; secondly, that parents and masters, as they hear the answers prove, may when they come home either commend or reprove, either reward or punish; thirdly, that those of the elder sort who are not well grounded may then, by an honourable way, take occasion to be better instructed; fourthly, that those who are well grown in the knowledge of religion may examine their grounds, renew their vows, and, by occasion of both, enlarge their meditations. When once all have learned the words of the Catechism, he thinks it the most useful way that a pastor can take to go over the same, but in other words; for many say the Catechism by rote, as parrots, without ever piercing into the sense of it. In this course the order of the Catechism would be kept, but the rest varied, as thus, in the Creed: *How came this world to be as it is? Was it made, or came it by chance? Who made it? Did you see God make it? Then are there some things to be believed that are not seen? Is this the nature of belief? Is not Christianity full of such things as are not to be seen but believed? You said God made the world. Who is God?* And so forward, requiring answers to all these, and helping and cherishing the answerer by making the questions very plain with comparisons, and making much even of a word of truth from him. This order being used to one would be a little varied to another. And this is an admirable way of teaching, wherein the catechized will at length find delight, and by which the catechizer, if he once get the skill of it, will draw out of ignorant and silly souls even the dark and deep points of religion. Socrates did thus in philosophy, who held that the seeds of all truths lay in everybody, and accordingly, by questions well ordered, he found philosophy in silly tradesmen. That position will not hold in Christianity, because it contains things above nature; but after that the Catechism is once learned, that which nature is towards philosophy the Catechism is towards divinity. To this purpose some dialogues in Plato were worth the reading, where the singular dexterity of Socrates in

* Bishop Ken says: "The doctrine delivered in the Catechism is as proper for the study and necessary for the salvation of a great doctor as of a weak Christian or young child."

this kind may be observed and imitated. Yet the skill consists but in these three points: First, an aim and mark of the whole discourse, whither to drive the answerer, which the questionist must have in his mind before any question be propounded, upon which and to which the questions are to be chained; secondly, a most plain and easy framing the question, even containing, in virtue, the answer also, especially to the more ignorant; thirdly, when the answerer sticks, an illustrating the thing by something else which he knows, making what he knows to serve him in that which he knows not; as, when the parson once demanded, after other questions about man's misery, since man is so miserable, what is to be done? And the answerer could not tell; he asked him again, what he would do if he were in a ditch? This familiar illustration made the answer so plain that he was even ashamed of his ignorance, for he could not but say he would haste out of it as fast as he could. Then he proceeded to ask whether he could get out of the ditch alone, or whether he needed a helper, and who was that helper? This is the skill, and doubtless the holy Scripture intends thus much when it condescends to the naming of a plough, a hatchet, a bushel, leaven, boys piping and dancing, showing that things of ordinary use are not only to serve in the way of drudgery, but to be washed and cleansed and serve for lights even of heavenly truths. This is the practice which the parson so much commends to all his fellow-labourers; the secret of whose good consists in this: that at sermons and prayers men may sleep or wander, but when one is asked a question he must discover what he is. This practice exceeds even sermons in teaching. But there being two things in sermons, the one informing, the other inflaming; as sermons come short of questions in the one, so they far exceed them in the other. For questions cannot inflame or ravish: that must be done by a set, and laboured, and continued speech.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PARSON IN SACRAMENTS.

THE Country Parson being to administer the Sacraments, is at a stand with himself how or what behaviour to assume for so holy

things. Especially at Communion times he is in a great confusion, as being not only to receive God, but to break and administer Him. Neither finds he any issue in this but to throw himself down at the throne of grace, saying, "Lord, Thou knowest what Thou didst when Thou appointedst it to be done thus; therefore do Thou fulfil what Thou dost appoint; for Thou art not only the feast, but the way to it." At Baptism, being himself in white, he requires the presence of all, and baptizeth not willingly but on Sundays or great days. He admits no vain or idle names, but such as are usual and accustomed. He says that prayer with great devotion, where God is thanked for calling us to the knowledge of His grace, baptism being a blessing that the world hath not the like. He willingly and cheerfully crosseth the child, and thinketh the ceremony not only innocent but reverend. He instructeth the godfathers and godmothers that it is no complimental or light thing to sustain that place, but a great honour and no less burden, as being done both in the presence of God and His saints, and by way of undertaking for a Christian soul. He adviseth all to call to mind their baptism often; for if wise men have thought it the best way of preserving a state to reduce it to its principles by which it grew great, certainly it is the safest course for Christians also to meditate on their baptism often (being the first step into their great and glorious calling), and upon what terms and with what vows they were baptized. At the times of the Holy Communion he first takes order with the churchwardens that the elements be of the best, not cheap or coarse, much less ill tasted or unwholesome. Secondly, he considers and looks into the ignorance or carelessness of his flock, and accordingly applies himself with catechizings and lively exhortations, not on the Sunday of the Communion only (for then it is too late) but the Sunday or Sundays before the Communion, or on the eves of all those days. If there be any, who having not received yet, are to enter into this great work, he takes the more pains with them that he may lay the foundation of future blessings. The time of every one's first receiving is not so much by years as by understanding; particularly the rule may be this: When any one can distinguish the sacramental from common bread, knowing the institution and the difference, he ought to receive, of what age

soever. Children and youths are usually deferred too long under pretence of devotion to the Sacrament, but it is for want of instruction; their understandings being ripe enough for ill things, and why not then for better? But parents and masters should make haste in this as to a great purchase for their children and servants, which, while they defer, both sides suffer; the one in wanting many excitings of grace; the other in being worse served and obeyed. The saying of the Catechism is necessary, but not enough; because to answer in form may still admit ignorance; but the questions must be propounded loosely and wildly, and then the answerer will discover what he is. Thirdly, for the manner of receiving, as the parson useth all reverence himself, so he administers to none but to the reverent. The feast indeed requires sitting, because it is a feast; but man's unpreparedness asks kneeling. He that comes to the Sacraments hath the confidence of a guest, and he that kneels confesseth himself an unworthy one, and therefore differs from other feasters; but he that sits or lies puts up to an Apostle: contentiousness in a feast of charity is more scandal than any posture. Fourthly, touching the frequency of the Communion, the parson celebrates it, if not duly once a month, yet at least five or six times in the year; as at Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, before and after Harvest, and the beginning of Lent. And this he doth not only for the benefit of the work, but also for the discharge of the churchwardens, who being to present all that receive not thrice a year, if there be but three Communions, neither can all the people so order their affairs as to receive just at those times, nor the churchwardens so well take notice who receive thrice, and who not.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PARSON'S COMPLETENESS.

THE Country Parson desires to be all to his parish, and not only a pastor, but a lawyer also, and a physician. Therefore he endures not that any of his flock should go to law; but in any controversy, that they should resort to him as their judge. To this end he hath

gotten to himself some insight in things ordinarily incident and controverted, by experience and by reading some initiatory treatises in the law, with Dalton's "Justice of Peace,"* and the abridgements of the statutes, as also by discourse with men of that profession, whom he hath ever some cases to ask when he meets with them—holding that rule that to put men to discourse of that wherein they are most eminent is the most gainful way of conversation. Yet, whenever any controversy is brought to him, he never decides it alone, but sends for three or four of the ablest of the parish to hear the cause with him, whom he makes to deliver their opinion first; out of which he gathers, in case he be ignorant himself, what to hold; and so the thing passeth with more authority and less envy. In judging, he follows that which is altogether right; so that if the poorest man of the parish detain but a pin unjustly from the richest, he absolutely restores it as a judge; but when he hath so done, then he assumes the parson, and exhorts to charity. Nevertheless, there may happen sometimes some cases wherein he chooseth to permit his parishioners rather to make use of the law than himself; as in cases of an obscure and dark nature not easily determinable by lawyers themselves; or in cases of high consequence, as establishing of inheritances; or, lastly, when the persons in difference are of a contentious disposition and cannot be gained, but that they still fall from all compromises that have been made. But then he shows them how to go to law, even as brethren, and not as enemies, neither avoiding therefore one another's company, much less defaming one another. Now, as the parson is in law, so is he in sickness also: if there be any of his flock sick, he is their physician, or at least his wife, of whom, instead of the qualities of the world, he asks no other but to have the skill of healing a wound or helping the sick. But if neither himself nor his wife have the skill, and his means serve, he keeps some young practitioner in his house for the benefit of his parish, whom yet he ever exhorts not to exceed his bounds, but in ticklish cases to call in help. If all fail, then he keeps good correspondence with some neighbour physician, and entertains him for the cure of his parish. Yet it is easy for any

* Michael Dalton was a celebrated lawyer, born 1554. He wrote "The County Justice," a standard legal work. Died 1620. In the present day Warren's "Law for Ladies," or like manuals, might serve.

scholar to attain to such a measure of physic as may be of much use to him both for himself and others. This is done by seeing one anatomy, reading one book of physic, having one herbal by him. And let Fernelius* be the physic author, for he writes briefly, neatly, and judiciously; especially let his method of physic be diligently perused, as being the practical part and of most use. Now, both the reading of him and the knowing of herbs may be done at such times as they may be a help and a recreation to more divine studies—Nature serving grace both in comfort of diversion and the benefit of application when need requires; as also by way of illustration, even as our Saviour made plants and seeds to teach the people; for He was the true householder, who bringeth out of His treasure things new and old—the old things of philosophy, and the new of grace—and maketh the one serve the other. And I conceive our Saviour did this for three reasons: First, that by familiar things He might make His doctrine slip the more easily into the hearts even of the meanest. Secondly, that labouring people (whom He chiefly considered) might have everywhere monuments of His doctrine, remembering in gardens, His mustard-seed and lilies—in the field, His seed-corn and tares; and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but sometimes lift up their minds to better things even in the midst of their pains. Thirdly, that He might set a copy for parsons. In the knowledge of simples, wherein the manifold wisdom of God is wonderfully to be seen, one thing would be carefully observed—which is, to know what herbs may be used instead of drugs of the same nature, and to make the garden the shop; for home-bred medicines are both more easy for the parson's purse, and more familiar for all men's bodies. So, where the apothecary useth either for loosing, rhubarb, or for binding, bolearmena, the parson useth damask or white roses for the one, and plantain, shepherd's-purse, knot-grass for the other, and that with better success. As for spices, he doth not only prefer home-bred things before them, but con-

* Jean Fernel—whose name, according to the somewhat pedantic fashion of the day, was Latinized to *Fernelius*—was born at Clermont, in Beauvoisis, in 1497. He was surnamed the Modern Galen, and was first physician to Henry II. of France. He wrote "J. Fernelii Medicina," 1554. He died 1558. A modern country parson would, of course, seek instruction from some of our many books on the subject.

demns them for vanities, and so shuts them out of his family, esteeming that there is no spice comparable for herbs to rosemary, thyme, savory, mints; and for seeds to fennel and caraway-seeds. Accordingly, for salves, his wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and fields, before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssop, valerian, mercury, adder's-tongue, yarrow, melilot, and St. John's wort made into a salve, and elder, camomile, mallows, comphrey, and smallage made into a poultice, have done great and rare cures. In curing of any the parson and his family use to premise prayers, for this is to cure like a parson, and this raiseth the action from the shop to the church. But though the parson sets forward all charitable deeds, yet he looks not in this point of curing beyond his own parish, except the person be so poor that he is not able to reward the physician; for as he is charitable, so he is just also. Now, it is a justice and debt to the commonwealth he lives in not to encroach on others' professions, but to live on his own. And justice is the ground of charity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PARSON'S ARGUING.

THE Country Parson, if there be any of his parish that hold strange doctrines, useth all possible diligence to reduce them to the common faith. The first means he useth is prayer, beseeching the Father of lights to open their eyes, and to give him power so to fit his discourse to them that it may effectually pierce their hearts and convert them. The second means is a very loving and sweet usage of them, both in going to and sending for them often, and in finding out courtesies to place on them, as in their tithes, or otherwise. The third means is the observation: What is the main foundation and pillar of their cause whereon they rely? as, if he be a Papist, the Church is the hinge he turns on; if a schismatic, scandal. Wherefore the parson hath diligently examined these two with himself: as, What the Church is—how it began; how it proceeded; whether it be a rule to itself; whether it hath a rule; whether, having a rule, it ought not to be guided by it; whether any

rule in the world be obscure; and how, then, should the best be so, at least, in fundamental things—the obscurity in some points being the exercise of the Church, the light in the foundations being the guide; the Church needing both an evidence and an exercise. So for scandal: What scandal is when given or taken; whether there being two precepts, one of obeying authority, the other of not giving scandal, that ought not to be preferred, especially since in disobeying there is scandal also; whether things once indifferent, being made by the precept of authority more than indifferent, it be in our power to omit or refuse them. These and the like points he hath accurately digested, having ever besides two great helps and powerful persuaders on his side: the one, a strict religious life; the other, an humble and ingenuous search of truth, being unmoved in arguing, and void of all contentiousness, which are two great lights able to dazzle the eyes of the misled, while they consider that God cannot be wanting to them in doctrine, to whom He is so gracious in life.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PARSON PUNISHING.

WHENSOEVER the Country Parson proceeds so far as to call in authority, and to do such things of legal opposition either in the presenting or punishing of any, as the vulgar ever construes for signs of ill will, he forbears not in any wise to use the delinquent as before in his behaviour and carriage towards him, not avoiding his company, or doing anything of averseness, save in the very act of punishment; neither doth he esteem him for an enemy, but as a brother still, except some small and temporary estranging may corroborate the punishment to a better subduing and humbling of the delinquent, which, if it happily take effect, he then comes on the faster, and makes so much the more of him as before he alienated himself; doubling his regards, and showing by all means that the delinquent's return is to his advantage.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PARSON'S EYE.

THE Country Parson at spare times from action, standing on a hill and considering his flock, discovers two sorts of vices and two sorts of vicious persons. There are some vices whose natures are always clear and evident, as adultery, murder, hatred, lying, &c. There are other vices, whose natures, at least in the beginning, are dark and obscure, as covetousness and gluttony. So likewise there are some persons who abstain not even from known sins; there are others, who when they know a sin evidently, they commit it not. It is true, indeed, they are long a-knowing it, being partial to themselves and witty to others who shall reprove them for it. A man may be both covetous and intemperate, and yet hear sermons against both, and himself condemn both in good earnest; and the reason hereof is, because the natures of these vices being not evidently discussed or known commonly, the beginnings of them are not easily observable; and the beginnings of them are not observed because of the sudden passing from that which was just now lawful, to that which is presently unlawful, even in one continued action. So a man dining, eats at first lawfully; but proceeding on, comes to do unlawfully, even before he is aware, not knowing the bounds of the action, nor when his eating begins to be unlawful. So a man storing up money for his necessary provisions, both in present for his family, and in future for his children, hardly perceives when his storing becomes unlawful; yet is there a period for his storing, and a point or centre when his storing, which was even now good, passeth from good to bad. Wherefore the parson being true to his business hath exactly sifted the definitions of all virtues and vices, especially canvassing those whose natures are most stealing, and beginnings uncertain: particularly concerning these two vices, not because they are all that are of this dark and creeping disposition, but for example sake, and because they are most common he thus thinks: first, for covetousness, he lays this ground: Whosoever, when a just occasion calls, either spends not at all, or not in some proportion to God's bles-

sing upon him, is covetous. The reason of the ground is manifest, because wealth is given to that end to supply our occasions. Now, if I do not give everything its end, I abuse the creature, I am false to my reason which should guide me, I offend the supreme Judge in perverting that order which He hath set both to things and to reason. The application of the ground would be infinite; but in brief, a poor man is an occasion, my country is an occasion, my friend is an occasion, my table is an occasion, my apparel is an occasion.* If in all these, and those more which concern me, I either do nothing, or pinch and scrape, and squeeze blood indecently to the station wherein God hath placed me, I am covetous. More particularly, and to give one instance for all, if God hath given me servants, and I either provide too little for them, or that which is unwholesome, being sometimes baned† meat, sometimes too salt, and so not competent nourishment, I am covetous. I bring this example, because men usually think that servants for their money are as other things that they buy, even as a piece of wood which they may cut, or hack, or throw into the fire, and so they pay them their wages all is well. Nay, to descend yet more particularly, if a man hath wherewithal to buy a spade, and yet he chooseth rather to use his neighbour's and wear out that, he is covetous. Nevertheless, few bring covetousness thus low, or consider it so narrowly, which yet ought to be done, since there is a justice in the least things, and for the least there shall be a judgment. Country people are full of these petty injustices, being cunning to make use of another and spare themselves; and scholars ought to be diligent in the observation of these, and driving of their general school rules ever to the smallest actions of life, which while they dwell in their books they will never find, but being seated in the country and doing their duty faithfully they will soon discover; especially if they carry their eyes ever open, and fix them on their charge, and not on their preferment. Secondly, for gluttony, the parson lays this ground: He that either

* This is peculiarly like Herbert. His was the common sense which views domestic and charitable expenditure as *equally* pressing. The world thinks the first the more so; the too self-sacrificing would overdo the last. He gives the first place to charity, but their due to the requirements of civilized life.

† Not good; diseased.

for quantity eats more than his health or employments will bear, or for quality is lickerish after dainties, is a glutton, as he that eats more than his estate will bear is a prodigal; and he that eats offensively to the company, either in his order or length of eating, is scandalous and uncharitable. These three rules generally comprehend the faults of eating, and the truth of them needs no proof; "so that men must eat neither to the disturbance of their health, nor of their affairs (which being over-burdened or studying dainties too much, they cannot well dispatch), nor of their estate, nor of their brethren." One act in these things is bad, but it is the custom and habit that names a glutton. Many think they are at more liberty than they are as if they were masters of their health, and, so they will stand to the pain, all is well. But to eat to one's hurt comprehends, besides the hurt, an act against reason, because it is unnatural to hurt oneself, and this they are not masters of. Yet of hurtful things I am more bound to abstain from those which by my own experience I have found hurtful, than from those which by a common tradition and vulgar knowledge are reputed to be so. That which is said of hurtful meats extends to hurtful drinks also. As for the quantity, touching our employments, none must eat so as to disable themselves from a fit discharging either of divine duties or duties of their calling; so that, if after dinner they are not fit (or unwieldy) either to pray or work, they are gluttons; not that all must presently work after dinner (for they rather must not work, especially students, and those that are weakly); but that they must rise so as that it is not meat or drink that hinders them from working. To guide them in this there are three rules: first, the custom and knowledge of their own body, and what it can well digest; the second, the feeling of themselves in time of eating, which because it is deceitful (for one thinks in eating that he can eat more than he afterwards finds true); the third is the observation with what appetite they sit down. This last rule, joined with the first, never fails; for knowing what one usually can well digest and feeling when I go to meat in what disposition I am, either hungry or not, according as I feel myself, either I take my wonted proportion or diminish of it. Yet physicians bid those that would live in health not keep a uniform diet, but to feed variously, now more, now less; and

Gerson,* a spiritual man, wisheth all to incline rather to too much than to too little; his reason is, because diseases of exinanition are more dangerous than diseases of repletion. But the parson distinguisheth according to his double aim, either of abstinence a moral virtue, or mortification a divine. When he deals with any that is heavy and carnal, he gives him those freer rules; but when he meets with a refined and heavenly disposition, he carries them higher, even sometimes to a forgetting of themselves, knowing that there is One who, when they forget, remembers for them; as when the people hungered and thirsted after our Saviour's doctrine, and tarried so long at it that they would have fainted had they returned empty, He suffered it not, but rather made food miraculously than suffered so good desires to miscarry.†

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PARSON IN MIRTH.

THE Country Parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the Cross of Christ, his mind being defixed on it with those nails wherewith his Master was; or if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets continually with two most sad spectacles, sin and misery; God dishonoured every day, and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good; not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity, but also for that when they are in company, instructions seasoned with pleasantness both enter sooner and root deeper. Wherefore he condescends to human frailties both in himself and others, and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of the hearer.

* Jean Charlier de Gerson, surnamed the Most Christian Doctor, born in the village of Gerson, near Rheims, in 1363. He wrote a treatise "On the Consolation of Theology" ("De Consolatione Theologiæ"), and is supposed by some to have been the author of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," generally attributed to Thomas à Kempis. He died 1429.

† An illustration of our blessed Lord's saying, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PARSON IN CONTEMPT.

THE Country Parson knows well that both for the general ignominy which is cast upon the profession, and much more for those rules which out of his choicest judgment he hath resolved to observe, and which are described in this book, he must be despised; because this hath been the portion of God his master, and of God's saints his brethren, and this is foretold that it shall be so still until things be no more. Nevertheless, according to the Apostle's rule, he endeavours that none shall despise him; especially in his own parish he suffers it not to his utmost power; for that where contempt is, there is no room for instruction. This he procures, First, by his holy and unblamable life, which carries a reverence with it, even above contempt. Secondly, by a courteous carriage and winning behaviour: he that will be respected must respect; doing kindnesses, but receiving none, at least of those who are apt to despise; for this argues a height and eminency of mind which is not easily despised, except it degenerate to pride. Thirdly, by a bold and impartial reproof, even of the best in the parish, when occasion requires; for this may produce hatred in those that are reproved, but never contempt either in them or others. Lastly, if the contempt shall proceed so far as to do anything punishable by law, as contempt is apt to do if it be not thwarted, the parson having a due respect both to the person and to the cause, referreth the whole matter to the examination and punishment of those which are in authority; that so the sentence lighting upon one, the example may reach to all. But if the contempt be not punishable by law, or being so the parson think it in his discretion either unfit or bootless to contend, then when any despises him, he takes it either in an humble way, saying nothing at all; or else in a slighting way, showing that reproaches touch him no more than a stone thrown against heaven, where he is and lives; or in a sad way, grieved at his own and others' sins, which continually break God's laws, and dishonour Him with those mouths which He continually fills and feeds; or else in a doctrinal way, saying to the contemner,

"Alas! why do you thus? you hurt yourself, not me: he that throws a stone at another hits himself;"* and so between gentle reasoning and pitying he overcomes the evil; or lastly, in a triumphant way, being glad and joyful, that he is made conformable to his Master; and being in the world as He was, hath his undoubted pledge of his salvation. These are the five shields wherewith the godly receive the darts of the wicked; leaving anger, and retorting, and revenge to the children of the world, whom another's ill mastereth, and leadeth captive without any resistance, even in resistance, to the same destruction. For while they resist the person that reviles, they resist not the evil which takes hold of them, and is far the worst enemy.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PARSON WITH HIS CHURCHWARDENS.

THE Country Parson doth often, both publicly and privately, instruct his churchwardens what a great charge lies upon them, and that indeed the whole order and discipline of the parish is put into their hands. If himself reform anything, it is out of the overflowing of his conscience, whereas they are to do it by command and by oath. Neither hath the place its dignity from the ecclesiastical laws only, since even by the common statute law they are taken for a kind of corporation, as being persons enabled by that name to take movable goods or chattels, and to sue and to be sued at law concerning such goods for the use and profit of their parish; and by the same law they are to levy penalties for negligence in resorting to church, or for disorderly carriage in time of divine service. Wherefore the parson suffers not the place to be vilified or debased by being cast on the lower rank of people, but invites and urges the best unto it, showing that they do not lose or go less, but gain by it; it being the greatest honour of this world to do God and His chosen service; or as David says, to be even a doorkeeper in the house of God. Now, the Canons being the church-

* See "Charms and Knots," p. 149:

"Who by aspersions throw a stone
At the head of others, hit their own."

wardens' rule, the parson adviseth them to read or hear them read often, as also the Visitation Articles, which are grounded upon the Canons, that so they may know their duty and keep their oath the better; in which regard, considering the great consequence of their place, and more of their oath, he wisheth them by no means to spare any, though never so great; but if after gentle and neighbourly admonitions they still persist in ill, to present them; yea, though they be tenants, or otherwise engaged to the delinquent; for their obligation to God and their own soul is above any temporal tie. Do well and right, and let the world sink.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PARSON'S CONSIDERATION OF PROVIDENCE.

THE Country Parson, considering the great aptness country people have to think that all things come by a kind of natural course, and that if they sow and soil their grounds they must have corn, if they keep and fodder well their cattle they must have milk and calves, labours to reduce them to see God's hand in all things, and to believe that things are not set in such an inevitable order, but that God often changeth it according as He sees fit, either for reward or punishment. To this end he represents to his flock that God hath and exerciseth a threefold power in everything which concerns man. The first is a sustaining power; the second, a governing power; the third, a spiritual power. By His sustaining power He preserves and actuates everything in His being; so that corn doth not grow by any other virtue than by that which He continually supplies as the corn needs it, without which supply the corn would instantly dry up, as a river would if the fountain were stopped. And it is observable that if anything could presume of an inevitable course and constancy in their operations, certainly it should be either the sun in heaven or the fire on earth, by reason of their fierce, strong, and violent natures; yet when God pleased, the sun stood still, the fire burned not.* By God's governing power He

* As when the bush burned with fire and was not consumed (*Exodus*) and Joshua bade the sun stand still (*Joshua*).

preserves and orders the references of things one to the other, so that though the corn do grow and be preserved in that act by His sustaining power, yet if he suit not other things to the growth, as seasons, and weather, and other accidents, by His governing power, the fairest harvests come to nothing. And it is observable that God delights to have men feel, and acknowledge, and reverence His power, and therefore He often overturns things when they are thought past danger: that is His time of interposing. As when a merchant hath a ship come home after many a storm, which it hath escaped, He destroys it sometimes in the very haven; or if the goods be housed, a fire hath broken forth and suddenly consumed them. Now this He doth that men should perpetuate and not break off their acts of dependence, how fair soever the opportunities present themselves. So that if a farmer should depend upon God all the year, and being ready to put hand to sickle, shall then secure himself, and think all cock sure; then God sends such weather as lays the corn and destroys it; or if he depend on God further, even till he imbarn his corn, and then think all sure, God sends a fire and consumes all that he hath; for that he ought not to break off, but to continue his dependence on God, not only before the corn is inned, but after also; and, indeed, to depend and fear continually. The third power is spiritual, by which God turns all outward blessings to inward advantages. So that if a farmer hath both a fair harvest, and that also well inned and imbarned, and continuing safe there, yet if God give him not the grace to use and utter this well, all his advantages are to his loss. Better were his corn burnt than not spiritually improved. And it is observable in this, how God's goodness strives with man's refractoriness: man would sit down at this world; God bids him sell it and purchase a better; just as a father who hath in his hand an apple, and a piece of gold under it; the child comes, and with pulling gets the apple out of his father's hand; his father bids him throw it away, and he will give him the gold for it, which the child utterly refusing, eats it, and is troubled with worms; so is the carnal and wilful man with the worm of the grave in this world, and the worm of conscience in the next.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PARSON IN LIBERTY.

THE Country Parson observing the manifold wiles of Satan (who plays his part sometimes in drawing God's servants from Him, sometimes in perplexing them in the service of God) stands fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. This liberty he compasseth by one distinction, and that is, of what is necessary and what is additionary. As for example: it is necessary that all Christians should pray twice a day every day of the week, and four times on Sunday if they be well. This is so necessary and essential to a Christian that he cannot without this maintain himself in a Christian state. Besides this, the godly have ever added some hours of prayer, as at nine, or at three, or at midnight, or as they think fit and see cause, or rather as God's Spirit leads them. But these prayers are not necessary, but additionary. Now it so happens that the godly petitioner upon some emergent interruption in the day, or by oversleeping himself at night, omits his additionary prayer. Upon this his mind begins to be perplexed and troubled, and Satan, who knows the exigent, blows the fire, endeavouring to disorder the Christian, and put him out of his station, and to enlarge the perplexity until it spread and taint his other duties of piety, which none can perform so well in trouble as in calmness. Here the parson interposeth with his distinction, and shows the perplexed Christian that this prayer being additionary, not necessary—taken in, not commanded—the omission thereof upon just occasion ought by no means to trouble him. God knows the occasion as well as he, and He is as a gracious Father, who more accepts a common course of devotion than dislikes an occasional interruption. And of this he is so to assure himself as to admit no scruple, but to go on as cheerfully as if he had not been interrupted. By this it is evident that the distinction is of singular use and comfort, especially to pious minds, which are ever tender and delicate. But here there are two cautions to be added. First, that this interruption proceed not out of slackness or coldness, which will appear if the pious soul foresee and prevent such inter-

ruptions, what he may, before they come, and when for all that they do come, he be a little affected therewith, but not afflicted or troubled; if he resent it to a mislike, but not a grief. Secondly, that this interruption proceed not out of shame. As for example: a godly man, not out of superstition, but of reverence to God's house, resolves whenever he enters into a church to kneel down and pray, either blessing God that He will be pleased to dwell among men, or beseeching Him that whenever he repairs to His house he may behave himself so as befits so great a presence, and this briefly. But it happens that near the place where he is to pray he spies some scoffing ruffian, who is likely to deride him for his pains: if he now shall, either for fear or shame, break his custom, he shall do passing ill: so much the rather ought he to proceed, as that by this he may take into his prayer humiliation also. On the other side, if I am to visit the sick in haste, and my nearest way lie through the church, I will not doubt to go without staying to pray there (but only, as I pass, in my heart), because this kind of prayer is additionary, not necessary, and the other duty overweighs it, so that if any scruple arise I will throw it away, and be most confident that God is not displeased. This distinction may run through all Christian duties, and it is a great stay and settling to religious souls.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PARSON'S SURVEYS.

THE Country Parson hath not only taken a particular survey of the faults of his own parish, but a general also of the diseases of the time, that so, when his occasions carry him abroad, or bring strangers to him, he may be the better armed to encounter them. The great and national sin of this land he esteems to be idleness, great in itself and great in consequence; for when men have nothing to do then they fall to drink, to steal, to ——, to scoff, to revile, to all sorts of gamings. "Come," say they, "we have nothing to do, let 's go to the tavern, or to the stews, or what not." Wherefore the parson strongly opposeth this sin wheresoever he goes. And because idleness is twofold, the one in having no calling, the

other in walking carelessly in our calling, he first represents to everybody the necessity of a vocation. The reason of this assertion is taken from the nature of man, wherein God hath placed two great instruments, reason in the soul and a hand in the body, as engagements of working, so that even in Paradise man had a calling, and how much more out of Paradise, when the evils which he is now subject unto may be prevented or diverted by reasonable employment! Besides, every gift or ability is a talent to be accounted for, and to be improved to our Master's advantage. Yet it is also a debt to our country to have a calling, and it concerns the commonwealth that none shall be idle, but all busied. Lastly, riches are the blessing of God, and the great instrument of doing admirable good; therefore all are to procure them honestly and seasonably when they are not better employed. Now this reason crosseth not our Saviour's precept of selling what we have, because when we have sold all, and given it to the poor, we must not be idle, but labour to get more, that we may give more, according to St. Paul's rule (Ephesians iv. 28; I. Thessalonians iv. 11, 12). So that our Saviour's selling is so far from crossing St. Paul's working that it rather establisheth it, since they that have nothing are fittest to work. Now, because the only opposer to this doctrine is the gallant, who is witty enough to abuse both others and himself, and who is ready to ask if he shall mend shoes, or what he shall do? Therefore, the parson, unmoved, showeth that ingenuous and fit employment is never wanting to those that seek it. But if it should be the assertion stands thus: All are either to have a calling, or prepare for it; he that hath or can have yet no employment, if he truly and seriously prepare for it, he is safe and within bounds. Wherefore all are either presently to enter into a calling, if they be fit for it and it for them, or else to examine with care, and advise what they are fittest for, and to prepare for that with all diligence. But it will not be amiss in this exceeding useful point to descend to particulars, for exactness lies in particulars. Men are either single or married. The married and housekeeper hath his hands full if he do what he ought to do. For there are two branches of his affairs: first, the improvement of his family, by bringing them up in the fear and nurture of the Lord; and secondly, the improvement of his grounds, by drowning, or draining, or stocking, or

fencing, and ordering his land to the best advantage both of himself and his neighbours. The Italian says, none fouls his hands in his own business; and it is an honest and just care so it exceed not bounds, for every one to employ himself to the advancement of his affairs, that he may have wherewithal to do good. But his family is his best care, to labour Christian souls, and raise them to their height, even to heaven; to dress and prune them, and take as much joy in a straight-growing child or servant as a gardener doth in a choice tree. Could men find out this delight, they would seldom be from home, whereas now of any place they are least there. But if after all this care well dispatched the housekeeper's family be so small, and his dexterity so great, that he have leisure to look out, the village or parish which either he lives in, or is near unto it, is his employment. He considers every one there, and either helps them in particular or hath general propositions to the whole town or hamlet, of advancing the public stock, and managing commons or woods, according as the place suggests. But if he may be of the commission of peace, there is nothing to that: no commonwealth in the world hath a braver institution than that of justices of the peace, for it is both a security to the king, who hath so many dispersed officers at his beck throughout the kingdom accountable for the public good, and also an honourable employment of a gentle or nobleman in the country he lives in, enabling him with power to do good, and to restrain all those who else might both trouble him and the whole state. Wherefore it behoves all who are come to the gravity and ripeness of judgment for so excellent a place, not to refuse, but rather to procure it. And whereas there are usually three objections made against the place: the one, the abuse of it, by taking petty country bribes; the other, the casting of it on mean persons, especially in some shires; and lastly, the trouble of it. These are so far from deterring any good men from the place, that they kindle them rather to redeem the dignity either from true faults or unjust aspersions. Now, for single men, they are either heirs or younger brothers; the heirs are to prepare in all the forementioned points against the time of their practice. Therefore they are to mark their father's discretion in ordering his house and affairs, and also elsewhere when they see any remarkable point of education or good husbandry, and to

transplant it in time to his own home, with the same care as others, when they meet with good fruit, get a graft of the tree, enriching their orchard and neglecting their house. Besides, they are to read books of law and justice, especially the statutes at large. As for better books of divinity, they are not in this consideration, because we are about a calling and a preparation thereunto. But chiefly and above all things they are to frequent sessions and assizes, for it is both an honour which they owe to the reverend judges and magistrates to attend them at least in their shire, and it is a great advantage to know the practice of the land, for our law is practice. Sometimes he may go to court, as the eminent place both of good and ill. At other times he is to travel over the king's dominions, cutting out the kingdom into portions, which every year he surveys piecemeal. When there is a parliament, he is to endeavour by all means to be a knight or burgess there, for there is no school to a parliament. And when he is there he must not only be a morning man, but at committees also, for there the particulars are exactly discussed which are brought from thence to the House but in general. When none of these occasions call him abroad, every morning that he is at home he must either ride the great horse or exercise some of his military postures. For all gentlemen that are now weakened and disarmed with sedentary lives are to know the use of their arms; and as the husbandman labours for them, so must they fight for and defend them when occasion calls. This is the duty of each to other, which they ought to fulfil. And the parson is a lover and exciter to justice in all things, even as John the Baptist squared out to every one (even to soldiers) what to do. As for younger brothers, those whom the parson finds loose, and not engaged in some profession by their parents, whose neglect in this point is intolerable, and a shameful wrong both to the commonwealth and their own house; to them, after he hath showed the unlawfulness of spending the day in dressing, complimenting, visiting, and sporting, he first commends the study of the civil law, as a brave and wise knowledge, the professors whereof were much employed by Queen Elizabeth, because it is the key of commerce, and discovers the rules of foreign nations. Secondly, he commends the mathematics as the only wonder-working knowledge, and therefore requiring the best spirits. After the several knowledge of these,

he adviseth to insist and dwell chiefly on the two noble branches thereof, of fortification and navigation; the one being useful to all countries, and the other especially to islands. But if the young gallant think these courses dull and phlegmatic, where can he busy himself better than in those new plantations* and discoveries, which are not only a noble, but also, as they may be handled, a religious employment? Or let him travel into Germany and France, and observing the artifices and manufactures there, transplant them hither, as divers have done lately, to our country's advantage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PARSON'S LIBRARY.

THE Country Parson's library is a holy life; for (besides the blessing that that brings upon it, there being a promise that if the kingdom of God be first sought, all other things shall be added) even itself is a sermon. For the temptations with which a good man is beset, and the ways which he used to overcome them, being told to another, whether in private conference or in the church, are a sermon. He that hath considered how to carry himself at table about his appetite, if he tell this to another, preacheth, and much more feelingly and judiciously than he writes his rules of temperance out of books. So that the parson having studied and mastered all his lusts and affections within, and the whole army of temptations without, hath ever so many sermons ready penned as he hath victories. And it fares in this as it doth in physic: he that hath been sick of a consumption, and knows what recovered him, is a physician, so far as he meets with the same disease and temper, and can much better and particularly do it than he that is generally learned and was never sick. And if the same person had been sick of all diseases, and were recovered of all by things that he knew, there were no such physician as he both for skill and tenderness. Just so it is in divinity, and that not without manifest reason; for, though the temptations may be diverse in divers

* Virginia, &c., then not long discovered.—See the "Church Militant."

"Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand."

Christians, yet the victory is alike in all, being by the self-same Spirit. Neither is this true only in the military state of a Christian life, but even in the peaceable also, when the servant of God, freed for a while from temptation, in a quiet sweetness seeks how to please his God. Thus the parson, considering that repentance is the great virtue of the Gospel, and one of the first steps of pleasing God, having for his own use examined the nature of it, is able to explain it after to others. And particularly, having doubted sometimes whether his repentance were true, or at least in that degree it ought to be, since he found himself sometimes to weep more for the loss of some temporal things than for offending God, he came at length to this resolution, that repentance is an act of the mind, not of the body, even as the original signifies; and that the chief thing which God in Scriptures requires is the heart and the spirit, and to worship Him in truth and spirit. Wherefore, in case a Christian endeavour to weep and cannot, since we are not masters of our bodies, this sufficeth. And consequently he found that the essence of repentance, that it may be alike in all God's children (which, as concerning weeping, it cannot be, some being of a more melting temper than others) consisteth in a true detestation of the soul, abhorring and renouncing sin, and turning unto God in truth of heart and newness of life, which acts of repentance are and must be found in all God's servants. Not that weeping is not useful where it can be, that so the body may join in the grief, as it did in the sin; but that, so the other acts be, that is not necessary; so that he as truly repents who performs the other acts of repentance when he cannot more, as he that weeps a flood of tears. This instruction and comfort the parson getting for himself, when he tells it to others, becomes a sermon. The like he doth in other Christian virtues, as of faith and love, and the cases of conscience belonging thereto, wherein (as St. Paul implies that he ought: Romans ii.) he first preacheth to himself, and then to others.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PARSON'S DEXTERITY IN APPLYING OF REMEDIES.

THE Country Parson knows that there is a double state of a Christian even in this life: the one military, the other peaceable.

The military is when we are assaulted with temptations, either from within or from without; the peaceable is when the devil for a time leaves us, as he did our Saviour, and the angels minister to us their own food, even joy, and peace, and comfort in the Holy Ghost. These two states were in our Saviour, not only in the beginning of His preaching, but afterwards also, as (Matt. xxii. 35), "He was tempted," and (Luke x. 21), "He rejoiced in spirit;" and they must be likewise in all that are his. Now the parson having a spiritual judgment, according as he discovers any of his flock to be in one or the other state, so he applies himself to them. Those that he finds in the peaceable state, he adviseth to be very vigilant, and not to let go the reins as soon as the horse goes easy. Particularly he counselleth them to two things: First, to take heed lest their quiet betray them (as it is apt to do) to a coldness and carelessness in their devotions, but to labour still to be as fervent in Christian duties as they remember themselves were when affliction did blow the coals. Secondly, not to take the full compass and liberty of their peace: not to eat of all those dishes at table which even their present health otherwise admits; nor to store their house with all those furnitures which even their present plenty of wealth otherwise admits; nor when they are among them that are merry, to extend themselves to all that mirth which the present occasion of wit and company otherwise admits; but to put bounds and hoops to their joys; so will they last the longer, and, when they depart, return the sooner. If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged; and if we would bound ourselves, we should not be bounded. But if they shall fear that at such or such a time their peace and mirth have carried them further than this moderation, then to take Job's admirable course, who sacrificed, lest his children should have transgressed in their mirth; so let them go, and find some poor afflicted soul, and there be bountiful and liberal; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Those that the parson finds in the military state, he fortifies and strengthens with his utmost skill. Now, in those that are tempted, whatsoever is unruly falls upon two heads: either they think that there is none that can or will look after things, but all goes by chance or wit; or else, though there be a great Governor of all things, yet to them He is lost—as if they said, God doth forsake and persecute them, and

there is none to deliver them. If the parson suspect the first, and find sparks of such thoughts now and then to break forth, then, without opposing directly (for disputation is no cure for atheism), he scatters in his discourse three sorts of arguments: the first taken from nature, the second from the law, the third from grace. For nature, he sees not how a house could be either built without a builder, or kept in repair without a housekeeper. He conceives not possibly how the winds should blow so much as they can, and the sea rage as much as it can, and all things do what they can, and all, not only without dissolution of the whole, but also of any part, by taking away so much as the usual seasons of summer and winter, earing and harvest. Let the weather be what it will, still we have bread, though sometimes more, sometimes less; wherewith also a careful Joseph might meet. He conceives not possibly how he that would believe a divinity, if he had been at the creation of all things, should less believe it, seeing the preservation of all things; for preservation is a creation, and more, it is a continued creation, and a creation every moment. Secondly, for the law: there may be so evident though unused a proof of divinity taken from thence, that the atheist or epicurean can have nothing to contradict. The Jews yet live and are known: they have their law and language bearing witness to them, and they to it; they are circumcised to this day, and expect the promises of the Scripture; their country also is known, the places and rivers travelled unto and frequented by others, but to them an unpenetrable rock, an inaccessible desert. Wherefore, if the Jews live, all the great wonders of old live in them, and then who can deny the stretched-out arm of a mighty God? especially since it may be a just doubt, whether, considering the stubbornness of the nation, their living then in their country, under so many miracles, were a stranger thing than their present exile and disability to live in their country. And it is observable that this very thing was intended by God, that the Jews should be His proof and witnesses, as He calls them (Isaiah xliii. 12). And their very dispersion in all lands was intended not only for a punishment to them, but for an exciting of others by their sight to the acknowledging of God and His power (Psalm lix. 11). And therefore this kind of punishment was chosen rather than any other. Thirdly, for grace: besides the continual succes-

sion (since the Gospel) of holy men, who have borne witness to the truth—there being no reason why any should distrust St. Luke, or Tertullian, or Chrysostom, more than Tully, Virgil, or Livy—there are two prophecies in the Gospel which evidently argue Christ's divinity by their success: the one concerning the woman that spent the ointment on our Saviour, for which He told that it should never be forgotten, but with the Gospel itself be preached to all ages (Matthew xxvi. 13); the other concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, of which our Saviour said that that generation should not pass till all were fulfilled (Luke xxi. 32), which Josephus's History confirmeth, and the continuance of which verdict is yet evident. To these might be added the preaching of the Gospel in all nations (Matthew xxiv. 14), which we see even miraculously effected in these new discoveries, God turning men's covetousness and ambitions to the effecting of His Word. Now, a prophecy is a wonder sent to posterity, lest they complain of want of wonders. It is a letter sealed and sent, which to the bearer is but paper, but to the receiver and opener is full of power. He that saw Christ open a blind man's eyes saw not more divinity than he that reads the woman's ointment in the Gospel or sees Jerusalem destroyed. With some of these heads enlarged, and woven into his discourse at several times and occasions, the parson settleth wavering minds. But if he sees them nearer desperation than atheism, not so much doubting a God as that He is theirs, then he dives into the boundless ocean of God's love and the unspeakable riches of His loving-kindness. He hath one argument unanswerable. If God hate them, either He doth it as they are creatures, dust and ashes, or as they are sinful. As creatures, He must needs love them; for no perfect artist ever yet hated his own work. As sinful, He must much more love them; because, notwithstanding His infinite hate of sin, His love overcame that hate; and with an exceeding great victory; which in the creation needed not, gave them love for love, even the Son of His love out of His bosom of love. So that man, which way soever he turns, hath two pledges of God's love, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established: the one in his being, the other in his sinful being; and this as the more faulty in him, so the more glorious in God. And all may certainly conclude that God loves them, till either they despise that

love or despair of His mercy; not any sin else but is within His love; but the despising of love must needs be without it. The thrusting away of His arm makes us only not embraced.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PARSON'S CONDESCENDING.

THE Country Parson is a lover of old customs, if they be good and harmless; and the rather, because country people are much addicted to them, so that to favour them therein is to win their hearts, and to oppose them therein is to deject them. If there be any ill in the custom that may be severed from the good, he pares the apple, and gives them the clean to feed on. Particularly he loves procession,* and maintains it, because there are contained therein four manifest advantages: first, a blessing of God for the fruits of the field; secondly, justice in the preservation of bounds; thirdly, charity in loving walking and neighbourly accompanying one another, with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any; fourthly, mercy in relieving the poor by a liberal distribution and largess, which at that time is or ought to be used. Wherefore he exacts of all to be present at the perambulation, and those that withdraw and sever themselves from it, he mislikes, and reproves as uncharitable and unneighbourly; and if they will not reform, presents them. Nay, he is so far from condemning such assemblies, that he rather procures them to be often, as knowing that absence breeds strangeness, but presence love. Now, love is his business and aim; wherefore he likes well that his parish at good times invite one another to their houses, and he urgeth them to it; and sometimes, where he knows there hath been, or is, a little difference, he takes one of the parties, and goes with him to the other, and all dine or sup together. There is much preaching in this friendliness. Another old custom there is of saying, when light is brought in, "God send us the light of heaven." And the parson likes this very well; neither is he afraid of praising or pray-

* "Beating the bounds," as it is called in some countries, *i.e.*, walking in procession round the boundaries of a parish.

ing to God at all times, but is rather glad of catching opportunities to do them. Light is a great blessing, and as great as food, for which we give thanks; and those that think this superstitious, neither know superstition nor themselves. As for those that are ashamed to use this form as being old and obsolete and not the fashion, he reforms and teaches them that at baptism they professed not to be ashamed of Christ's cross, or for any shame to leave that which is good. He that is ashamed in small things, will extend his pusillanimity to greater. Rather should a Christian soldier take such occasions to harden himself, and to further his exercises of mortification.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PARSON BLESSING.

THE Country Parson wonders that blessing the people is in so little use with his brethren, whereas he thinks it not only a grave and reverend thing, but a beneficial also. Those who use it not do so either out of niceness, because they like the salutations and compliments and forms of worldly language better—which conformity and fashionableness is so exceeding unbefitting a minister that it deserves reproof, not refutation—or else because they think it empty and superfluous. But that which the Apostles used so diligently in their writings, nay, which our Saviour Himself used (Mark x. 16), cannot be vain and superfluous. But this was not proper to Christ or the Apostles only, no more than to be a spiritual father was appropriated to them. And if temporal fathers bless their children, how much more may and ought spiritual fathers? Besides, the priests of the Old Testament were commanded to bless the people, and the form thereof is prescribed (Numbers vi.). Now, as the Apostle argues in another case, if the ministration of condemnation did bless, how shall not the ministration of the Spirit exceed in blessing? The fruit of this blessing good Hannah found, and received with great joy (I. Samuel i. 18), though it came from a man disallowed by God, for it was not the person, but priesthood, that blessed, so that even ill priests may bless. Neither have the ministers power of blessing only, but also of cursing. So in the

Old Testament, Elisha cursed the children (II. Kings ii. 24), which though our Saviour reproved as unfitting for His particular, who was to show all humility before His passion, yet He allows it in His Apostles. And therefore St. Peter used that fearful imprecation to Simon Magus (Acts viii.), "Thy money perish with thee," and the event confirmed it; so did St. Paul (II. Timothy iv. 14, and I. Timothy i. 20). Speaking of Alexander the coppersmith, who had withstood his preaching, "the Lord" (saith he) "reward him according to his works." And again, of Hymeneus and Alexander, he saith he had "delivered them to Satan, that they might learn not to blaspheme." The forms both of blessing and cursing are expounded in the Common Prayer Book, the one in "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c., and "The peace of God," &c., the other in general in the Commination. Now blessing differs from prayer, in assurance, because it is not performed by way of request, but of confidence and power, effectually applying God's favour to the blessed, by the interesting of that dignity wherewith God hath invested the priest, and engaging of God's own power and institution for a blessing. The neglect of this duty in ministers themselves hath made the people also neglect it, so that they are so far from craving this benefit from their ghostly father that they oftentimes go out of church before he hath blessed them. In the time of Popery, the priest's *Benedicite* and his holy water were overhighly valued, and now we are fallen to the clean contrary, even from superstition to coldness and atheism. But the parson first values the gift in himself, and then teacheth his parish to value it. And it is observable that if a minister talk with a great man in the ordinary course of complimenting language, he shall be esteemed as ordinary complimenters; but if he often interpose a blessing, when the other gives him just opportunity, by speaking any good, this unusual form begets a reverence, and makes him esteemed according to his profession. The same is to be observed in writing letters also. To conclude, if all men are to bless upon occasion, as appears (Romans xii. 14), how much more those who are spiritual fathers?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCERNING DETRACTION.

THE Country Parson perceiving that most, when they are at leisure, make others' faults their entertainment and discourse, and that even some good men think, so they speak truth, they may disclose another's fault, finds it somewhat difficult how to proceed in this point. For if he absolutely shut up men's mouths, and forbid all disclosing of faults, many an evil may not only be, but also spread in his parish, without any remedy (which cannot be applied without notice), to the dishonour of God, and the infection of his flock, and the discomfort, discredit, and hindrance of the pastor. On the other side, if it be unlawful to open faults, no benefit or advantage can make it lawful; for we must not do evil that good may come of it. Now the parson taking this point to task, which is so exceeding useful, and hath taken so deep root, that it seems the very life and substance of conversation, hath proceeded thus far in the discussing of it. Faults are either notorious or private. Again, notorious faults are either such as are made known by common fame (and of these, those that know them may talk, so they do it not with sport, but commiseration), or else such as have passed judgment, and been corrected either by whipping, or imprisoning, or the like. Of these also men may talk, and more, they may discover them to those that know them not; because infamy is a part of the sentence against malefactors, which the law intends, as is evident by those which are branded for rogues, that they may be known, or put into the stocks, that they may be looked upon. But some may say, though the law allow this, the Gospel doth not, which hath so much advanced charity, and ranked backbiters among the generation of the wicked (Romans i. 30). But this is easily answered: as the executioner is not uncharitable that takes away the life of the condemned, except, besides his office, he add a tincture of private malice in the joy and haste of acting his part; so neither is he that defames him whom the law would have defamed, except he also do it out of rancour. For in infamy all are executioners, and the law gives a malefactor to all to be

defamed. And as malefactors may lose and forfeit their goods or life, so may they their good name and the possession thereof, which before their offence and judgment they had in all men's breasts; for all are honest till the contrary be proved. Besides, it concerns the commonwealth that rogues should be known, and charity to the public hath the precedence of private charity. So that it is so far from being a fault to discover such offenders, that it is a duty rather, which may do much good and save much harm. Nevertheless, if the punished delinquent shall be much troubled for his sins, and turn quite another man, doubtless then also men's affections and words must turn, and forbear to speak of that which even God Himself hath forgotten.

The Author's Prayer before Sermon.

O ALMIGHTY and ever-living Lord God! Majesty, and Power, and Brightness, and Glory! How shall we dare to appear before Thy face, who are contrary to Thee, in all we call Thee? for we are darkness, and weakness, and filthiness, and shame. Misery and sin fill our days; yet art Thou our Creator, and we Thy work. Thy hands both made us, and also made us lords of all Thy creatures, giving us one world in ourselves, and another to serve us; then didst Thou place us in Paradise, and wert proceeding still on in Thy favours, until we interrupted Thy counsels, disappointed Thy purposes, and sold our God, our glorious, our gracious God, for an apple. O write it! O brand it in our foreheads for ever: for an apple once we lost our God, and still lose Him for no more—for money, for meat, for diet. But Thou, Lord, art patience, and pity, and sweetness, and love, therefore we sons of men are not consumed. Thou hast exalted Thy mercy above

all things, and hast made our salvation, not our punishment, Thy glory; so that then where sin abounded, not death but grace superabounded; accordingly, when we had sinned beyond any help in heaven or earth, then Thou saidst, Lo, I come! then did the Lord of life, unable of Himself to die, contrive to do it. He took flesh, He wept, He died; for His enemies He died, even for those that derided Him then, and still despise Him. Blessed Saviour! many waters could not quench Thy love, nor no pit overwhelm it! But though the streams of Thy blood were current through darkness, grave, and hell, yet by these Thy conflicts and seemingly hazards didst Thou arise triumphant and therein madest us victorious.

Neither doth Thy love yet stay here! for this word of Thy rich peace and reconciliation Thou hast committed, not to thunder or angels, but to silly and sinful men; even to me, pardoning my sins, and bidding me go feed the people of Thy love.

Blessed be the God of heaven and earth, who only doth wondrous things. Awake, therefore, my lute and my viol! awake all my powers to glorify Thee! We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we magnify Thee for ever! And now, O Lord, in the power of Thy victories, and in the ways of Thy ordinances, and in the truth of Thy love, lo! we stand here beseeching Thee to bless Thy word wherever spoken this day throughout the universal Church. O make it a word of power and peace to convert those who are not yet Thine, and to confirm those that are; particularly, bless it in this Thine own kingdom, which Thou hast made a land of light, a storehouse of Thy treasures and mercies. O let not our foolish and unworthy hearts rob us of the continuance of this Thy sweet love; but pardon our sins, and perfect what Thou hast begun. Ride on, Lord, because of the word of truth, and meekness, and righteousness, and Thy right hand shall teach Thee terrible things. Especially bless this portion here assembled together, with Thy unworthy servant speaking unto them. Lord Jesu! teach Thou me that I may teach them. Sanctify and enable all my powers, that in their full strength they may deliver Thy message reverently, readily, faithfully, and fruitfully! O make Thy word a swift word, passing from the ear to the heart, from the heart to the life and conversation; that as the rain returns not empty, so neither may

Thy word, but accomplish that for which it is given. O Lord, hear! O Lord, forgive! O Lord, hearken, and do so for Thy blessed Son's sake, in whose sweet and pleasing words we say, Our Father, &c.

Prayer after Sermon.

BLESSED be God, and the Father of all mercy, who continueth to pour His benefits upon us! Thou hast elected us, Thou hast called us, Thou hast justified us, sanctified and glorified us, Thou wast born for us, and Thou livedst and diedst for us, Thou hast given us the blessings of this life and of a better. O Lord, Thy blessings hang in clusters, they come trooping upon us! they break forth like mighty waters on every side. And now, Lord, Thou hast fed us with the bread of life; so man did eat angels' food. O Lord, bless it! O Lord, make it health and strength unto us, still striving and prospering so long within us, until our obedience reach Thy measure of Thy love, who hast done for us as much as may be. Grant this, dear Father, for Thy Son's sake, our only Saviour; to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, three Persons, but one most glorious incomprehensible God, be ascribed all honour, and glory, and praise, ever. Amen.

Preface and Notes by George Herbert

TO THE

"Divine Considerations,"* by John Valdesso,

Translated by NICHOLAS FARRER, *and sent by him for revision to* GEO. HERBERT.

Preface.

MR. G. HERBERT TO MASTER NICHOLAS FARRER, UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF VALDESSO (JUAN VALDÈS).

MY DEAR AND DESERVING BROTHER,—Your "Valdesso" I now return with many thanks, and some notes, in which, perhaps, you will discover some care, which I forbear not in the midst of my griefs; first, for your sake, because I would do nothing negligently that you commit unto me; secondly, for the author's sake, whom I conceive to have been a true servant of God, and to such and all that is theirs I owe diligence; thirdly, for the Church's sake, to whom, by printing it, I would have you consecrate it. You owe the Church a debt, and God hath put this into your hands (as He sent the fish with money

* Juan Valdès, or Valdesso, was a Spaniard of great learning and virtue. He sympathized with the "Children of Light," or those who sought to introduce the principles of the Reformation into Spain, and falling under the suspicion of the Inquisition, was obliged to retire to Naples. Here the rest of his short life was passed in study, devotion, and the society of congenial minds. Amongst his friends were the celebrated Vittoria Colonna, Peter Martyr, and Giulia Gonzaga. They used to read the Scriptures together on Sunday mornings at Juan's country house. He was born 1495, and died 1542.

to St. Peter) to discharge it; happily also with this (as his thoughts are fruitful), intending the honour of His servant the author, who being obscured in his own country, He would have to flourish in this land of light and region of the Gospel among His chosen. It is true there are some things which I like not in him, as my fragments will express, when you read them; nevertheless I wish you by all means to publish it, for these three eminent things observable therein: First, that God in the midst of Popery should open the eyes of one to understand and express so clearly and excellently the intent of the Gospel in the acceptation of Christ's righteousness (as he showeth through all his Considerations), a thing strangely buried and darkened by the adversaries and their great stumbling-block. Secondly, the great honour and reverence which he everywhere bears towards our dear Master and Lord, concluding every Consideration almost with His holy Name, and setting His merit forth so piously; for which I do so love him that, were there nothing else, I would print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be published. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life about mortification and observation of God's kingdom within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent observer. These three things are very eminent in the author, and overweigh the defects, as I conceive, towards the publishing thereof.

From Bemerton, near Salisbury,
September 29, 1632.

Notes to the "Divine Considerations."

To the Third Consideration upon these words: "Not for thy speech! Other law and other doctrine have we." (Page 6.)

THESE words about the holy Scripture suit with what he writes elsewhere, especially Consideration Thirty-two. But I like none of it, for it slights the Scripture too much. Holy Scriptures have not only an elementary use, but a use of perfection, and are able to make the man of God perfect. (I. Tim. iv.) And David (though David) studied all the day long in it; and Joshua was to meditate therein day and night. (Josh. i.)

To the Third Consideration upon these words: "As they also make use of the Scriptures to conserve the health of their minds." (Page 7.)

All the saints of God may be said in some sense to have put confidence in Scripture; but not as a naked word severed from God, but as the Word of God; and in so doing they do not sever their trust from God. But by trusting in the Word of God, they trust in God. He that trusts in the king's word for anything, trusts in the king.

To the Fifth Consideration upon these words: "God regards not how pious or impious we be." (Page 11.)

This place, together with many others, as, namely, Consideration Seventy-one upon "Our Father," and Consideration Ninety-four upon these words, "God doth not hold them for good or for evil for that they observe, or not observe," &c., though it were the author's opinion, yet the truth of it would be examined. See the note upon Consideration Thirty-six.

To the Sixth Consideration on "Two depravations of man: the one natural, the other acquisite." (Page 15.)

The doctrine of the last passage must be warily understood: First, that it is not to be understood of actual sins, but habitual;

for I can no more free myself from actual sins after baptism, than I could of original before, and without baptism. The exemption from both is by the grace of God. Secondly, among habits some oppose theological virtues, as uncharitableness opposes charity; infidelity, faith; distrust, hope: of these none can free themselves of themselves, but only by the grace of God. Other habits oppose moral virtues, as prodigality opposes moderation, and pusillanimity magnanimity. Of these the heathen freed themselves only by the general providence of God, as Socrates and Aristides, &c. Where he says "the inflammation of the natural," he says aptly, so it be understood of the former distinction; for *fomes* is not taken away, but *accensio fomitis*,—the natural concupiscence is not quite extinguished, but the heat of it assuaged.

To the Tenth Consideration. (Page 25.)

He often useth this manner of speech, "believing by revelation, not by relation;" whereby I understand he meaneth only the effectual operation or illumination of the Holy Spirit, testifying and applying the revealed truth of the Gospel, and not any private enthusiasms or revelations: as if he should say, a general apprehension or assent to the promises of the Gospel by hearsay or relation from others, is not that which filleth the heart with joy and peace in believing; but the Spirit's bearing witness with our spirit, revealing and applying the general promises to every one in particular, with such sincerity and efficacy, that it makes him godly, righteous, and sober all his life long. This I call believing by revelation, and not by relation.

To the Thirty-second Consideration. (Page 76.)

I much mislike the comparison of images and holy Scriptures, as if they were both but alphabets, and after a time to be left. The holy Scriptures (as I wrote before) have not only an elementary use, but a use of perfection; neither can they ever be exhausted (as pictures may by a plenary circumspection), but still, even to the most learned and perfect in them, there is somewhat to be learned more; therefore David desireth God, in the 119th Psalm, to open his eyes, that he might see the wondrous things of His law, and that he would make them his study; although, by other words of

the same psalm, it is evident that he was not meanly conversant in them. Indeed, he that shall so attend to the bark of the letter as to neglect the consideration of God's work in his heart through the Word, doth amiss—both are to be done: the Scriptures still used, and God's work within us still observed, who works by His Word, and ever in the reading of it. As for that text, "They shall be all taught of God," it being Scripture, cannot be spoken to the disparagement of Scripture; but the meaning is this, that God in the days of the Gospel will not give an outward law of ceremonies as of old, but such a one as shall still have the assistance of the Holy Spirit applying it to our hearts, and ever outrunning the teacher, as it did when Peter taught Cornelius. There the case is plain: Cornelius had revelation, yet Peter was to be sent for; and those that have inspirations must still use Peter—God's Word: if we make another sense of the text, we shall overthrow all means save catechizing, and set up enthusiasms. In the Scriptures are Doctrines, these ever teach more and more; Promises, these ever comfort more and more. (Rom. xv. 4.)

To the Thirty-third Consideration. (Page 78.)

The doctrine of this Consideration cleareth that of the former; for as the servant leaves not the letter when he hath read it, but keeps it by him and reads it again and again, and the more the promise is delayed the more he reads it and fortifies himself with it, so are we to do with the Scriptures, and this is the use of the promises of the Scriptures. But the use of the doctrinal part is more, in regard it presents us not with the same thing only when it is read, as the promises do, but enlightens us with new considerations the more we read it. Much more might be said, but this sufficeth. He himself allows it for a holy conversation and refreshment in the Thirty-second Consideration, and amongst all divine and spiritual exercises and duties he nameth the reading and meditation of holy Scripture for the first and principal, as Consideration Forty-seven and others; so that it is plain the author had a very reverend esteem of the holy Scripture, especially considering the time and place where he lived.

To the Thirty-sixth Consideration. (Page 87.)

All the discourse from this place to the end of the chapter may seem strange, but it is suitable to what the author holds elsewhere; for he maintains that it is faith and infidelity that shall judge us now since the Gospel, and that no other sin or virtue hath anything to do with us: if we believe, no sin shall hurt us; if we believe not, no virtue shall help us. Therefore he saith here we shall not be punished (which word I like here better than chastisement, because even the godly are chastised, but not punished) for evil doing, nor rewarded for well doing or living, for all the point lies in believing or not believing. And with this exposition the chapter is clear enough, but the truth of the doctrine would be examined, however it may pass for his opinion, in the Church of God there is one fundamental, but else variety. The author's good meaning in this will better appear by his Ninety-eighth Consideration of faith and good works.

To the Forty-sixth Consideration. (Page 112.)

He meaneth (I suppose) that a man presume not to merit—that is, to oblige God—or justify himself before God, by any acts or exercises of religion, but that he ought to pray God affectionately and fervently to send him the light of His Spirit, which may be unto him as the sun to a traveller in his journey, he, in the meanwhile, applying himself to the unquestioned duties of true piety and sincere religion, such as are prayer, fasting, alms-deeds, &c., after the example of devout Cornelius. Or thus: There are two sorts of acts in religion, acts of humiliation and acts of confidence and joy: the person here described to be in the dark ought to use the first and to forbear the second. Of the first sort are repentance, prayers, fasting, alms, mortifications, &c.; of the second, receiving of the Communion, praises, psalms, &c. These in divers cases ought and were of old forborne for a time.

To the Forty-ninth Consideration. (Page 126.)

In indifferent things there is room for motions, and expecting of them, but in things good, as to relieve my neighbour, God hath already revealed His will about it; therefore we ought to proceed, except there be a restraining motion, as St. Paul had, when he

would have preached in Asia. And I conceive that restraining motions are much more frequent to the godly than inviting motions, because the Scripture invites enough, for it invites us to all good. According to that singular place (Phil. iv. 8), a man is to embrace all good; but because he cannot do all, God often chooseth which he shall do, and that by restraining him from what He would not have him do.

To the same Consideration, &c. (Page 126.)

He means, a man's free will is only in outward, not in spiritual things.

To the same Consideration. (Page 127.)

This doctrine, howsoever it is true in substance, yet it requireth discreet and wary explaining.

To the Fifty-fifth Consideration. (Page 143.)

By renouncing the help of human learning in the studying to understand holy Scripture, he meaneth that we should not use it as the only or as the principal means, because the anointing which we have received and abideth in us teacheth us. (I. John ii. 27.)

To the Fifty-eighth Consideration. (Page 149.)

By "occasions," I suppose he meaneth the ordinary or necessary duties and occasions of our calling and condition of life, and not those which are in themselves occasions of sin, such as are all vain conversations; for as for these, pious persons ought always to avoid them; but in those other occasions, God's Spirit will mortify and try them as gold in the fire.

To the Fifty-ninth Consideration. (Page 152.)

To say our Saviour prayed with doubtfulness is more than I can or dare say; but with condition, or conditionally, He prayed as man, though, as God, he knew the event. Fear is given to Christ, but not doubt, and upon good ground.

To the Sixty-second Consideration. (Page 155.)

This chapter is considerable. The intent of it that the world pierceth not godly men's actions no more than God's, is in some

sort true, because they are spiritually discerned (I. Cor. ii. 14); so likewise are the godly in some sort exempt from laws, for the law is not made for a righteous man (I. Tim. i. 9). But when he enlargeth he goes too far; for, first, concerning Abraham and Sarah, I ever took that for a weakness in the great patriarch; and that the best of God's servants should have weaknesses is no way repugnant to the way of God's Spirit in them, or to the Scriptures, or to themselves, being still men, though godly men. Nay, they are purposely recorded in Holy Writ. Wherefore, as David's adultery cannot be excused, so need not Abraham's equivocation, nor Paul's neither, when he professed himself a Pharisee, which strictly he was not, though in the point of resurrection he agreed with them, and they with him. The reviling also of Ananias seems by his own recalling an oversight; yet I remember the fathers forbid us to judge of the doubtful actions of saints in Scripture, which is a modest admonition. But it is one thing not to judge, another to defend them. Secondly, when he useth the word "jurisdiction," allowing no jurisdiction over the godly, this cannot stand, and it is ill doctrine in a commonwealth. The godly are punishable as others when they do amiss, and they are to be judged according to the outward fact, unless it be evident to others as well as to themselves that God moved them; for otherwise any malefactor may pretend motions, which is insufferable in a commonwealth. Neither do I doubt but if Abraham had lived in our kingdom under government, and had killed his son Isaac, but he might justly have been put to death for it by the magistrate, unless he could have made it appear that it was done by God's immediate precept. He had done justly, and yet had been punished justly—that is, *In humano foro et secundum præsumptionem legalem*—according to the common and legal proceedings among men. So may a war be just on both sides, and was just in the Canaanites and Israelites both. How the godly are exempt from laws is a known point among divines; but when he says they are equally exempt with God, that is dangerous and too far. The best salve for the whole chapter is to distinguish judgments. There is a judgment of authority (upon a fact), and there is a judgment of the learned; for as a magistrate judgeth in his tribunal, so a scholar judgeth in his study, and censureth this or that, whence come so many books of several men's opinions: per-

haps he meant all of this latter, not of the former. Worldly learned men cannot judge spiritual men's actions; but the magistrate may —and surely this the author meant by the word "jurisdiction," for so he useth the same word in Consideration Sixty-eight *ad finem.*

To the Sixty-third Consideration. (Page 157.)

The author doth still discover too slight a regard of the Scripture, as if it were but children's meat, whereas there is not only milk there, but strong meat also (Heb. v. 14): things hard to be understood (II. Peter iii. 16); things needing great consideration (Matt. xxiv. 15). Besides, he opposeth the teaching of the Spirit to the teaching of Scripture which the Holy Spirit wrote. Although the Holy Spirit apply the Scripture, yet, what the Scripture teacheth the Spirit teacheth: the Holy Spirit, indeed, some time doubly teaching, both in penning and in applying. I wonder how this opinion could befall so good a man as it seems Valdesso was, since the saints of God in all ages have ever held in so precious esteem the Word of God as their joy and crown, and their treasure on earth. Yet his own practice seems to confute his opinion; for the most of his considerations, being grounded upon some text of Scripture, shows that he was continually conversant in it, and not used it for a time only, and then cast it away, as he says, strangely. There is no more to be said of this chapter, especially of the fifth thing in it, but that this his opinion of the Scripture is insufferable. As for the text of St. Peter (II. Peter i. 19), which he makes the ground of this Consideration, building it all upon the word "Until the day-star arise," it is nothing. How many places do the fathers bring about "until" against the heretics who disputed against the virginity of the blessed Virgin, out of the text Matt. i. 25, where it is said, "Joseph knew her not *until* she had brought forth her first-born Son"—as if afterwards he had known her; and, indeed, in common sense, if I bid a man stay in a place until I come, I do not then bid him go away, but rather stay longer, that I may speak with him, or do something else when I come. So St. Peter, bidding the dispersed Hebrews attend to the Word till the day dawn, doth not bid them then cast away the Word, or leave it off; but, however, he would have them attend to it till that time, and then afterward they will of themselves attend it without his exhortation.

Nay, it is observable that in that very place he prefers the word before the sight of the transfiguration of Christ. So that the Word hath the precedence even of revelation and visions. And so his whole discourse and sevenfold observation falls to the ground.

To the Sixty-ninth Consideration. (Page 170.)

Divines hold that justifying faith and the faith of miracles are divers gifts, and of a different nature, the one being *gratia gratis data*, the other *gratia gratum faciens*, this being given only to the godly, and the other sometimes to the wicked; yet doubtless the best faith in us is defective, and arrives not to the point it should, which, if it did, it would do more than it does. And miracle-working, as it may be severed from justifying faith, so it may be a fruit of it, and an exaltation. (I. John v. 14.)

To the Seventy-first Consideration. (Page 176.)

Though this were the author's opinion, yet the truth of it would be examined. The Ninety-eighth Consideration, about being justified by faith or by good works, or condemned for unbelief or evil works, make plain the author's meaning.

To the Seventy-sixth Consideration. (Page 192.)

By the saints of the world he everywhere understands the cunning hypocrite, who by the world is counted a very saint for his outward show of holiness, and we meet with two sorts of these saints of the world: one whose holiness consists in a few ceremonies and superstitious observations; the others in a zeal against these, and in a strict performance of a few cheap and easy duties of religion with no less superstition; both of them having forms or visors of godliness, but denying the power thereof.

To the Ninety-fourth Consideration. (Page 253.)

Though this be the author's opinion, yet the truth of it would be examined. The Ninety-eighth Consideration, about being justified by faith or by good works, or condemned for unbelief or evil works, make plain the author's meaning.

By Hebrew piety he meaneth not the very ceremonies of the Jews, which no Christian observes now, but an analogate observa-

tion of ecclesiastical and canonical laws superinduced to the Scriptures, like to that of the Jews, which they added to their divine law; this being well weighed will make the Consideration easy and very observable, for at least some of the Papists are come now to what the Pharisees were come to in our Saviour's time.

Ibid. (Page 253.)

This is true only of the Popish cases of conscience, which depend almost wholly on their canon law and decretals, knots of their own tying and untying; but there are other cases of conscience, grounded on piety and morality, and the difficulty of applying their general rules to particular actions, which are a most noble study.

A Treatise of Temperance and Sobriety.

WRITTEN BY LUD. CORNARUS,* TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY MR. GEORGE HERBERT.

HAVING observed in my time many of my friends, of excellent wit and noble disposition, overthrown and undone by intemperance, who, if they had lived, would have been an ornament to the world and a comfort to their friends, I thought fit to discover in a short treatise that intemperance was not such an evil but it might easily be remedied, which I undertake the more willingly, because divers worthy young men have obliged me unto it. For when they saw their parents and kindred snatched away in the midst of their days, and me, contrariwise, at the age of eighty and one, strong and lusty, they had a great desire to know the way of my life, and how I came to be so. Wherefore, that I may satisfy their honest desire, and withal help many others, who will take this into consideration, I will declare the causes which moved me to forsake intemperance and live a sober life, expressing also the means which I have used therein. I say, therefore, that the infirmities, which did not only begin, but had already gone far in me, first caused me to leave in-

* Ludovico Cornaro, a noble Venetian, was born 1468. He injured his health greatly by intemperance in his youth, and was induced to try if he could re-establish it by extreme temperance. He succeeded so well that, though near death when he began his experiment, he lived to the age of 98, dying in 1566. He allowed himself only twelve ounces of food daily, and persisted in this course of life till this peaceful cheerful old age ended in the calmness of death. See "Spectator," No. 195.

temperance, to which I was much addicted; for by it and my ill constitution (having a most cold and moist stomach), I fell into divers diseases, to wit, into the pain of the stomach, and often of the side, and the beginning of the gout, with almost a continual fever and thirst.

From this ill temper there remained little else to be expected of me than that after many troubles and griefs I should quickly come to an end; whereas my life seemed as far from it by nature as it was near it by intemperance. When therefore I was thus affected from the thirty-fifth year of my age to the fortieth, having tried all remedies fruitlessly, the physicians told me that yet there was one help for me, if I could constantly pursue it, to wit, a sober and orderly life; for this had every way great force for the recovering and preserving of health, as a disorderly life to the overthrowing of it, as I too well by experience found. For temperance preserves even old men and sickly men sound, but intemperance destroys most healthy and flourishing constitutions, for contrary causes have contrary effects, and the faults of nature are often amended by art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good husbandry. They added withal that unless I speedily used that remedy, within a few months I should be driven to that exigent, that there would be no help for me but death shortly to be expected.

Upon this, weighing their reasons with myself, and abhorring from so sudden an end, and finding myself continually oppressed with pain and sickness, I grew fully persuaded that all my griefs arose out of intemperance; and therefore, out of a hope of avoiding death and pain, I resolved to live a temperate life.

Whereupon, being directed by them in the way I ought to hold, I understood that the food I was to use was such as belonged to sickly constitutions, and that in a small quantity. This they had told me before; but I, then not liking that kind of diet, followed my appetite, and did eat meats pleasing to my taste; and when I felt inward heats, drank delightful wines, and that in great quantity, telling my physicians nothing thereof, as is the custom of sick people. But after I had resolved to follow temperance and reason, and saw that it was no hard thing to do so, but the proper duty of man, I so addicted myself to this course of life that I never went a foot out of the way. Upon this I found, within a few days, that

I was exceedingly helped, and by continuance thereof, within less than one year (although it may seem to some incredible), I was perfectly cured of all my infirmities.

Being now sound and well, I began to consider the force of temperance, and to think thus with myself: If temperance had so much power as to bring me health, how much more to preserve it! Wherefore I began to search out most diligently what meats were agreeable unto me, and what disagreeable; and I purposed to try whether those that pleased my taste brought me commodity or discommodity; and whether that proverb, wherewith gluttons used to defend themselves, to wit—"That which savours, is good and nourisheth"—be consonant to truth. This upon trial I found most false; for strong and very cool wines pleased my taste best, as also melons and other fruit; in like manner raw lettuce, fish, pork, sausages, pulse, and cake and piecrust, and the like; and yet all these I found hurtful.

Therefore, trusting on experience, I forsook all these kind of meats and drinks, and chose that wine that fitted my stomach, and in such measure as easily might be digested—above all, taking care never to rise with a full stomach, but so as I might well both eat and drink more. By this means, within less than a year, I was not only freed from all those evils which had so long beset me, and were almost become incurable; but also afterwards I fell not into that yearly disease, whereunto I was wont, when I pleased my sense and appetite: which benefits also still continue, because from the time that I was made whole, I never since departed from my settled course of sobriety, whose admirable power causeth that the meat and drink that is taken in fit measure gives true strength to the body, all superfluities passing away without difficulty, and no ill humours being engendered in the body.

Yet with this diet I avoided other hurtful things also, as too much heat and cold, weariness, watching, ill air, overmuch use of the benefit of marriage. For although the power of health consists most in the proportion of meat and drink, yet these forenamed things have also their force. I preserved me also, as much as I could, from hatred and melancholy, and other perturbations of the mind, which have a great power over our constitutions. Yet could I not so avoid all these, but that now and then I fell into them,

which gained me this experience, that I perceived that they had no great power to hurt those bodies which were kept in good order by a moderate diet; so that I can truly say that they who in these two things that enter in at the mouth keep a fit proportion, shall receive little hurt from other excesses.

This Galen confirms when he says that immoderate heats and colds, and winds and labours, did little hurt him, because in his meats and drinks he kept a due moderation, and therefore never was sick by any of these inconveniences, except it were for one only day. But mine own experience confirmeth this more, as all that know me can testify; for having endured many heats and colds, and other like discommodities of the body and troubles of the mind, all these did hurt me little, whereas they hurt them very much who live intemperately. For when my brother and others of my kindred saw some great powerful men pick quarrels against me, fearing lest I should be overthrown, they were possessed with a deep melancholy (a thing usual to disorderly lives), which increased so much in them, that it brought them to a sudden end; but I, whom that matter ought to have affected most, received no inconvenience thereby, because that humour abounded not in me.

Nay, I began to persuade myself that this suit and contention was raised by the divine Providence, that I might know what great power a sober and temperate life hath over our bodies and minds, and that at length I should be conqueror, as also a little after it came to pass; for in the end I got the victory, to my great honour and no less profit; whereupon also I joyed exceedingly, which excess of joy neither could do me any hurt; by which it is manifest that neither melancholy nor any other passion can hurt a temperate life.

Moreover, I say, that even bruises, and squats, and falls, which often kill others, can bring little grief or hurt to those that are temperate. This I found by experience when I was seventy years old; for, riding in a coach in great haste, it happened that the coach was overturned, and then was dragged for a good space by the fury of the horses, whereby my head and whole body were sore hurt, and also one of my arms and legs put out of joint. Being carried home, when the physicians saw in what case I was, they concluded that I would die within three days; nevertheless, at a

venture, two remedies might be used—letting of blood and purging; that the store of humours and inflammation and fever (which was certainly expected) might be hindered.

But I, considering what an orderly life I had led for many years together, which must needs so temper the humours of the body that they could not be much troubled or make a great concourse, refused both remedies, and only commanded that my arm and leg should be set, and my whole body anointed with oil; and so without other remedy or inconvenience I recovered, which seemed as a miracle to the physicians; whence I conclude that they that live a temperate life can receive little hurt from other inconveniences.

But my experience taught me another thing also, to wit, that an orderly and regular life can hardly be altered without exceeding great danger.

About four years since I was led, by the advice of physicians and the daily importunity of my friends, to add something to my usual stint and measure. Divers reasons they brought, as, that old age could not be sustained with so little meat and drink, which yet needs not only to be sustained, but also to gather strength, which could not be but by meat and drink. On the other side, I argued that nature was contented with a little, and that I had for many years continued in good health with that little measure; that custom was turned into nature, and therefore it was agreeable to reason, that my years increasing and strength decreasing, my stint of meat and drink should be diminished rather than increased, that the patient might be proportionable to the agent, and especially since the power of my stomach every day decreased. To this agreed two Italian proverbs, the one whereof was, * "He that will eat much, let him eat little; because by eating little he prolongs his life;" the other proverb was, †"The meat which remaineth profits more than that which is eaten," by which is intimated that the hurt of too much meat is greater than the commodity of meat taken in a moderate proportion.

* "Mangierà più chi manco mangia. Ed e' contrario,
Chi più mangia, manco mangia. Il senso è
Poco vive chi troppo sparechia."

† "Fa più pro quel che si lascia sul tondo, che
Quel che si mette nel ventre."

But all these things could not defend me against their importunities. Therefore, to avoid obstinacy and gratify my friends, at length I yielded, and permitted the quantity of meat to be increased, yet but two ounces only; for, whereas before, the measure of my whole day's meat, viz., of my bread, and eggs, and flesh, and broth, was twelve ounces exactly weighed, I increased it to the quantity of two ounces more; and the measure of my drink, which before was fourteen ounces, I made now sixteen.

This addition, after ten days, wrought so much upon me, that of a cheerful and merry man I became melancholy and choleric, so that all things were troublesome to me; neither did I know well what I did or said. On the twelfth day a pain of the side took me, which held me two and twenty hours. Upon the neck of it came a terrible fever, which continued thirty-five days and nights, although after the fifteenth day it grew less and less; besides all this I could not sleep—no, not a quarter of an hour—whereupon all gave me for dead.

Nevertheless I, by the grace of God, cured myself only with returning to my former course of diet, although I was now seventy-eight years old, and my body spent with extreme leanness, and the season of the year was winter and most cold air; and I am confident that, under God, nothing holp me but that exact rule which I had so long continued, in all which time I felt no grief, save now and then a little indisposition for a day or two.

For the temperance of so many years spent all ill humours, and suffered not any new of that kind to arise, neither the good humours to be corrupted or contract any ill quality, as usually happens in old men's bodies which live without rule; for there is no malignity of old age in the humours of my body which commonly kills men; and that new one which I contracted by breaking my diet, although it was a sore evil, yet had no power to kill me.

By this it may clearly be perceived how great is the power of order and disorder; whereof the one kept me well for many years, the other, though it was but a little excess, in a few days had so soon overthrown me. If the world consist of order, if our corporal life depend on the harmony of humours and elements, it is no wonder that order should preserve and disorder destroy. Order makes arts easy and armies victorious, and retains and confirms

kingdoms, cities, and families in peace. Whence I conclude that an orderly life is the most sure way and ground of health and long days, and the true and only medicine of many diseases.

Neither can any man deny this who will narrowly consider it. Hence it comes that a physician, when he cometh to visit his patient, prescribes this physic first, that he use a moderate diet; and when he hath cured him commends this also to him, if he will live in health. Neither is it to be doubted but that he shall ever after live free from diseases if he will keep such a course of life, because this will cut off all causes of diseases, so that he shall need neither physic nor physician; yea, if he will give his mind to those things which he should, he will prove himself a physician, and that a very complete one, for indeed no man can be a perfect physician to another, but to himself only. The reason whereof is this: every one by long experience may know the qualities of his own nature, and what hidden properties it hath, what meat and drink agrees best with it, which things in others cannot be known without such observation as is not easily to be made upon others, especially since there is a greater diversity of tempers than of faces. Who would believe that old wine should hurt my stomach and new should help it, or that cinnamon should heat me more than pepper? What physician could have discovered these hidden qualities to me if I had not found them out by long experience? Wherefore one to another cannot be a perfect physician. Whereupon I conclude, since none can have a better physician than himself, nor better physic than a temperate life, temperance by all means is to be embraced.

Nevertheless, I deny not but that physicians are necessary, and greatly to be esteemed for the knowing and curing of diseases into which they often fall who live disorderly; for if a friend who visits thee in thy sickness, and only comforts and condoles, doth perform an acceptable thing to thee, how much more dearly should a physician be esteemed, who not only as a friend doth visit thee but help thee!

But that a man may preserve himself in health I advise that, instead of a physician, a regular life is to be embraced, which, as is manifest by experience, is a natural physic most agreeable to us, and also doth preserve even ill tempers in good health, and procure

that they prolong their life even to a hundred years and more, and that at length they shut up their days like a lamp, only by pure consumption of the radical moisture, without grief or perturbation of humours. Many have thought that this could be done by *aurum potabile*, or the Philosopher's Stone, sought of many and found of few; but surely there is no such matter if temperance be wanting.

But sensual men (as most are), desiring to satisfy their appetite and pamper their belly, although they see themselves ill handled by their intemperance, yet shun a sober life, because they say it is better to please the appetite (though they live ten years less than otherwise they should do) than always to live under bit and bridle. But they consider not of how great moment ten years are in mature age, wherein wisdom and all kind of virtues is most vigorous; which, but in that age, can hardly be perfected. And that I may say nothing of other things, are not almost all the learned books that we have, written by their authors in that age, and those ten years which they set at nought in regard of their belly?

Besides, these belly gods say that an orderly life is so hard a thing that it cannot be kept. To this I answer that Galen kept it, and held it for the best physic; so did Plato also, and Isocrates, and Tully, and many others of the ancients, and in our age Paul III. and Cardinal Bembo, who therefore lived so long; and among our dukes, Laudus and Donatus, and many others of inferior condition, not only in the city, but also in villages and hamlets.

Wherefore, since many have observed a regular life, both of old times and later years, it is no such thing which may not be performed, especially since in observing it there needs not many and curious things, but only that a man should begin, and by little and little accustom himself unto it.

Neither doth it hinder, that Plato says, that they who are employed in the commonwealth cannot live regularly, because they must often endure heats, and colds, and winds, and showers, and divers labours which suit not with an orderly life; for I answer that those inconveniences are of no great moment (as I showed before) if a man be temperate in meat and drink, which is both easy for commonweal's men and very convenient, both that they may preserve themselves from diseases which hinder public employment, as also that their mind, in all things wherein they deal, may be more lively and vigorous.

But some may say he which lives a regular life, eating always light meats and in a little quantity, what diet shall he use in diseases, which being in health he hath anticipated? I answer, first, nature, which endeavours to preserve a man as much as she can, teacheth us how to govern ourselves in sickness; for suddenly it takes away our appetite, so that we can eat but a very little, wherewith she is very well contented, so that a sick man, whether he hath lived heretofore orderly or disorderly, when he is sick ought not to eat but such meats as are agreeable to his disease, and that in much smaller quantity than when he was well. For if he should keep his former proportion, nature, which is already burdened with a disease, would be wholly oppressed. Secondly, I answer better, that he which lives a temperate life cannot fall into diseases, and but very seldom into indispositions, because temperance takes away the causes of diseases, and the cause being taken away there is no place for the effect.

Wherefore, since an orderly life is so profitable, so virtuous, so decent, and so holy, it is worthy by all means to be embraced, especially since it is easy and most agreeable to the nature of man. No man that follows it is bound to eat and drink so little as I; no man is forbidden to eat fruit or fish, which I eat not, for I eat little because a little sufficeth my weak stomach, and I abstain from fruit, and fish, and the like, because they hurt me. But they who find benefit in these meats may, yea, ought to use them; yet all must needs take heed lest they take a greater quantity of any meat or drink (though most agreeable to them) than their stomach can easily digest, so that he which is offended with no kind of meat and drink hath the quantity and not the quality for his rule, which is very easy to be observed.

Let no man here object unto me, that there are many who, though they live disorderly, yet continue in health to their lives' end; because, since this is at the best but uncertain, dangerous, and very rare, the presuming upon it ought not to lead us to a disorderly life.

It is not the part of a wise man to expose himself to so many dangers of diseases and death, only upon a hope of a happy issue, which yet befalls very few. An old man of an ill constitution, but living orderly, is more sure of life than the most strong young man who lives disorderly.

But some, too much given to appetite, object that a long life is no such desirable thing, because that after one is once sixty-five years old, all the time we live after is rather death than life; but these err greatly, as I will show by myself, recounting the delights and pleasures in this age of eighty-three, which now I take, and which are such as that men generally account me happy.

I am continually in health, and I am so nimble that I can easily get on horseback without the advantage of the ground, and sometimes I go up high stairs and hills on foot. Then I am ever cheerful, merry, and well contented, free from all troubles and troublesome thoughts, in whose places joy and peace have taken up their standing in my heart. I am not weary of life, which I pass with great delight. I confer often with worthy men excelling in wit, learning, behaviour, and other virtues. When I cannot have their company, I give myself to the reading of some learned book, and afterwards to writing; making it my aim in all things how I may help others to the furthest of my power.

All these things I do at my ease, and at fit seasons, and in mine own houses; which, besides that they are in the fairest place of this learned city of Padua, are very beautiful and convenient above most in this age, being so built by me according to the rules of architecture, that they are cool in summer and warm in winter.

I enjoy also my gardens, and those divers parted with rills of running water, which truly is very delightful. Some times of the year I enjoy the pleasure of the Euganean Hills, where also I have fountains and gardens, and a very convenient house. At other times I repair to a village of mine, seated in a valley; which is therefore very pleasant, because many ways thither are so ordered that they all meet and end in a fair plot of ground, in the midst whereof is a church suitable to the condition of the place. This place is washed with the river of Brenta; on both sides whereof are great and fruitful fields, well manured and adorned with many habitations. In former time it was not so, because the place was moorish and unhealthy, fitter for beasts than men. But I drained the ground, and made the air good; whereupon men flocked thither, and built houses with happy success. By this means the place is come to that perfection we now see it is; so that I can

truly say that I have both given God a temple and men to worship Him in it, the memory whereof is exceeding delightful to me.

Sometimes I ride to some of the neighbour cities, that I may enjoy the sight and communication of my friends, as also of excellent artificers in architecture, painting, stone-cutting, music, and husbandry, whereof in this age there is great plenty. I view their pieces, I compare them with those of antiquity, and ever I learn somewhat which is worthy of my knowledge. I survey palaces, gardens, and antiquities, public fabrics, temples, and fortifications; neither omit I anything that may either teach or delight me. I am much pleased also in my travels with the beauty of situation. Neither is this my pleasure made less by the decaying dulness of my senses, which are all in their perfect vigour, but especially my taste; so that any simple fare is more savoury to me now than heretofore, when I was given to disorder and all the delights that could be.

To change my bed troubles me not; I sleep well and quietly anywhere, and my dreams are fair and pleasant. But this chiefly delights me, that my advice hath taken effect in the reducing of many rude and untoiled places in my country to cultivation and good husbandry. I was one of those that was deputed for the managing of that work, and abode in those fenny places two whole months in the heat of summer (which in Italy is very great), receiving not any hurt or inconvenience thereby, so great is the power and efficacy of that temperance which ever accompanied me.

These are the delights and solaces of my old age, which is altogether to be preferred before others' youth; because that by temperance and the grace of God I feel not those perturbations of body and mind wherewith infinite both young and old are afflicted.

Moreover, by this also, in what estate I am, may be discovered, because at these years (viz., eighty-three), I have made a most pleasant comedy, full of honest wit and merriment; which kind of poems useth to be the child of youth, which it most suits withal for variety and pleasantness, as a tragedy with old age, by reason of the sad events which it contains. And if a Greek poet of old was praised that at the age of seventy-three years he writ a tragedy,*

* Sophocles.

why should I be accounted less happy, or less myself, who being ten years older have made a comedy?

Now, lest there should be any delight wanting to my old age, I daily behold a kind of immortality in the succession of my posterity. For when I come home I find eleven grandchildren of mine, all the sons of one father and mother, all in perfect health; all as far as I can conjecture very apt and well given both for learning and behaviour. I am delighted with their music and fashion, and I myself also sing often, because I have now a clearer voice than ever I had in my life.

By which it is evident that the life which I live at this age is not a dead, dumpish, and sour life, but cheerful, lively, and pleasant. Neither if I had my wish would I change age and constitution with them who follow their youthful appetites, although they be of a most strong temper; because such are daily exposed to a thousand dangers and deaths, as daily experience showeth, and I also, when I was a young man, too well found. I know how inconsiderate that age is, and, though subject to death, yet continually afraid of it; for death to all young men is a terrible thing, as also to those that live in sin and follow their appetites; whereas I, by the experience of so many years, have learned to give way to reason, whence it seems to me not only a shameful thing to fear that which cannot be avoided; but also I hope, when I shall come to that point, I shall find no little comfort in the favour of Jesus Christ. Yet I am sure that my end is far from me; for I know that (setting casualties aside) I shall not die but by a pure resolution; because that by the regularity of my life I have shut out death all other ways, and that is a fair and desirable death which nature brings by way of resolution.

Since, therefore, a temperate life is so happy and pleasant a thing, what remains but that I should wish all who have the care of themselves to embrace it with open arms?

Many things more might be said in commendation hereof; but lest in anything I forsake that temperance which I have found so good, I here make an end.

Jacula Prudentum;*

OR,

Outlandish Proverbs, Sentences, etc.

SELECTED BY MR. GEORGE HERBERT, LATE ORATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

OLD men go to death; death comes to young men.

Man proposeth; God disposeth.

He begins to die that quits his desires.

A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.

He that studies his content, wants it.

Every day brings its bread with it.

Humble hearts have humble desires.

He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.

The house shows the owner.

He that gets out of debt, grows rich.

All is well with him who is beloved of his neighbours.

* The first edition of the "Jacula Prudentum" was published in 1640, with the title of "Outlandish Proverbs," &c.: it bore Herbert's initials; the second edition, 1651, entitled "Jacula Prudentum," &c., bore his name in full.

It has been objected that there is no absolute proof that the proverbs were translated by Herbert (see "Notes and Queries," second series, No. 57, p. 88), but these objections were ably set aside by Mr. Mayor in the same series, p. 130. It appears that Herbert's works were held in high esteem and kept in MS. at Little Gidding, from whence Dr. John Mapletoft derived his two MS. collections of proverbs, one of which professed to be a work of Herbert's. There is, therefore, little reason to doubt that he was the translator and editor of them.

Building and marrying of children are great wasters.
A good bargain is a pick-purse.
The scalded dog fears cold water.
Pleasing ware is half sold.
Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy.
The wolf knows what the ill beast thinks.
Who hath none to still him, may weep out his eyes.
When all sins grow old, covetousness is young.
If ye would know a knave, give him a staff.
You cannot know wine by the barrel.
A cool mouth and warm feet live long.
A horse made, and a man to make.
Look not for musk in a dog's kennel.
Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.
He pulls with a long rope that waits for another's death.
Great strokes make not sweet music.
A cask and an ill custom must be broken.
A fat housekeeper makes lean executors.
Empty chambers make foolish maids.
The gentle hawk half mans herself.
The devil is not always at one door.
When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow.
God sends cold according to clothes.
One sound blow will serve to undo us all.
He loseth nothing that loseth not God.
The German's wit is in his fingers.
At dinner my man appears.
Who gives to all, denies all.
Quick believers need broad shoulders.
Who remove stones, bruise their fingers.
Benefits please like flowers while they are fresh.
Between the business of life and the day of death a space ought to be interposed.
All came from and will go to others.
He that will take the bird must not scare it.
He lives unsafely that looks too near on things.
A gentle housewife mars the household.
A crooked log makes a straight fire.

He hath great need of a fool that plays the fool himself.
A merchant that gains not, loseth.
Let not him that fears feathers come among wild-fowl.
Love and a cough cannot be hid.
A dwarf on a giant's shoulder sees farther of the two.
He that sends a fool, means to follow him.
Babbling curs never want sore ears.
Better the feet slip than the tongue.
For washing his hands, none sells his lands.
A lion's skin is never cheap.
The goat must browse where she is tied.
Nothing is to be presumed on or despaired of.
Who hath a wolf for his mate, needs a dog for his man.
In a good house all is quickly ready.
A bad dog never sees the wolf.
God oft hath a great share in a little house.
Ill ware is never cheap.
A cheerful look makes a dish a feast.
If all fools had baubles,* we should want fuel.
Virtue never grows old.
Evening words are not like to morning.
Were there no fools bad ware would not pass.
Never had ill workman good tools.
He stands not surely that never slips.
Were there no hearers there would be no backbiters.
Everything is of use to a housekeeper.
When prayers are done my lady is ready.
Cities seldom change religion only.
At length the fox turns monk.
Flies are busiest about lean horses.
Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.

* The fool or jester carried in his hand a wooden sceptre called a bauble. It was a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or with that of a puppet or doll. Jesters were still retained in Herbert's day. He probably knew Archie Armstrong, Charles the First's fool, who so bitterly offended Laud. Archie was succeeded by Muckle John, who appears to have been the last of the court jesters. But the office survived in some noble families till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Dean Swift wrote an epitaph on Dicky Pearce, the Earl of Suffolk's fool, who was buried in Berkley churchyard, 1728. But this person was an idiot.

The bird loves her nest.
Everything new is fine.
When a dog is drowning every one offers him drink.
Better a bare foot than none.
Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
He that is warm thinks all so.
At length the fox is brought to the furrier.
He that goes barefoot must not plant thorns.
They that are booted are not always ready.
He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.
In spending lies the advantage.
He that lives well is learned enough.
Ill vessels seldom miscarry.
A full belly neither fights nor flies well.
All truths are not to be told.
An old wise man's shadow is better than a young buzzard's sword.
Noble housekeepers need no doors.
Every ill man hath his ill day.
Sleep without supping, and wake without owing.
I gave the mouse a hole, and she is become my heir.
Assail who will, the valiant attends.
Whither goest, grief? Where I am wont.
Praise day at night, and life at the end.
Whither shall the ox go where he shall not labour?
Where you think there is bacon there is no chimney.
Mend your clothes and you may hold out this year.
Press a stick and it seems a youth.
The tongue walks where the teeth speed not.
A fair wife and a frontier castle breed quarrels.
Leave jesting while it pleaseth, lest it turn to earnest.
Deceive not thy physician, confessor, nor lawyer.
Ill natures, the more you ask them, the more they stick.
Virtue and a trade are the best portion for children.
The chicken is the country's, but the city eats it.
He that gives thee a capon, give him the leg and the wing.
He that lives ill, fear follows him.
Give a clown your finger, and he will take your hand.

Good is to be sought out, and evil attended.
A good paymaster starts not at assurances.
No alchymy to saving.
To a grateful man give money when he asks.
Who would do ill ne'er wants occasion.
To fine folks a little ill finely wrapt.
A child correct behind, and not before.
To a fair day open the window, but make you ready as to a foul.
Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number.
No love to a father's.
The mill gets by going.
To a boiling pot flies come not.
Make haste to an ill way, that you may get out of it.
A snow year, a rich year.
Better to be blind than to see ill.
Learn weeping, and thou shalt laugh gaining.
Who hath no more bread than need must not keep a dog.
A garden must be looked unto and dressed, as the body.
The fox, when he cannot reach the grapes, says they are not ripe.
Water trotted is as good as oats.
Though the mastiff be gentle, yet bite him not by the lip.
Though a lie be well drest, it is ever overcome.
Though old and wise, yet still advise.
Three helping one another bear the burden of six.
Slander is a shipwreck by a dry tempest.
Old wine and an old friend are good provisions.
Happy is he that chastens himself.
Well may he smell fire whose gown burns.
The wrongs of a husband or master are not reproached.
Welcome evil, if thou comest alone.
Love your neighbour, yet pull not down your hedge.
The bit that one eats, no friend makes.
A drunkard's purse is a bottle.
She spins well that breeds her children.
Good is the *mora* that makes all sure.
Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the market.

Every one stretcheth his legs according to his coverlet.

Autumnal agues are long or mortal.

Marry your son when you will; your daughter when you can.

Dally not with money or women.

Men speak of the fair as things went with them there.

The best remedy against an ill man is much ground between both.

The mill cannot grind with water that 's past.

Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastenings.

Good words are worth much and cost little.

To buy dear is not bounty.

Jest not with the eye or with religion.

The eye and religion can bear no jesting.

Without favour none will know you, and with it you will not know yourself.

Buy at a fair, but sell at home.

Cover yourself with your shield, and care not for cries.

A wicked man's gift hath a touch of his master.

None is a fool always; every one sometimes.

From a choleric man withdraw a little; from him that says nothing for ever.

Debtors are liars.

Of all smells, bread; of all tastes, salt.

In a great river great fish are found; but take heed lest you be drowned.

Ever since we wear clothes we know not one another.

God heals, and the physician hath the thanks.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

Take heed of still waters; the quick pass away.

After the house is finished, leave it.

Our own actions are our security, not others' judgments

Think of ease, but work on.

He that lies long abed, his estate feels it.

Whether you boil snow or pound it, you can have but water of it.

One stroke fells not an oak.

God complains not, but doth what is fitting.

A diligent scholar, and the master 's paid.

Milk says to wine, "Welcome, friend."

They that know one another salute afar off.

Where there is no honour there is no grief.

Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.

He that stays does the business.

Alms never make poor. Or thus—Great alms-giving lessens no man's living.

Giving much to the poor doth enrich a man's store.

It takes much from the account to which his sin doth amount.

It adds to the glory both of soul and body.

Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by inches.

The smith and his penny both are black.

Whose house is of glass must not throw stones at another.

If the old dog bark, he gives counsel.

The tree that grows slowly keeps itself for another.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

He that looks not before finds himself behind.

He that plays his money ought not to value it.

He that riseth first is first drest.

Diseases of the eye are to be cured with the elbow.

The hole calls the thief.

A gentleman's greyhound and a salt box, seek them at the fire.

A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despiseth it.

The river past, and God forgotten.

Evils have their comfort; good none can support (to wit) with a moderate and contented heart.

Who must account for himself and others must know both.

He that eats the hard shall eat the ripe.

The miserable man maketh a penny of a farthing, and the liberal of a farthing sixpence.

The honey is sweet, but the bee stings.

Weight and measure take away strife.

The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.

Every path hath a puddle.

In good years corn is hay, in ill years straw is corn.

Send a wise man on an errand and say nothing unto him.

In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.

Into a mouth shut flies fly not.

The heart's letter is read in the eyes.

The ill that comes out of our mouth falls into our bosom.

In great pedigrees there are governors and chandlers.

In the house of a fiddler all fiddle.

Sometimes the best gain is to lose.

Working and making a fire doth discretion require.

One grain fills not a sack, but helps his fellows.

It is a great victory that comes without blood.

In war, hunting, and love, men for one pleasure a thousand griefs prove.

Reckon right, and February hath one and thirty days.

Honour without profit is a ring on the finger.

Estate in two parishes is bread in two wallets.

Honour and profit lie not in one sack.

A naughty child is better sick than whole.

Truth and oil are ever above.

He that riseth betimes hath something in his head.

Advise none to marry or go to war.

To steal the hog and give the feet for alms.

The thorn comes forth with the point forwards.

One hand washeth another, and both the face.

The fault of the horse is put on the saddle.

The corn hides itself in the snow as an old man in furs.

The Jews spend at Easter, the Moors at marriages, the Christians in suits.

Fine dressing is a foul house swept before the doors.

A woman and a glass are ever in danger.

An ill wound is cured, not an ill name.

The wise hand doth not all that the foolish mouth speaks.

On painting and fighting look aloof.

Knowledge is folly except grace guide it.

Punishment is lame, but it comes.

The more women look in their glass the less they look to their house.

A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.

Marry a widow before she leave mourning.

The worst of law is that one suit breeds twenty.

Providence is better than a rent.

What your glass tells you will not be told by counsel.

There are more men threatened than stricken.

A fool knows more in his house than a wise man in another's.

I had rather ride on an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.

The hard gives more than he that hath nothing.

The beast that goes always never wants blows.

Good cheap is dear.

It costs more to do ill than to do well.

Good words quench more than a bucket of water.

An ill agreement is better than a good judgment.

There is more talk than trouble.

Better spare to have of thine own than ask of other men.

Better good afar off than evil at hand.

Fear keeps the garden better than the gardener.

I had rather ask of my fire brown bread than borrow of my neighbour white.

Your pot broken seems better than my whole one.

Let an ill man lie in thy straw and he looks to be thy heir.

By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured.

While the discreet advise the fool doth his business.

A mountain and a river are good neighbours.

Gossips are frogs,—they drink and talk.

Much spends the traveller more than the abider.

Prayers and provender hinder no journey.

A well-bred youth neither speaks of himself, nor, being spoken to, is silent.

A journeying woman speaks much of all and all of her.

The fox knows much, but more he that catcheth him.

Many friends in general, one in special.

The fool asks much, but he is more fool that grants it.

Many kiss the hand they wish cut off.

Neither bribe nor lose thy right.

In the world who knows not to swim goes to the bottom.

Choose not a house near an inn (viz., for noise) or in a corner (for filth).

He is a fool that thinks not that another thinks.

Neither eyes on letters nor hands in coffers.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.

Go not for every grief to the physician, nor for every quarrel to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot.

Good service is a great enchantment.

There would be no great ones if there were no little ones.

It is no sure rule to fish with a cross-bow.

There were no ill language if it were not ill taken.

The groundsel speaks not, save what it heard at the hinges.

The virtue of a coward is suspicion.

Say no ill of the year till it be past.

A man's discontent is his worst evil.

Fear nothing but sin.

The child says nothing but what it heard by the sire.

Call me not an olive till thou see me gathered.

That is not good language which all understand not.

He that burns his house warms himself for once.

He will burn his house to warm his hands.

He will spend a whole year's rent at one meal's meat.

All is not gold that glitters.

A blustering night, a fair day.

Be not idle, and you shall not be longing.

He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.

Let none say, I will not drink water.

He wrongs not an old man that steals his supper from him.

The tongue talks at the head's cost.

He that strikes with his tongue must ward with his head.

Keep not ill men company, lest you increase the number.

God strikes not with both hands, for to the sea He made heavens, and to rivers fords.

A rugged stone grows smooth from hand to hand.

No lock will hold against the power of gold.

The absent party is still faulty.

Peace and patience, and death with repentance.

If you lose your time you cannot get money nor gain.

Be not a baker if your head be of butter.

Ask much to have a little.

Little sticks kindle the fire, great ones put it out.

Another's bread costs dear.

Although it rain, throw not away thy watering-pot.

Although the sun shine, leave not thy cloak at home.

A little with quiet is the only diet.

In vain is the mill-clack if the miller his hearing lack.

By the needle you shall draw the thread, and by that which is past see how that which is to come will be drawn on.

Stay a little, and news will find you.

Stay till the lame messenger come, if you will know the truth of the thing.

When God will, no wind but brings rain.

Though you rise early, yet the day comes at his time, and not till then.

Pull down your hat on the wind's side.

As the year is, your pot must seethe.

Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

When the fox preacheth, beware geese.

When you are an anvil, hold you still; when you are a hammer, strike your fill.

Poor and liberal, rich and covetous.

He that makes his bed ill lies there.

He that labours and thrives spins gold.

He that sows trusts in God.

He that lies with the dogs riseth with fleas.

He that repairs not a part builds all.

A discontented man knows not where to sit easy.

Who spits against heaven, it falls in his face.

He that dines and leaves lays the cloth twice.

Who eats his cock alone must saddle his horse alone.

He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.

He that doth what he will, doth not what he ought.

He that will deceive the fox must rise betimes.

He that lives well sees afar off.

He that hath a mouth of his own must not say to another, Blow.

He that will be served must be patient.

He that gives thee a bone would not have thee die.

He that chastens one chastens twenty.
He that hath lost his credit is dead to the world.
He that hath no ill fortune is troubled with good.
He that demands, misseth not, unless his demands be foolish.
He that hath no honey in his pot, let him have it in his mouth.
He that takes not up a pin, slights his wife.
He that owes nothing, if he makes not mouths at us, is courteous.
He that loseth his due gets not thanks.
He that believes all, misseth; he that believeth nothing, hits not.
Pardons and pleasantness are great revenges of slanders.
A married man turns his staff into a stake.
If you would know secrets, look for them in grief or pleasure.
Serve a noble disposition, though poor, the time comes that he will repay thee.
The fault is as great as he that is faulty.
If folly were grief, every house would weep.
He that would be well old must be old betimes.
Sit in your place, and none can make you rise.
If you could run as you drink you might catch a hare.
Would you know what money is, go borrow some.
The morning sun never lasts a day.
Thou hast death in thy house, and dost bewail another's.
All griefs with bread are less.
All things require skill but an appetite.
All things have their place, knew we how to place them.
Little pitchers have wide ears.
We are fools one to another.
This world is nothing except it tend to another.
There are three ways,—the universities, the sea, the court.
God comes to see without a bell.
Life without a friend is death without a witness.
Clothe thee in war, arm thee in peace.
The horse thinks one thing and he that saddles him another.
Mills and wives ever want.
The dog that licks ashes trust not with meal.
The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller not one.
He carries well to whom it weighs not.
The comforter's head never aches.

Step after step the ladder is ascended.

Who likes not the drink, God deprives him of bread.

To a crazy ship all winds are contrary.

Justice pleaseth few in their own house.

In time comes he whom God sends.

Water afar off quencheth not fire.

In sports and journeys men are known.

An old friend is a new house.

Love is not found in the market.

Dry feet, warm head, bring safe to bed.

He is rich enough that wants nothing.

One father is enough to govern one hundred sons, but not a hundred sons one father.

Far shooting never killed bird.

An upbraided morsel never choked any.

Deaths foreseen come not.

An ill labourer quarrels with his tools.

He that falls into the dirt, the longer he stays there the fouler he is.

He that blames would buy.

He that sings on Friday will weep on Sunday.

The charges of building and making of gardens are unknown.

My house, my house, though thou art small, thou art to me the Escurial.

A hundred load of thought will not pay one of debts.

He that comes of a hen must scrape.

He that seeks trouble never misses.

He that once deceives is ever suspected.

Being on sea, sail; being on land, settle.

Who doth his own business fouls not his hands.

He that makes a good war makes a good peace.

He that works after his own manner, his head aches not at the matter.

Who hath bitter in his mouth spits not all sweet.

He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own.

He that hath the spice may season as he list.

He that hath a head of wax must not walk in the sun.

He that hath love in his breast hath spurs in his sides.

He that respects not is not respected.

He that hath a fox for his mate hath need of a net at his girdle.

He that hath right, fears; he that hath wrong, hopes.

He that hath patience hath fat thrushes for a farthing.

Never was bad woman fair.

He that measures not himself is measured.

He that hath one hog makes him fat, and he that hath one son makes him a fool.

Who lets his wife go to every feast, and his horse drink at every water, shall neither have good wife nor good horse.

He that speaks sows, and he that holds his peace gathers.

He that hath little is the less dirty.

He that lives most dies most.

He that hath one foot in the straw hath another in the spittle.

He that is fed at another's hand may stay long ere he be full.

He that makes a thing too fine breaks it.

He that bewails himself hath the cure in his hands.

He that would be well needs not go from his own house.

Counsel breaks not the head.

Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow.

He that knows what may be gained in a day never steals.

Money refused loseth its brightness.

Health and money go far.

Where your will is ready your feet are light.

A great ship asks deep waters.

Woe to the house where there is no chiding.

Take heed of the vinegar of sweet wine.

Fools bite one another, but wise men agree together.

Trust not one night's ice.

Good is good, but better carries it.

To gain teacheth how to spend.

Good finds good.

The dog gnaws the bone because he cannot swallow it.

The crow bewails the sheep and then eats it.

Building is a sweet impoverishing.

The first degree of folly is to hold one's self wise, the second to profess it, the third to despise counsel.

The greatest step is that out of doors.

To weep for joy is a kind of manna.
The first service a child doth his father is to make him foolish.
The resolved mind hath no cares.
In the kingdom of a cheater the wallet is carried before.
The eye will have his part.
The good mother says not "will you?" but gives.
A house and a woman suit excellently.
In the kingdom of blind men the one-eyed is king.
A little kitchen makes a large house.
War makes thieves, and peace hangs them.
Poverty is the mother of health.
In the morning mountains, in the evening fountains.
The back door robs the house.
Wealth is like rheum, it falls on the weakest parts.
The gown is his that wears it, and the world his that enjoys it.
Hope is the poor man's bread.
Virtue now is in herbs, and stones, and words only.
Fine words dress ill deeds.
Labour as long lived, pray as even dying.
A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands.
Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.
Things well fitted abide.
Prettiness dies first.
Talking pays no toll.
The master's eye fattens the horse and his foot the ground.
Disgraces are like cherries, one draws another.
Praise a hill, but keep below.
Praise the sea, but keep on land.
In choosing a wife and buying a sword we ought not to trust another.
The wearer knows where the shoe wrings.
Fair is not fair, but that which pleaseth.
There is no jollity but hath a smack of folly.
He that's long a-giving knows not how to give.
The filth under the white snow the sun discovers.
Every one fastens where there is gain.
All feet tread not in one shoe.
Patience, time, and money accommodate all things.

For want of a nail the shoe is lost, for want of a shoe the horse is lost, for want of a horse the rider is lost.

Weigh justly and sell dearly.

Little wealth, little care.

Little journeys and good cost bring safe home.

Gluttony kills more than the sword.

When children stand quiet they have done some ill.

A little and good fills the trencher.

A penny spared is twice got.

When a knave is in a plum-tree he hath neither friend nor kin.

Short boughs, long vintage.

Health without money is half an ague.

If the wise erred not it would go hard with fools.

Bear with evil and expect good.

He that tells a secret is another's servant.

If all fools wore white caps we should seem a flock of geese.

Water, fire, and soldiers quickly make room.

Pension never enriched a young man.

Under water, famine; under snow, bread.

The lame goes as far as your staggerer.

He that loseth is merchant as well as he that gains.

A jade eats as much as a good horse.

All things in their being are good for something.

One flower makes no garland.

A fair death honours the whole life.

One enemy is too much.

Living well is the best revenge.

One fool makes a hundred.

One pair of ears draws dry a hundred tongues.

A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise men cannot pull out.

One slumber finds another.

On a good bargain think twice.

To a good spender God is the treasurer.

A curst cow hath short horns.

Music helps not the toothache.

We cannot come to honour under coverlet.

Great pains quickly find ease.

To the counsel of fools a wooden bell.
The choleric man never wants woe.
Help thyself and God will help thee.
At the game's end we shall see who gains.
There are many ways to fame.
Love is the true price of love.
Love rules his kingdom without a sword.
Love makes all hard hearts gentle.
Love makes a good eye squint.
Love asks faith, and faith firmness.
A sceptre is one thing and a ladle another.
Great trees are good for nothing but shade.
He commands enough that obeys a wise man.
Fair words make me look to my purse.
Though the fox run, the chicken hath wings.
He plays well that wins.
You must strike in measure when there are many to strike on one anvil.
The shortest answer is doing.
It is a poor stake that cannot stand one year in the ground.
He that commits a fault thinks every one speaks of it.
He that is foolish in the fault, let him be wise in the punishment.
The blind eats many a fly.
He that can make a fire well can end a quarrel.
The toothache is more ease than to deal with ill people.
He that would have what he hath not should do what he doth not.
He that hath no good trade, it is to his loss.
The offender never pardons.
He that lives not well one year sorrows seven after.
He that hopes not for good fears not evil.
He that is angry at a feast is rude.
He that mocks a cripple ought to be whole.
When the tree is fallen all go with their hatchet.
He that hath horns in his bosom, let him not put them on his head.
He that burns most shines most.
He that trusts in a lie shall perish in truth.

He that blows in the dust fills his eyes with it.
Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the church.
Of fair things the autumn is fair.
Giving is dead, restoring very sick.
A gift much expected is paid, not given.
Two ill meals make the third a glutton.
The royal crown cures not the headache.
'T is hard to be wretched, but worse to be known so.
A feather in hand is better than a bird in the air.
It is better to be the head of a lizard than the tail of a lion.
Good and quickly seldom meet.
Folly grows without watering.
Happier are the hands compassed with iron than a heart with thoughts.
If the staff be crooked the shadow cannot be straight.
To take the nuts from the fire with the dog's foot.
He is a fool that makes a wedge of his fist.
Valour that parleys is near yielding.
Thursday come and the week is gone.
A flatterer's throat is an open sepulchre.
There is great force hidden in a sweet command.
The command of custom is great.
To have money is a fear, not to have it a grief.
The cat sees not the mouse ever.
Little dogs start the hare, the great get her.
Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.
A good payer is master of another's purse.
The thread breaks where it is weakest.
Old men, when they scorn young, make much of death.
God is at the end when we think He is farthest off it.
A good judge conceives quickly, judges slowly.
Rivers need a spring.
He that contemplates hath a day without night.
Give losers leave to talk.
Loss embraceth shame.
Gaming, women, and wine, while they laugh, they make men pine.
The fat man knoweth not what the lean thinketh.

Wood half burnt is easily kindled.
The fish adores the bait.
He that goeth far hath many encounters.
Every bee's honey is sweet.
The slothful is the servant of the counters.
Wisdom hath one foot on land and another on sea.
The thought hath good legs and the quill a good tongue.
A wise man needs not blush for changing his purpose.
The March sun raises, but dissolves not.
Time is the rider that breaks youth.
The wine in the bottle doth not quench thirst.
The sight of a man hath the force of a lion.
An examined enterprise goes on boldly.
In every art it is good to have a master.
In every country dogs bite.
In every country the sun rises in the morning.
A noble plant suits not with a stubborn ground.
You may bring a horse to the river, but he will drink when and what he pleaseth.
Before you make a friend eat a bushel of salt with him.
Speak fitly or be silent wisely.
Skill and confidence are an unconquered army.
I was taken by a morsel, says the fish.
A disarmed peace is weak.
The balance distinguisheth not between gold and lead.
The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.
To be beloved is above all bargains.
To deceive oneself is very easy.
The reasons of the poor weigh not.
Perverseness makes one squint-eyed.
The evening praises the day, and the morning a frost.
The table robs more than a thief.
When age is jocund it makes sport for death.
True praise roots and spreads.
Fears are divided in the midst.
The soul needs few things, the body many.
Astrology is true, but the astrologers cannot find it.
Tie it well and let it go.

Empty vessels sound most.

Send not a cat for lard.

Foolish tongues talk by the dozen.

Love makes one fit for any work.

A pitiful mother makes a scald head.

An old physician and a young lawyer.

Talk much and err much, says the Spaniard.

Some make a conscience of spitting in the church, yet rob the altar.

An idle head is a box for the wind.

Show me a liar and I will show thee a thief.

A bean in liberty is better than a comfit in prison.

None is born master.

Show a good man his error, and he turns it to a virtue; but an ill, it doubles his fault.

None is offended but by himself.

None says his garner is full.

In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

In a leopard the spots are not observed.

Nothing lasts but the Church.

A wise man cares not for what he cannot have.

It is not good fishing before the net.

He cannot be virtuous that is not rigorous.

That which will not be spun, let it not come between the spindle and the distaff.

When my house burns it is not good playing at chess.

No barber shaves so close but another finds work.

There is no great banquet but some fares ill.

A holy habit cleanseth not a foul soul.

Forbear not sowing because of birds.

Mention not a halter in the house of him that was hanged.

Speak not of a dead man at the table.

A hat is not made for one shower.

No sooner is a temple built to God but the devil builds a chapel hard by.

Every one puts his fault on the times.

You cannot make a windmill go with a pair of bellows.

Pardon all but thyself.

Every one is weary: the poor in seeking, the rich in keeping, the good in learning.

The escaped mouse ever feels the taste of the bait.

A little wind kindles, much puts out the fire.

Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.

More have repented speech than silence.

The covetous spends more than the liberal.

Divine ashes are better than earthly meal.

Beauty draws more than oxen.

One father is more than a hundred schoolmasters.

One eye of the master's sees more than ten of the servant's.

When God will punish, he will first take away the understanding.

A little labour, much health.

When it thunders the thief becomes honest.

The tree that God plants no wind hurts it.

Knowledge is no burthen.

It is a bold mouse that nestles in the cat's ear.

Long jesting was never good.

If a good man thrive, all thrive with him.

If the mother had not been in the oven, she had never sought her daughter there.

If great men would have care of little ones, both would last long.

Though you see a churchman ill, yet continue in the church still.

Old praise dies unless you feed it.

If things were to be done twice all would be wise.

Had you the world on your chess-board you could not fill all to your mind.

Suffer and expect.

If fools should not fool it they shall lose their season.

Love and business teach eloquence.

That which two will takes effect.

He complains wrongfully on the sea that twice suffers shipwreck.

He is only bright that shines by himself.

A valiant man's look is more than a coward's sword.

The effect speaks, the tongue needs not.

Divine grace was never slow.

Reason lies between the spur and the bridle.

It is a proud horse that will not carry his own provender.
Three women make a market.
Three can hold their peace if two be away.
It is an ill counsel that hath no escape.
All our pomp the earth covers.
To whirl the eyes too much shows a kite's brain.
Comparisons are odious.
All keys hang not on one girdle.
Great businesses turn on a little pin.
The wind in one's face makes one wise.
All the arms of England will not arm fear.
One sword keeps another in the sheath.
Be what thou wouldst seem to be.
Let all live as they would die.
A gentle heart is tied with an easy thread.
Sweet discourse makes short days and nights.
God provides for him that trusteth.
He that will not have peace, God gives him war.
To him that will ways are not wanting.
To a great light a great lanthorn.
To a child all weather is cold.
Where there is peace God is.
None is so wise but the fool overtakes him.
Fools give to please all but their own.
Prosperity lets go the bridle.
The friar preached against stealing, and had a goose in his sleeve.
To be too busy gets contempt.
February makes a bridge, and March breaks it.
A horse stumbles that hath four legs.*
The best smell is bread, the best savour salt, the best love that of children.
That is the best gown that goes up and down the house.
The market is the best garden.
The first dish pleaseth all.
The higher the ape goes the more he shows his tail.
Night is the mother of counsel.

* What wonder, then, if *two* stumble!

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.
Every one thinks his sack heaviest.
Drought never brought dearth.
All complain.
Gamesters and race-horses never last long.
It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.
He that is fallen cannot help him that is down.
Every one is witty for his own purpose.
A little let* lets an ill workman.
Good workmen are seldom rich.†
By doing nothing we learn to do ill.
A great dowry is a bed full of brambles.
No profit to honour, no honour to religion.
Every sin brings its punishment with it.
Of him that speaks ill, consider the life more than the word.
You cannot hide an eel in a sack.
Give not St. Peter so much, to leave St. Paul nothing.
You cannot slay a stone.
The chief disease that reigns this year is folly.
A sleepy master makes his servant a lout.
Better speak truth rudely than lie covertly.
He that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood.
One foot is better than two crutches.
Better suffer ill than do ill.
Neither praise nor dispraise thyself: thy actions serve the turn.
Soft and fair goes far.
The constancy of the benefit of the year in their seasons argues a Deity.
Praise none too much, for all are fickle.
It is absurd to warm one in his armour.
Lawsuits consume time, and money, and rest, and friends.
Nature draws more than ten teams.
He that hath a wife and children wants not business.
A ship and a woman are ever repairing.
He that fears death lives not.
He that pities another remembers himself.

* Hindrance; hinders. † *i.e.*, rich people seldom take pains to work well.

He that doth what he should not shall feel what he would not.
He that marries for wealth sells his liberty.
He that once hits is ever bending.
He that serves must serve.
He that lends gives.
He that preacheth giveth alms.
He that cockers his child provides for his enemy.
A pitiful look asks enough.
Who will sell the cow must say the word.
Service is no inheritance.
The faulty stands on his guard.
A kinsman, a friend, or whom you entreat, take not to serve you, if you will be served neatly.
At court every one for himself.
To a crafty man a crafty and a half.
He that is thrown would ever wrestle.
He that serves well needs not ask his wages.
Fair language grates not the tongue.
A good heart cannot lie.
Good swimmers at length are drowned.
Good land, evil way.
In doing we learn.
It is good walking with a horse in one's hand.
God, and parents, and our master, can never be requited.
An ill deed cannot bring honour.
A small heart hath small desires.
All are not merry that dance lightly.
Courtesy on one side only lasts not long.
Wine counsels seldom prosper.
Weening* is not measure.
The best of the sport is to do the deed and say nothing.
If thou thyself canst do it, attend no other's help or hand.
Of a little thing a little displeaseth.
He warms too near that burns.
In an hundred ells of contention there is not an inch of love.
Do what thou oughtest, and come what can.

* Thinking; imagining.

God keep me from four houses: a usurer's, a tavern, a spital, and a prison.

Hunger makes dinners, pastime suppers.

In a long journey straw weighs.

Women laugh when they can and weep when they will.

War is death's feast.

Set good against evil.

He that brings good news knocks hard.

Beat the dog before the lion.

Haste comes not alone.

You must lose a fly to catch a trout.

Better a snotty child than his nose wiped off.

He is not free that draws his chain.

He goes not out of his way that goes to a good inn.

There comes nought out of the sack but what was there.

A little given seasonably excuses a great gift.

He looks not well to himself that looks not ever.

He thinks not well that thinks not again.

Religion, credit, and the eye are not to be touched.

The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.

A white wall is the paper of a fool.

They talk of Christmas so long that it comes.

That is gold which is worth gold.

It is good tying the sack before it be full.

Words are women, deeds are men.

Poverty is no sin.

A stone in a well is not lost.

He can give little to his servant that licks his knife.

Promising is the eve of giving.

He that keeps his own makes war.

The wolf must die in his own skin.

Goods are theirs that enjoy them.

He that sends a fool expects one.

He that can stay obtains.

He that gains well and spends well needs no account-book.

He that endures is not overcome.

He that gives all before he dies provides to suffer.

He that talks much of his happiness summons grief.

He that loves the tree loves the branch.
Who hastens a glutton chokes him.
Who praiseth St. Peter doth not blame St. Paul.
He that hath not craft, let him shut up shop.
He that knows nothing doubts nothing.
Green wood makes a hot fire.
He that marries late marries ill.
He that passeth a winter's day escapes an enemy.
The rich knows not who is his friend.
A morning sun and a wine-bred child and a Latin-bred woman seldom end well.
To a close shorn sheep God gives wind by measure.*
A pleasure long expected is dear enough sold.
A poor man's cow dies a rich man's child.
The cow knows not what her tail is worth till she has lost it.
Choose a horse made and a wife to make.
It is an ill air where we gain nothing.
He hath not lived that lives not after death.
So many men in court and so many strangers.
He quits his place well that leaves his friend there.
That which sufficeth is not little.
Good news may be told at any time, but ill in the morning.
He that would be a gentleman, let him go to an assault.
Who pays the physician does the cure.
None knows the weight of another's burthen.
Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.
One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after.
In a retreat the lame are foremost.
It is more pain to do nothing than something.
Amongst good men two men suffice.
There needs a long time to know the world's pulse.
The offspring of those that are very young or very old lasts not.
A tyrant is most tyrant to himself.
Too much taking heed is loss.
Craft against craft makes no living.
The reverend are ever before.

* This is probably the origin of "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

France is a meadow that cuts thrice a year.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.

The court hath no almanack.

He that will enter into Paradise must have a good key.

When you enter into a house leave the anger ever at the door.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

It is a wicked thing to make a dearth one's garner.

He that deals in the world needs four sieves.

Take heed of an ox before, of a horse behind, of a monk on all sides.

The year doth nothing else but open and shut.

The ignorant hath an eagle's wings and an owl's eyes.

There are more physicians in health than drunkards.

The wife is the key of the house.

The law is not the same at morning and at night.

War and physic are governed by the eye.

Half the world knows not how the other half lives.

Death keeps no calendar.

Ships fear fire more than water.

The least foolish is wise.

The chief box of health is time.

Silks and satins put out the fire in the chimney.

The first blow is as much as two.

The life of a man is a winter way.

The way is an ill neighbour.

An old man's staff is the rapper of death's door

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

The singing man keeps his shop in his throat.

The body is more dressed than the soul.

The body is sooner dressed than the soul.

The physician owes all to the patient, but the patient owes nothing to him but a little money.

The little cannot be great, unless he devour many.

Time undermines us.

The choleric drinks, the melancholic eats, the phlegmatic sleeps.

The apothecary's mortar spoils the luter's music.

Conversation makes one what he is.

The deaf gains the injury.

Years know more than books.
Wine is a turn-coat (first a friend, then an enemy).
Wine ever pays for his lodging.
Wine makes all sorts of creatures at table.
Wine that costs nothing is digested before it be drunk.
Trees eat but once.
Armour is light at table.
Good horses make short miles.
Castles are forests of stones.
The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.
Parsons are souls' waggoners.
Children when they are little make parents fools, when they are great they make them mad.
The master absent, and the house dead.
Dogs are fine in the field.
Sins are not known till they be acted.
Thorns whiten, yet do nothing.
All are presumed good till they are found in a fault.
The great put the little on the hook.
The great would have none great, and the little all little.
The Italians are wise before the deed, the Germans in the deed, the French after the deed.
Every mile is two in winter.
Spectacles are death's arquebuse.
Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.
The house is a fine house when good folks are within.
The best bred have the best portion.
The first and last frosts are the worst.
Gifts enter everywhere without a wimble.
Princes have no way.
Knowledge makes one laugh, but wealth makes one dance.
The citizen is at his business before he rise.
The eyes have one language everywhere.
It is better to have wings than horns.
Better be a fool than a knave.
Count not four, except you have them in a wallet.
To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.
You may be on land, yet not in a garden.

You cannot make the fire so low but it will get out.

We know not who lives or dies.

An ox is taken by the horns, and a man by the tongue.

Many things are lost for want of asking.

No churchyard is so handsome that a man would desire straight to be buried there.

Cities are taken by the ears.

Once a year a man may say, On his conscience.

We leave more to do when we die than we have done.

With customs we live well, but laws undo us.

To speak of a usurer at the table mars the wine.

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.

For a morning rain leave not your journey.

One fair day in winter makes not birds merry.

He that learns a trade hath a purchase made.

When all men have what belongs to them it cannot be much.

Though God take the sun out of the heaven, yet we must have patience.

When a man sleeps his head is in his stomach.

When one is on horseback he knows all things.

When God is made the master of a family, He orders the disorderly.

When a lackey comes to hell's door, the devils lock the gates.

He that is at ease seeks dainties.

He that hath charge of souls transports them not in bundles.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He that is in a town in May loseth his spring.

He that is in a tavern thinks he is in a vine-garden.

He that praiseth himself spattereth himself.

He that is a master must serve (another).

He that is surprised with the first frost feels it all the winter after.

He a beast doth die that hath done no good to his country.

He that follows the Lord hopes to go before.

He that dies without the company of good men puts not himself into a good way.

Who hath no head needs no heart.

Speak not of my debts, unless you mean to pay them.

Who hath no haste in his business, mountains to him seem valleys.
He that is not in the wars is not out of danger.
He that gives me small gifts would have me live.
He that is his own counsellor knows nothing sure but what he hath laid out.
He that hath lands hath quarrels.
He that goes to bed thirsty riseth healthy.
Who will make a door of gold must knock a nail every day.
A trade is better than service.
He that lives in hope danceth without music.
To review one's store is to mow twice.
St. Luke was a saint and a physician, yet is dead.
Without business, debauchery.
Without danger we cannot get beyond danger.
Health and sickness surely are men's double enemies.
If gold knew what gold is, gold would get gold, I wis.
Little losses amaze, great tame.
Choose none for thy servant who have served thy betters.
Service without reward is punishment.
If the husband be not at home, there is nobody.
An oath that is not to be made is not to be kept.
The eye is bigger than the belly.
If you would be at ease, all the world is not.
If you must fly, fly well.
All that shakes falls not.
All beasts of prey are strong or treacherous.
If the brain sows not corn it plants thistles.
A man well mounted is ever choleric.
Every one is a master and servant.
A piece of a churchyard fits everybody.
One mouth doth nothing without another.
A master of straw eats a servant of steel.
An old cat sports not with her prey.
Were it not for the bone in the leg all the world would turn carpenters.
A woman conceals what she knows not.
He that wipes the child's nose kisseth the mother's cheek.*

* The proverbs which follow were added to the second edition.

Gentility is nothing but ancient riches.

To go where the king goes afoot.

To go upon the Franciscans' hackney.

Amiens was taken by the fox and retaken by the lion.

After death the doctor.

Ready money is a ready medicine.

It is the philosophy of the distaff.

It is a sheep of Beery, it is marked on the nose (applied to those that have a blow).

To build castles in Spain.

An idle youth, a needy age.

Silk doth quench the fire in the kitchen.

The words ending in *ique* do mock the physician, as hectique, paralitique, apoplectique, lethargique.

He that trusts much obliges much, says the Spaniard.

He that thinks amiss concludes worse.

A man would live in Italy (a place of pleasure), but he would choose to die in Spain, (where they say the Catholic religion is professed with great strictness.)

Whatsoever was the father of a disease, an ill diet was the mother.

Frenzy, heresy, and jealousy, seldom cured.

There is no heat of affection but is joined with some idleness of brain, says the Spaniard.

The war is not done so long as my enemy lives.

Some evils are cured by contempt.

Power seldom grows old at Court.

Danger itself the best remedy for danger.

Favour will as surely perish as life.

Fear the beadle of the law.

Heresy is the school of pride.

For the same man to be a heretic and a good subject is impossible.

Heresy may be easier kept out than shook off.

Infants' manners are moulded more by the example of parents than by stars at their nativities.

They favour learning whose actions are worthy of a learned pen.

Modesty sets off one newly come to honour.

No naked man is sought after to be rifled.

There is no such conquering weapon as the necessity of conquering.

Nothing secure unless suspected.

No tie can oblige the perfidious.

Spies are the ears and eyes of princes.

The life of spies is to know, not be known.

Religion a stalking horse to shoot other fowl.

It is a dangerous fire begins in the bed-straw.

Covetousness breaks the bag.

Fear keeps and looks to the vineyard, and not the owner.

The noise is greater than the nuts.

Two sparrows on one ear of corn make an ill agreement.

The world is nowadays, God save the conqueror.

Unsound minds, like unsound bodies, if you feed, you poison.

Not only ought fortune to be pictured on a wheel, but everything else in this world.

All covet, all lose.

Better is one *Accipe* than twice to say, *Dabo tibi.*

An ass endures his burden, but not more than his burden.

Threatened men eat bread, says the Spaniard.

The beads in the hand, and the devil in capuch (or cape of the cloak).

He that will do thee a good turn, either he will be gone or die.

I escaped the thunder and fell into the lightning.

A man of a great memory, without learning, hath a rock and a spindle, and no staff to spin.

The death of wolves is the safety of the sheep.

He that is once born once must die.

He that hath but one eye must be afraid to lose it.

He that makes himself a sheep shall be eat by the wolf.

He that steals an egg will steal an ox.

He that will be surety shall pay.

He that is afraid of leaves goes not to the wood.

In the mouth of a bad dog falls often a good bone.

Those that God loves do not live long.

Still fisheth he that catcheth one.

All flesh is not venison.

A city that parleys is half gotten.

They that hold the greatest farms pay the least rent (applied to rich men that are unthankful to God).

A dead bee maketh no honey.

An old dog barks not in vain.

Old camels carry young camels' skins to the market.

He that hath time and looks for better time, time comes that he repents himself of time.

Words and feathers the wind carries away.

Of a pig's tail you can never make a good shaft.

The bath of the blackamoor hath sworn not to whiten.

To a greedy-eating horse a short halter.

The devil divides the world between atheism and superstition.

Such a saint, such an offering.

We do it soon enough, if that we do be well.

Cruelty is more cruel if we defer the pain.

What one day gives us, another takes away from us.

To seek in a sheep five feet when there are but four.

A scabbed horse cannot abide the comb.

God strikes with His finger, and not with all His arm.

God gives His wrath by weight, and without weight His mercy.

Of a new prince, new bondage.

New things are fair.

Fortune to one is mother, to another is stepmother.

There is no man, though never so little, but sometimes he can hurt.

The horse that draws after him his halter is not altogether escaped.

We must recoil a little, to the end we may leap the better.

No love is foul, nor prison fair.

No day so clear but hath dark clouds.

No hair so small but hath his shadow.

A wolf will never make war against another wolf.

We must love, as looking one day to hate.

It is good to have some friends both in heaven and hell.

It is very hard to shave an egg.

It is good to hold the ass by the bridle.

The healthful man can give counsel to the sick.

The death of a young wolf doth never come too soon.

The rage of a wild boar is able to spoil more than one wood.

Virtue flies from the heart of a mercenary man.

The wolf eats oft of the sheep that have been warned.

The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken.

To play at chess when the house is on fire.

The itch of disputing is the scab of the Church.

Follow not truth too near the heels, lest it dash out thy teeth.

Either wealth is much increased, or moderation is much decayed.

Say to Pleasure, "Gentle Eve, I will none of your apple."

When war begins, then hell openeth.

There is a remedy for everything, could men find it.

There is an hour wherein a man might be happy all his life could he find it.

Great fortune brings with it great misfortune.

A fair day in winter is the mother of a storm.

Woe be to him that reads but one book.

Tithe, and be rich.

Take heed of

- The wrath of a mighty man, and the tumult of the people.
- Mad folks in a narrow place.
- Credit decayed, and people that have nothing.
- A young wench, a prophetess, and a Latin-bred woman.
- A person marked, and a widow thrice married.
- Foul dirty ways, and long sickness.
- Wind that comes in at a hole, and a reconciled enemy.
- A step-mother: the very name of her sufficeth.

Princes are venison in heaven.

Critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes.

He is a great necromancer, for he asks counsel of the dead, *i.e.*, books.

A man is known to be mortal by two things: sleep and lust.

"Love without end hath no end," says the Spaniard; meaning, "if it were not begun on particular ends, it would last."

Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner.

To seek these things is lost labour: geese in an oil-pot, fat hogs among Jews, and wine in a fishing-net.

Presents of love fear not to be ill taken of strangers.

Some men plant an opinion they seem to eradicate.

The philosophy of princes is to dive into the secrets of men, leaving the secrets of nature to those that have spare time.

States have their conversions and periods as well as natural bodies.

Great deservers grow intolerable presumers.

The love of money and the love of learning rarely meet.

Trust no friend with that you need; fear him as if he were your enemy.

Some had rather lose their friend than their jest.

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.

Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

Here is a talk of the Turk and the Pope, but my next neighbour doth me more harm than either of them both.

Civil wars of France made a million of atheists, and thirty thousand witches.

We bachelors laugh and show our teeth, but you married men laugh till your hearts ache.

The devil never assails a man except he find him either void of knowledge or of the fear of God.

There is nobody will go to hell for company.

Much money makes a country poor, for it sets a dearer price on everything.

The best mirror is an old friend.

A man's destiny is always dark.

Every man's censure is first moulded in his own nature.

Money wants no followers.

Your thoughts close and your countenance loose.

Whatever is made by the hand of man, by the hand of man may be overturned.

Letters of George Herbert.

*To Sir John Danvers.**

SIR—Though I had the best wit in the world, yet it would easily tire me to find out variety of thanks for the diversity of your favours, if I sought to do so; but I profess it not, and therefore let it be sufficient for me that the same heart, which you have won long since, is still true to you, and hath nothing else to answer your infinite kindnesses but a constancy of obedience; only hereafter I will take heed how I propose my desires unto you, since I find you so willing to yield to my requests; for, since your favours come a-horseback, there is reason that my desires should go a-foot; neither do I make any question but that you have performed your kindness to the full, and that the horse is every way fit for me, and I will strive to imitate the completeness of your love, with being in some proportion, and after my manner, your most obedient servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

—o—

SIR,—I dare no longer be silent, lest while I think I am modest, I wrong both myself, and also the confidence my friends have in me; wherefore I will open my case unto you, which I think deserves the reading at the least; and it is this, I want books extremely. You know, sir, how I am now setting foot into divinity, to lay the platform of my future life, and shall I then be fain always to borrow books, and build on another's foundation? What tradesman is

* Sir John Danvers had married George Herbert's mother, Magdalen Herbert—the good and beautiful woman described by Dr. Donne.

there who will set up without his tools? Pardon my boldness, sir: it is a most serious case; nor can I write coldly in that wherein consisteth the making good of my former education, of obeying that Spirit which hath guided me hitherto, and of achieving my (I dare say) holy ends. This also is aggravated, in that I apprehend what my friends would have been forward to say if I had taken ill courses: "Follow your book, and you shall want nothing." You know, sir, it is their ordinary speech, and now let them make it good; for since I hope I have not deceived their expectations, let not them deceive mine. But perhaps they will say, "You are sickly: you must not study too hard." It is true, God knows, I am weak, yet not so but that every day I may step one step towards my journey's end; and I love my friends so well, that if all things proved not well, I had rather the fault should lie on me than on them. But they will object again, "What becomes of your annuity?" Sir, if there be any truth in me, I find it little enough to keep me in health. You know I was sick last vacation, neither am I yet recovered; so that I am fain, ever and anon, to buy somewhat tending towards my health, for infirmities are both painful and costly. Now this Lent I am forbid utterly to eat any fish, so that I am fain to diet in my chamber at mine own cost; for in our public halls, you know, is nothing but fish and white meats; out of Lent, also twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays, I must do so, which yet sometimes I fast. Sometimes also I ride to Newmarket, and there lie a day or two for fresh air; all which tend to avoiding of costlier matters if I should fall absolutely sick. I protest and vow I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able with much ado to make one half-year's allowance shake hands with the other; and yet if a book of four or five shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I fast for it—yea, sometimes of ten shillings. But, alas! sir, what is that to those infinite volumes of divinity, which yet every day swell and grow bigger? Noble sir, pardon my boldness, and consider but these three things. First, the bulk of divinity; secondly, the time when I desire this (which is now, when I must lay the foundation of my whole life); thirdly, what I desire, and to what end,—not vain pleasures, nor to a vain end. If then, sir, there be any course, either by engaging my future annuity, or any other way, I desire you, sir, to be my mediator to them in my behalf.

Now I write to you, sir, because to you I have ever opened my heart; and have reason, by the patents of your perpetual favour, to do so still, for I am sure you love your faithfullest servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, March 18, 1617.

—o—

SIR,—This week hath loaded me with your favours; I wish I could have come in person to thank you, but it is not possible. Presently after Michaelmas I am to make an oration to the whole university of an hour long in Latin, and my Lincoln journey hath set me much behindhand; neither can I so much as go to Bugden and deliver your letter, yet I have sent it thither by a faithful messenger this day. I beseech you all, you and my dear mother and sister, to pardon me, for my Cambridge necessities are stronger to tie me here than yours to London. If I could possibly have come, none should have done my message to Sir Fr. Nethersole for me: he and I are ancient acquaintance, and I have a strong opinion of him, that if he can do me a courtesy he will of himself; yet your appearing in it affects me strangely. I have sent you here enclosed a letter from our master on my behalf, which, if you can send to Sir Francis before his departure, it will do well, for it expresseth the university's inclination to me; yet if you cannot send it with much convenience, it is no matter, for the gentleman needs no incitation to love me.

The orator's place (that you may understand what it is) is the finest place in the university, though not the gainfullest; yet that will be about thirty pounds per annum; but the commodiousness is beyond the revenue, for the orator writes all the university letters, makes all the orations, be it to king, prince, or whatever comes to the university. To requite these pains he takes place next the doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the proctors, is regent or non-regent at his pleasure, and such-like gaynesses, which will please a young man well.

I long to hear from Sir Francis. I pray, sir, send the letter you receive from him to me as soon as you can, that I may work the heads to my purpose. I hope I shall get this place without all your London helps, of which I am very proud—not but that I joy in your favours, but that you may see that if all fail, yet I am able to

stand on mine own legs. Noble sir, I thank you for your infinite favours; I fear only that I have omitted some fitting circumstance, yet you will pardon my haste, which is very great, though never so but that I have both time and work to be your extreme servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

—o—

*From George Herbert to Mr. H. Herbert.**

1618.

BROTHER,—The disease which I am troubled with now is the shortness of time, for it hath been my fortune of late to have such sudden warning, that I have not leisure to impart unto you some of those observations which I have framed to myself in conversation, and whereof I would not have you ignorant. As I shall find occasion you shall receive them by pieces; and if there be any such which you have found useful to yourself, communicate them to me. You live in a brave nation, where, except you wink, you cannot but see many brave examples. Be covetous, then, of all good which you see in Frenchmen, whether it be in knowledge, or in fashion, or in words; for I would have you, even in speeches, to observe so much, as when you meet with a witty French speech, try to speak the like in English; so shall you play a good merchant, by transporting French commodities to your own country. Let there be no kind of excellency which it is possible for you to attain to which you seek not, and have a good conceit of your wit: mark what I say, have a good conceit of your wit; that is, be proud, not with a foolish vaunting of yourself when there is no cause, but by setting a just price of your qualities; and it is the part of a poor spirit to undervalue himself and blush. But I am out of my time: when I have more time you shall hear more; and write you freely to me in your letters, for I am your ever-loving brother, G. HERBERT.

P.S.—My brother is somewhat of the same temper, and perhaps a little more mild, but you will hardly perceive it.

To my dear brother, Mr. Henry Herbert, at Paris.

—o—

SIR,—I have received the things you sent me safe; and now the

* Henry Herbert was Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber and Master of the Revels. He was much in France, and spoke French perfectly.

only thing I long for is to hear of my dear sick sister. First, how her health fares; next, whether my peace be yet made with her concerning my unkind departure. Can I be so happy as to hear of both these that they succeed well? Is it not too much for me? Good sir, make it plain to her that I loved her even in my departure, in looking to her son, and my charge. I suppose she is not disposed to spend her eyesight on a piece of paper, or else I had wrote to her; when I shall understand that a letter will be seasonable my pen is ready. Concerning the orator's place, all goes well yet; the next Friday it is tried, and accordingly you shall hear. I have forty businesses in my hands: your courtesy will pardon the haste of your humblest servant, GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, January 19, 1619.

—o—

SIR,—I understand by Sir Francis Nethersole's letter that he fears I have not fully resolved of the matter, since this place being civil may divert me too much from divinity, at which, not without cause, he thinks I aim; but I have wrote him back that this dignity hath no such earthiness in it but it may very well be joined with heaven; or if it had to others, yet to me it should not, for aught I yet know; and therefore I desire him to send me a direct answer in his next letter. I pray, sir, therefore, cause this enclosed to be carried to his brother's house of his own name (as I think) at the sign of the Pedlar and the Pack* on London Bridge, for there he assigns me. I cannot yet find leisure to write to my lord or Sir Benjamin Ruddyard, but I hope I shall shortly, though for the reckoning of your favours I shall never find time and paper enough, yet am I your readiest servant, GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, October 6, 1619.

I remember my most humble duty to my mother, who cannot think me lazy, since I rode two hundred miles to see a sister, in a way I knew not, in the midst of much business, and all in a fortnight, not long since.

* At that period the houses of noblemen and gentlemen were distinguished by signs, as inns and taverns now are.

Letters written at Cambridge.

*For my dear sick Sister.**

MOST DEAR SISTER,—Think not my silence forgetfulness, or that my love is as dumb as my papers: though business may stop my hand, yet my heart, a much better member, is always with you; and which is more, with our good and gracious God, incessantly begging some ease of your pains, with that earnestness that becomes your griefs and my love. God, who knows and sees this writing, knows also that my soliciting Him has been much, and my tears many for you; judge me, then, by those waters, and not by my ink, and then you shall justly value your most truly, most heartily affectionate brother and servant, GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, December 6, 1620.

—o—

To the truly noble Sir John Danvers.

SIR,—I understand by a letter from my brother Henry that he hath bought a parcel of books for me, and that they are coming over. Now, though they have hitherto travelled upon your charge, yet if my sister were acquainted that they are ready, I dare say she would make good her promise of taking five or six pounds upon her, which she hath hitherto deferred to do, not of herself, but upon the want of those books which were not to be got in England; for that which surmounts, though your noble disposition is infinitely free, yet I had rather fly to my old ward, that if any course should be taken of doubling my annuity now, upon condition that I should surcease from all title to it after I entered into a benefice, I should be most glad to entertain it, and both pay for the surplusage of these books, and for ever after cease my clamorous and greedy bookish requests. It is high time now that I should be no more a burden to you, since I can never answer what I have already received; for your favours are so ancient that they prevent my memory, and yet still grow upon your humblest servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

* Elizabeth, wife of Sir Henry Jones. She died of atrophy after great suffering.

I remember my most humble duty to my mother. I have wrote to my dear sick sister this week already, and therefore now I hope may be excused.

I pray, sir, pardon my boldness of enclosing my brother's letter in yours, for it was because I know your lodging, but not his.

—o—

To Sir Henry Herbert.

DEAR BROTHER,—It is so long since I heard from you, that I long to hear both how you and yours do, and also what becomes of you this summer. It is the whole amount of this letter, and therefore entertain it accordingly from your very affectionate brother, G. HERBERT.

7 June, Bemerton.

My wife's and nieces' service to you.

—o—

To Sir Henry Herbert.

DEAR BROTHER,—I was glad of your Cambridge news, but you joyed me exceedingly with your relation of my lady duchess's forwardness in our church building.* I am glad I used you in it, and you have no cause to be sorry, since it is God's business. If there fall out yet any rub, you shall hear of me; and your offering of yourself to move my Lords of Manchester and Bolingbroke is very welcome to me. To show a forwardness in religious works is a good testimony of a good spirit. The Lord bless you, and make you abound in every good work, to the joy of your ever loving brother, G. HERBERT.

March 21, Bemerton.
To my dear brother, Sir Henry Herbert, at Court.

—o—

DEAR BROTHER,—That you did not only entertain my proposals, but advance them, was lovingly done, and like a good brother.

* The Duchess of Lenox; she had given £100 to the Church Building Fund.

Yet truly it was none of my meaning, when I wrote, to put one of our nieces into your hands, but barely what I wrote I meant, and no more; and am glad that although you offer more, yet you will do, as you write, that also. I was desirous to put a good mind into the way of charity, and that was all I intended. For concerning your offer of receiving one, I will tell you what I wrote to our eldest brother, when he urged one upon me, and but one, and that at my choice. I wrote to him that I would have both or neither; and that upon this ground, because they were to come into an unknown country, tender in knowledge, sense, and age, and knew none but one who could be no company to them. Therefore I considered that if one only came, the comfort intended would prove a discomfort. Since that I have seen the fruit of my observation, for they have lived so lovingly—lying, eating, walking, praying, working still together—that I take a comfort therein, and would not have to part them yet, till I take some opportunity to let them know your love, for which both they shall and I do thank you. It is true there is a third sister, whom to receive were the greatest charity of all, for she is youngest and least looked unto, having none to do it but her schoolmistress, and you know what those mercenary creatures are. Neither hath she any to repair unto at good times, as Christmas, &c., which you know is the encouragement of learning all the year after, except my Cousin Bett take pity of her, which yet at that distance is some difficulty. If you could think of taking her, as once you did, surely it were a great good deed, and I would have her conveyed to you. But I judge you not: do that which God shall put into your heart, and the Lord bless all your purposes to His glory. Yet, truly, if you take her not, I am thinking to do it, even beyond my strength; especially at this time, being more beggarly now than I have been these many years, as having spent two hundred pounds in building, which to me that have nothing yet is very much. But though I both consider this, and your observation also, of the unthankfulness of kindred bred up (which generally is very true), yet I care not: I forget all things, so I may do them good who want it. So I do my part to them, let them think of me what they will or can. I have another Judge, to whom I stand or fall. If I should regard such things, it were in another's power to defeat my charity, and

evil should be stronger than good; but difficulties are so far from cooling Christians that they whet them. Truly it grieves me to think of the child, how destitute she is, and that in this necessary time of education. For the time of breeding is the time of doing children good; and not as many who think they have done fairly if they leave them a good portion after their decease. But take this rule, and it is an outlandish one, which I commend to you as being now a father,—The best-bred child hath the best portion. Well, the good God bless you more and more, and all yours, and make your family a household of God's servants. So prays your ever loving brother, G. HERBERT.

My wife's and nieces' service.

To my very dear brother, Sir Henry Herbert, at Court.

—o—

To the Right Hon. the Lady Anne, Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, at Court.

MADAM,—What a trouble hath your goodness brought on you, by admitting our poor services! now they creep in a vessel of metheglin, and still they will be presenting or wishing to see if at length they may find out something not unworthy of those hands at which they aim. In the meantime a priest's blessing, though it be none of the court style, yet, doubtless, Madam, can do you no hurt; wherefore the Lord make good the blessing of your mother upon you, and cause all her wishes, diligence, prayers, and tears to bud, blow, and bear fruit in your soul to His glory, your own good, and the great joy of, Madam, your most faithful servant in Christ Jesu, GEORGE HERBERT.

Dec. 10, 1631. Bemerton.

Madam, your poor colony of servants present their humble duties.

Letters of George Herbert from the Public Orator's Book, Cambridge.

Ad R. Naunton, Secret.
Gratiæ de Fluvio. A.D. 1619.

VIR HONORATISSIME,—Quanta Hilaritate aspicit Alma Mater filios suos jam emancipatos, conservantes sibi Illos Fontes, a quibus ipsi olim hauserunt! Quis enim sicca ubera et mammas arentes tam nobilis Parentis æquo animo ferre posset? neque sane dubitamus ulli, si præ defectu aquæ commeatûsque inopia desererentur Collegia, pulcherrimæque Musarum domus tanquam viduæ effœtæ, aut ligna exucca et marcida alumnis suis orbarentur, quin communes Reipublicæ Lachrymæ alterum nobis Fluvium effunderent. Quare plurimum debemus constantiæ favoris tui, qui restinxisti sitim exarescentium Musarem et Xerxes istos, alterosque maris quasi flagellatores expugnatos, fusosque nobis dedisti. Quid enim invident aquas, quas non nobis habemus, sed irrigati ipsi universum regnum aspergimus. Sed aliorum injuriæ tuarum Virtutum pabula sunt, qui lemas istas et festucas, Reipublicæ oculo hærentes, tam diligenter amoves; certè adeo festinasti ad gratitudines tuas cum emolumento nostro conjunctas, ut jam compensemur abundè, neque amplius quærendum sit Tibi, Almæ Nutrici quid reponas.

—o—

Ad Fulconem Grevilium.
Gratiæ de Fluvio. A.D. 1619.

VIR HONORATISSIME,—Scite et appositè fecisti Fluvium nostrum conservans altero eloquentiæ Fluvio, paludumque istos siccatores (solem officio suo privantes) vi verborum tuorum obruens. Neque sane quisquam incedit Te instructior ad omnem causam, paratiorve sive a doctrina, sive ab usu; utrinque mirus es, et exercitatissimus: quare nos tertium prædictis adjungimus Gratiarum Fluvium, de humanitate tua singulari, studioque in nos jam olim perspectissimo, quippè qui eximiè semper fovisti literatos, eosque cum tineis et

blattis rixantes, exuens pulvere, in theatrum et lucem produxisti. Tantum rogamus, ut pergas, et inter novos honorum cumulos, quod expectamus indies futurum, Almæ Matris amorem tecum simul evehas. Interim, si qui alii exurgant promissores magnifici et hiantes, qui sub specie publici commodi, Academiæ incommodum videntur allaturi; os importunorum hominum Authoritate tuâ plurimâ et Eloquentiâ non minori nobis obstrue.

—o—

Ad R. Naunton.

Gratiæ de Fluvio et detegendis Tectis Stramineis. A.D. 1619.

VIR HONORATISSIME,—Eximia tua in nos merita frequentiorem calamum postulant, si tantum honori Tuo superesset otii ad legendum, quantum a nobis ad scribendum, cum humanitatis Tuæ, tum gratitudinis nostræ ratio postulat. Sed Veremur, ne literæ nostræ animo Tuo tot negotiis meritissimè districto, tempore non suo obrepant: tibique non tam avidè veterum beneficiorum memoriam recolenti, quam cogitanti nova improbè molestiam creent. Quare conjunximus nunc officia nostra, tuosque favores temporibus et diligentiâ divisos in gratiis nostris copulavimus: nam utramque illam curam insignem, tam de conservando Fluvio nostro, quam de muniendis contra grassantes flammas ædificiis Honori tuo acceptam ferimus: plurimumque suspicimus cumulum Amoris Tui, qui utrumque curasti, ut neque sitirent Musæ, neque flagrarent: quod si tam integrum tibi esset gratificari nobis in terrâ et aere, quam in aquâ et igne fecisti, non dubitamus quin benignitas tua omnia elementa percurreret. Tu vero macte honoribus, gloria, id enim nostrâ interest, ut hoc precemur, aut enim miserè fallimur, aut tantum de nullo unquam Filio Alma Mater, quantum de Te, sibi polliceatur.

—o—

Gratulatio de Marchionatu ad Bucking. C.

A.D. 1619.*

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,—Ecquid inter tot gloriæ titulos,

* George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, James the First's favourite. He was murdered at Portsmouth by Felton, 1628, two years afterwards.

caput undique munientes, meministi magistrum Te esse Artium? An inter lauros Principis hederæ nostræ ambitiosæ locus est? hunc quidem gradum pignus habes amoris nostri, hæc est ansa quâ prehendimus Te, et tanquam aquilam inter novas honorum nubes e conspectu nostro fugientem revocamus. Tu vicissim abundè compensas nos, gratissimoque Almam Matrem prosequeris animo. Proin ut Fluvii quas aquas a Fonte accipiunt non retinent ipsi, sed in mare dimittunt; sic Tu etiam Dignitates ab optimo Rege desumptas in universam Rempublicam diffundis. Per Te illucet nobis Jacobus noster. Tu aperis illum populo, et cum ipse sis in summâ arbore, alterâ manu prehendis Regem, alteram nobis ad radices hærentibus porrigis. Quare, meritissime Marchio, Tuam gloriam censemus nostram, et in Honoribus tuis nostro bono gratulamur. Quanquam quem alium fructum potuimus expectare ab eo in quem favor Regius, nostra vota, virtutes tantæ confluxerunt. Inter quæ etiam certamen oritur et pia contentio, utrum gratia Principis virtutes tuas, aut nostra vota gratiam Principis, aut tuæ virtutes et vota nostra et Principis gratiam superarent. Nimirum ut lineæ, quamvis diversa via, omnes tamen ad centrum properant: sic disparatæ fœlicitates, hinc a populo, illinc a Principe in Te conveniunt et confabulantur. Quare quomodo alii molem hanc lætitiæ suæ exprimant, ipsi viderint; nos certè precamur, ut neque virtutibus tuis desint Honores, neque utrisque vita, usque dum, postquam omnes honorum gradus hic percurreris, æternum illud præmium consequare, cui neque addi quicquam potest, neque detrahi

—o—

Ad F. Bacon, Cancellarium.

Gratiæ de Instaurationis Libro Academiæ donato. 4 Nov., 1620.

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,—Prolem tuam suavissimam, nuper in lucem publicam, nostramque præsertim, editam non gremio solum (quod innuis) sed et ambabus ulnis, osculisque, ei ætati debitis excipientes, protinus tanquam Nobilem Filium (more nostro) Magistrum Artium renunciavimus. Optimè enim hoc convenit Partui tuo, qui novas Scientiarum regiones, terrasque Veteribus incognitas primus demonstrat; ex quo illustrius assecutus es

nomen, quam repertores Novi Orbis compararunt. Illi terram invenerunt, crassissimum elementum; Tu subtilitates artium infinitas. Illi barbara omnia, Tu non nisi cultissima, elegantiasque ipsas exhibes. Illi magneticâ acu freti sunt. Tu penetrantiori intellectus acumine, cujus nisi incredibilis fuisset vis, nunquam in tantis negotiis, quibus meritissime districtus es, ea quæ fugerunt tot Philosophos umbrâ et otio diffluentes, eruisses. Quare multiplex est lætitia nostra; primò gratulamur optimo Regi nostro, qui prospicit, ut cum ipse eruditionis Princeps sit, illi etiam honores, qui finitimi sunt, et quasi accolæ Majestatis, literaturæ suæ et vicinitati respondeant, Dein Honori Tuo gratulamur, qui filio auctus es tali ingenio prædito: tum Academiæ nostræ, quæ per tuum Partum, ex Matre nunc Avia facta est. Denique huic ætati quæ talem virum protulit, cum quinque millibus annorum de palmâ certantem. Id unum dolemur, Bibliothecam nostram rudiorem esse impexioremque, quam ut tantum Hospitam excipiat. Utcunque cum olim ab *Archiepiscopo Eboracensi, Summo Angliæ Cancellario, extructa fuerit: illam nunc denuò ex ædibus Eboracensibus ab altero Cancellario Instaurari, inter Arcana providentiæ, planè reponimus. Faxit Deus ut quos profectus feceris in Sphærâ Naturæ, facias etiam in Gratiæ; utque maturè absolvas quæ complexus es animo, ad ejus gloriam, Republicæ emolumentum, æternitatem nominis Tui subsidiumque.

Magnificentiæ Tuæ devotissimorum Procancellarii
Reliquique Senatus Academiæ Cantabrigiensis.

—o—

Ad T. Coventry, Attorn.

Cognitor. Gratulatio, 29 Jan., 1620.†

CLARISSIME VIR,—Permitte ut nos etiam in prædam partemque tecum veniamus: neque enim sic effugies cum honoribus, quin lætitia nostra te assequetur: certè non diu est quo gratulanti sumus tibi; eccum nunc altera occasio, adeo festinat virtus tua: quod si tertia detur et quarta, paratos nos habebis ad gratulationem, ut sic una opera utriusque Reipublicæ calculum et civilis et literariæ adi-

* Rotheram. † Sir Thomas Coventry, Knight, Attorney-General.

piscaris. Tu verò promptitudinem amoris nostri non passim expositam boni consulas, curesque ut tuus in nos amor antehac satis perspectus, nunc cum honore geminetur. Quod si forense quippiam nos spectans, dum incumbis muneri, occurrat, nos chartis et æternitate occupatos, temporariis hisce negotiolis libera. Haud frustrà impendes operam nobis, omnia favorum tuorum momenta apicesque perpensuris et compensaturis.

—o—

Ad R. Naunt. Burgess. Elect.

13 Jan., 1620.

HONORATISSIME DOMINE,—Tam eximie de nobis meritus es, ut res nostras omnes cum honore Tuo conjunctas esse velimus. Quare frequentissimo Senatu, plenissimus suffragiis elegimus Te tribunum Parliamentarium nos nostraque omnia privilegia, fundos, ædificia, universam Musarum supellectilem, etiam Fluvium non minus de præterito gratum, quam de futuro supplicem, integerrimæ tuæ fidei commendantes. Magna est hæc neque quotidianæ virtutis provincia gerere personam Academiæ, omniumque Artium molem et pondus sustinere, sed perspectissimus tuus in nos amor præstantissimæque animi dotes effecerunt, ut Alma Mater libentissimè caput reclinet in tuo sinu, oculusque Reipub. postquam circumspiciens reperisset Te, quasi in tuis palpebris acquiescat. Quare nos omnes ad prudentiæ eloquentiæque tuæ præsidium festinantes excipe: Antiquitas præripuit Tibi gloriam extruendæ Academiæ, reliquit conservandæ. Deus saveat Tibi et concedat ut terrestres tui honores cum cœlestibus certent et superentur.

—o—

Gratulatio ad Mountag. Thefaurar.*

18 Dec., 1620.

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,—Pendulam hanc dignitatem diu expectantem magnas aliquas virtutes tandem meritis tuis votisque nostris conspirantibus obtinuisti. Quis enim rectiùs Thesauris Regiis

* Sir Henry Montagu, Knight, Lord Chief Justice, was constituted Lord Treasurer of England on 14th Dec., 1620.

præfici possit, quam qui justitiam prius tanto cum honore atque acclamatione administrans, distribuendi modum omnem rationemque callet? Et licet, quo proprior sis Regi, eò videaris nobis remotior, confidimus tamen ut arbores quanto altius crescunt, tanto etiam altius agunt radices: sic merita tua ita ascensura, ut eorum vis et virtus ad nos descendat. Quarè summè gratulamur tibi de novo hoc cumulo honorum, qui tamen votis nostris nondum respondent. Ea est enim pertinacia desideriorum nostrorum, atque immortalitas, ut semper post novas dignitates, alias tibi quærant et moliantur. Nimirum id assecuta sunt merita Tua maxima, ut Almam Matrem spe novâ gravidem semper atque prægnante effecerint. Tantum quocunque Domine ascendas, sume tecum amorem illum quo soles beare

Amplitudini tuæ devotissimos
Procancellarium Rel.

—o—

Gratulatio ad Heath, Sollicitor.

Procurator. 29 Jan., 1620.

VIR DIGNISSIME,—Sic a natura comparatum est, ignis et virtus semper ascendunt, utriusque enim splendor et claritas humilia loca deprecantur. Quare optime fecit Rex Serenissimus, qui virtutes tuas magnis negotiis et pares provexit, noluitque ut minori Sphærâ quam pro latitudine meritorum tuorum circumscribereris. Nos verò de hoc tuo progressu non minus Reipublicæ gratulamur quam tibi, rogamusque ut quando beneficia tua pervagantur Angliam, nos etiam invisant: ita excipiemus illa, ut benignius hospitium, et erga te propensius, haud usquàm forsitan reperias.

—o—

[*Jacobo Regi*] *Gratiæ de Scriptis suis Academiæ donatis.**

18 Maii, 1620.

SERENISSIME DOMINE NOSTER, JACOBE INVICTISSIME,—Ecquid inter tantas mundi trepidationes nobis et Musis vacas? O

* "The first notable occasion of showing his (Herbert's) fitness for this employment of Orator was manifested in a letter to King James, upon the occasion of his

prudentiam incomparabilem, quæ eodem vultu et moderatur mundum, et nos respicit! Circumspice, si placet, terrarum reges, tantus est mundus universus, vestra solùm dextra (quamvis à scriptione terrestribusque istis sublimitate solii asserta) vitâ et actione orbem vegetat. Angustior erat Scotia, quam ut pennas nido plenè explicare posses. Quid Tu inde? Britannicas insulas omnes occupasti: hoc etiam Imperium tenuius est quam pro amplitudine virtutum vestrarum; nunc itaque Liber hic vester dilatat pomœria, summovet Oceanum ambientem, adeò ut qui non subjiciuntur ditioni, eruditioni vestræ obtemperent. Per hunc imperas Orbi universo, victoriæque gloriam, absque crudelitate effusi sanguinis delibas. Hæc vestra spolia, actosque ex orbe triumphos communicas cum Almâ Matre, vesumque splendorem cum beneficio nostro conjungis: sane gestabaris antea in cordibus nostris; sed Tu vis etiam manibus teri, semotâque Majestate, chartâ conspiciendum Te præbes, quo familiariùs inter nos verseris. O, mirificam Clementiam! Ædificarunt olim nobis Serenissimi Reges Collegia, eaque fundarunt amplissimis prædiis, immunitatibus; etiam libros dederunt, sed non suos; aut si suos, quia dederunt, non a se compositos, scriptos, editosque. Quum tamen Tu invaseris eorum gloriam conservando nobis quæ illi dederunt, etiam augendo; interim vestrâ hac scribendi laude intactâ manente atque illibatâ. Cujus favoris magnitudo ita involvit nos, ut etiam rependendi vias omnes præcludat. Quæ enim alia spes reliqua erat quam ut pro infinitis vestris in nos beneficiis Majestatem vestram æternitati in scriptis nostris certissimè traderemus? Nunc vero Ipse scribendo irrupisti in compensationes nostras, et abstulisti: adeone es prædo omnis gloriæ, ut ne gratitudinis laudem nobis reliqueris? Quid agimus? hoc saltem solutio est; nos nunc conspersi atramento regio, nihil non sublime et excelsum cogitabimus, perrumpemus controversias omnes, superabimus quoscunque. Jam dari nobis velimus Jesuitam aliquem, ut ex affrictu Libri vestri hominem illico

sending that University his book, called 'Basilicon Doron.' This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the King, that he inquired the orator's name, and then asked William, Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him? whose answer was, 'that he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman.' The King smiled, and asked the earl leave 'that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that University.'" —IZAAK WALTON'S "Life of Herbert."

contundamus. Quare amplectimur, fovemus, exosculamur hunc fœtum vestrum, hunc alterum Carolum, hunc Fasciculum Prudentiæ, positum extra mortalitatis aleam, et quo magis Tuum agnoscas, in ipso partu, Librorum regem creatum. Diruuntur ædificia, corrumpuntur statuæ, hæc imago atque character, tempore melior, injurias secula scriptaque hâc illâc pereuntia securus præterit. Si enim in regno vestro Hibernico lignum nascitur permanens contra omnia venena validum; quanto magis virtutes istæ in Dominum agri transferendæ sunt, ut sic scripta vestra omni dente tum edacis temporis, tum venenatorum hæreticorum, insitâ vi sua liberentur. Quod superest, precamur Sacro sanctam Trinitatem, ut vestræ Coronæ civili et literariæ tertiam cœlestem serò adjungat.

Humillimi servi, subditique vestri
Procancellarius, Reliquusque Senatus
Acad. Cantabrigiensis.

Datæ è frequenti Senatu nostro XIII° Cal. Jun. A.D. 1620.

Peregrinis Academicis nostram invisentibus.
Quid Vaticanam Bodleiumque objicis, Hospes?
Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

—o—

Gratiæ de Fluvio contra Redemptores.

1620, Jun. 14.

SERENISSIME DOMINE NOSTER, JACOBE POTENTISSIME!—Infinita vestra in nos Beneficia non solum verba omnia, sed etiam cogitationes nostras exhauriunt. Quis enim impetus animi celeritatem tantæ munificentiæ assequi potest? quippe qui universum tempus nostrum (forsitan quo alacrius illud impenderemus Doctrinæ) beneficiis etiam obligasti. Nuper enim dedisti nobis Librum, plenissimum Musarum, quæ cum olim gauderent Fluviis, nunc etiam aquas, in quibus habitant, impertis! Quanta rotunditas Clementiæ vestræ, quæ ab omni parte nobis succurrit! Quod si Artaxerxes olim paululum aquæ a Linæta subjecto suo lætissimè sumeret, quanto magis par est nos humillimos subjectos, integro Fluvio a Rege nostro donatos, triumphare? Tantum Majestatem vestram subjectissmè oramus, ut si officia nostra minus respondeant magnitudini beneficiorum, imbecillitati id nostræ, quæ fastigium regiarum notionum æquare nunquam potest, non voluntati tribuendum existimes.

Ad Franciscum Bacon, Cancellarium.*
Gratiæ de Fluvio.

ILLUSTRISSME DOMINE,—Siccam animam sapientissimam esse dixit obscurus ille Philosophus. Sane exorti sunt nuperi quidam homines, qui libenter sapientiores nos redderent: sed si ablatus fuisset Fluvius noster, per quem vicini agri opulentiâ fruimer, veremur ne non tam sapientes nos, quam obscuros philosophos reddidissent. Quis enim tunc inviseret Almam Matrem destitutam omni commeatu? opportunè his tenebris Favor tuus occurrit, illustrans nos omnes, lumenque accendens de suo lumine.

Ut nihilominus Tibi luceat, cum nobis accenderit. Neque enim passus es illum Fluvium, qui tantæ Poeticæ, tantæ eruditionis nobis conscius est, palustri opere et uliginoso intercipi: cum non sit tanti totus ille maritimus tractus (Oceani præda et deliciæ) ut irrigui Musarum horti, floribus suis sternentes Rempublicam, præ ariditate flaccescerent. Sed siccitas anni hujus derisit incœptum, et plus effecit quam mille Redemptores exequi possent. Quanquam non mirari non possumus, undè fit ut nullus ferè elabatur dies, qui non hostes nobis aliquos aperiat. Quidam stomachantur prædia, alii immunitates carpunt, nonnulli Fluvium invident, multi Academias integras subversas volunt, neque ille e fæce vulgi tantum, qui eruditionem simplicitati Christianæ putant adversam, sed homines nobilioris ignorantiæ, qui literas imminuere spiritus, generososque animos frangere et retundere clamitant. Tu verò, Patrone noster, qui elegantias doctrinæ nitoremque spirans, purpuram et eruditionem miscuisti; dilue, fuga hos omnes, præsertim sericatam hanc stultitiam contere, Academiæque jura, dignitatem, Fluvium placidissimo favorum tuorum afflatu nobis tuere: quod quidem non minus expectamus a Te, quem singularis doctrina exemit a populo, et quasi mixtam personam reddidit, quam si Episcopi more pristino Cancellis præficerentur.

—o—

* Herbert became acquainted with Bacon during the King's visit to the University. Herbert translated a part of the "Advancement of Learning" into Latin, and the great philosopher dedicated some psalms to the young orator.

Ad Archiep. Cantuar.

De Bibliopolis Lond. 29 Jan. 1620.

SANCTISSIME PATER,—Cum cæteræ ecclesiæ tam perspicaci diligentiâ incubes, concede ut nos etiam benignitate alarum tuarum et virtute fruamur; præsertim hoc tempore in quo paucorum avaritia liberalibus artibus dominatura est, nisi humanitas tua,* superiori æstate sponte suaviterque patefacta, nunc etiam laborantibus musis succurrat. Ferunt enim Londinenses Bibliopolas suum potius emolumentum quam publicum spectantes (quæ res et naturæ legibus et hominum summè contraria est) monopoliis quibusdam inhiare, ex quo timemus librorum precia auctum iri, et privilegia nostra imminutum. Nos igitur hoc metu affecti, uti sanguis solet in re dubia ad cor festinare, ita ad Te confugimus primariam partem ecclesiastici corporis, orantes ut quicquid consilii avaritia ceperit adversus aut immunitates nostras aut communè literarum et literatorem commodum, id omne dexterrimâ tuâ in obeundis rebus prudentiâ dissipetur. Deus Opti. Max. tua beneficia, quæ nos solvendo non sumus, in suas tabulas accepti transferat.

—o—

Ad Franciscum Bacon, Cancellarium.

De Bibliop. Lond. 29 Jan. 1620.

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,—Tu quidem semper Patronus noster es, etiam tacentibus nobis, quantò magis cum rogamus, idque pro Libris de quibus nusquam rectiùs quam apud Te agitur. Accepimus enim Londinenses Librarios omnia transmarina scripta ad monopolium revocare moliri, neque ratione habita chartæ nostræ a Serenissimo Principe Henrico 8° indultæ, neque Studiosorum Sacculi, qui etiam nunc mæret et ingemiscit. Ecquid permittis Domine? Curasti tu quidem Instauratione tua, quo minus exteris Libris indigeremus, sed tamen comparatio et in honorem tuum cedet, nostrumque emolumentum. Quare unicè obsecramus, ut qui tot subsidia attuleris ad progressum doctrinæ, hâc etiam in parte nobis opituleris. Aspicis multitudinem Librorum indies

* *Ferina missa.*

gliscentem, præsertim in Theologia, cujus Libri si alii aliis (tanquam montes olim) imponerentur, veri simile est, eos illuc quo cognitio ipsa pertingit ascensuros. Quod si et numerus Scriptorum intumescat, et pretium, quæ abyssus crumenæ tantos sumptus æquabit! Jam vero miserum est, pecuniam retardare illam, cui natura spiritum dederit, feracem gloriæ, et cœleste ingenium quasi ad metalla damnari. Qui augent precia Librorum, prosunt vendentibus libros non ementibus, hoc est cessatoribus non studiosis. Hæc tu omnium optimè vides, quare causam nostram nosque ipsos Tibi, Teque Deo Opti. Maxi. intimis precibus commendamus.

—o—

Gratulatio ad F. Leigh.

Capitalem Justitiarium Angl. (*Camden*). 6 Feb. 1620.

HONORATISSIME DOMINE,—Eama promotionis tuæ gratissimè appulit ad nos omnes haud ita certe studiis chartisque obvolutos, quin aures nostræ tibi pateant. Imò prorsus censemus permultum interesse alacritatis publicæ, ut bonorum præmia citissimè promulgentur, quo suavius virtutibus, tuo exemplo compensatis, unum omnes incumbamus. Quare tam verè quam libenter gratulamur tibi, nec minus etiam Reipublicæ, quam hunc pleno gradu ingrediens beneficiis tuis percurres. Nos etiam haud minimam favoris tui partem speramus, orantes ut immunitates nostræ a serenissimis Regibus concessæ ab Augustissimo Jacobo actæ tuâ operâ conserventur; eadem manus et tuum tibi largitus est honorem, et privilegia nostra confirmavit; in quâ dextrâ et fide conjuncti, in cæteris haud divellamur. Quod si oppidani nostri (more suo) Musarum jura et diplomata arrodant; tuus amor et authoritas istos sorices nobis abigat. Demosthenes Atheniensis doluit se victum opificum antelucanâ industriâ, nostræ etiam Athenæ artesque obscuris opificum artibus superari dolebunt. Sed tua humanitas hæc nobis expediet. Deus fortunet tibi hunc honorem, et faxit, ut tibi gloriæ sit, omnibus saluti.

—o—

Gratulatio ad Cranfield, Thesaurar.

8 Oct. 1621.

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,—Concede ut Honoribus nuperis, tanquam partubus Virtutum tuarum, Alma Mater accurrens gratuletur. Solent enim Studiosorum suffragia enixus gloriæ sollicitudine in futurum plenos haud parum levare; præsertim quum ipsi non solum rectum de bene-merentibus judicium haussise ab antiquis, sed et ad posteros transmissuri videantur. Quare post principis manum honoribus refertam, non est quod nostram quoque, cum amoris symbolo festinantem, recuses. Sic apud Veterum aras, post ingentes Hecatombas, exiguam thuris micam adoleri legimus. Tu Domine vicisti; tuere nos ita ut fortunæ nostræ, intra ambitum amplexusque felicitatis tuæ receptæ, communi calore foveantur. Et cum ob perspicacitatem singularem, jam olim Regi notam atque signatam, dignissimè præficiaris Fisco, etiam Academiam in Thesauris habe: justissime potes sub hoc Principe, in quo doctrinæ fructus atque usus mirificè relucet: certè, si quantum eruditio Regis profuerit Reipublicæ, tantum favoris nobis impertias, abundè succurres

Magnificentiæ tuæ addictissimis, Procancellario, et Reliquo Senatui Academiæ Cantabrigiensis.

—o—

Ad Lanc. Andrewes Episc.*

(*From the British Museum, MS. Sloane, No.* 118.)

SANCTISSIME PATER,—Statim a solatio aspectus tui, ego auctior jam gaudio atque distentior, Cantabrigiam redii. Quid enim manerem? Habui viaticum favoris tui, quod longiori multc itineri sufficeret. Nunc obrutus Academicis negotiis, ægrè hoc

* It was during the same visit of King James the First to Cambridge that Herbert became acquainted both with Lord Bacon and Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester. Andrews and he had a debate on predestination and sanctity of life. A short time afterwards Herbert sent the bishop some aphorisms in a long letter written in Greek. The bishop was so delighted with it that he put it into his bosom, from whence he often drew it to show to learned scholars or foreigners, but always returned it to the same place, and kept it near his heart to the last day of his life.—See WALTON'S "Lives."

tempus illis succido: non quin pectus meum plenum tui sit, atque effusissimum in omnia officia, quæ præstet, mea parvitas; sed ut faciliùs ignoscas occupato calamo, qui etiam ferians nihil tua perfectione dignum procudere possit. Utcunque tua lenitas non ita interpretabitur mea hæc scribendi intervalla, ac si juvenili potius impetu correptus, quam adductus maturo consilio, primas dedissem literas, ideoque præfervida illa desideria silentio suo sepulta nunc languescere, ut halitus tenuiores solent, qui primo caloris suasu excitati atque expergefacti, ubi sursum processerint paulò, frigefacti demum relabuntur. Hoc quidem illis accidere amat, qui celeritatem affectuum raptim sequentes, ad omnem eorum auram vacillant. Ego, non nisi meditatò, obrepsi ad favorem tuum; perfectionibus tuis, meis desideriis probè cognitis, excussis perpensisque, Cum enim vim cogitationum in vitam meam omnem convertissem, et ex altera parte acuissem me aspectu virtutum tuarum; huc, illuc commeando, eò deveni animo, ut nunquam cessandum mihi ducerem, nunquam fatiscendum, donec lacteam aliquam viam ad candorem mentis tuæ ducentem aut reperissem aut fecissem. Neque quòd ignotior eram, retundebatur unquam impetus; quippe, qui sic colligebam; si tam abjectus sim, ut laboribus meis plurimis atque assiduâ observantiâ, ramenta quæpiam ex tanta Humanitatis massa, quæ apud te visitur, abscindere non possim, absque molestâ aliorum ac frigidâ commendatione, si huc reciderit omnis studiorum spes fructusque:

> Cur ego laborem notus esse tam pravè?
> Cum stare gratis cum silentio possim.

Quod tamen hæc omnia succedant ex voto, quod reclusæ sint fores, receptusque sim in aliquem apud H. T. locum, magis id adeo factum esse mansuetudine tuâ incomparabili, quam meis meritis ullis, semper lubentissimèque agnoscam: imò precabor enixè, me tum privari tam communi hâc luce, quam tuâ, cum id agnoscere unquam desinam. Quanquam, cum gravibus duobus muneribus fungar apud meos, Rhetoris in hunc annum, et in plures Oratoris, permitte, pater, hoc impetrem, ut cedam aliquantisper expectationi hominum, rariùsque paulò fodiam in Vintoniensi agro, dum Rhetorici satagam: quamvis enim sexcenta hujusmodi prædiola tuâ gratiâ permutare nolim; majus tamen piaculum reor, deesse

publico muneri, quam privato, latiusque manare injustitiæ peccatum, quam negligentiæ. Illic constringor debito: hic etiam teneor, sed laxioribus vinculis, quæque amor sæpe remittit: illud necessarium magis factu, hoc vero longè jucundius, nobiliusque: ut quod Philosophus de tactu et visu, id appositè admodum huc transferatur. Appetit tempus, cum excusso altero jugo, dimidiâque operis parte levatus, ad mea in H. T. officia erectior solutiorque redibo, ex ipsâ intermissione animos ducens. Interim, sic existimes, nihil mortalium firmiori flagrare in te desiderio, quam meum pectus; neque ulla negotia (quippe quæ caput petant, non cor) tui in me dominii jus imminuere posse, nedùm rescindere. Unà cum promotionibus Academicis maternisque, assumpsi mecum propensionem in Patrem. "Crescent illæ, crescetis amores." Cui sententiæ si fidem adhibeas, assensumque tuum veritati omni familiarem largiaris (*συν τῇ εὐλογία σοῦ προσεπιμετρουμένῃ*) beabis

Filium tuum obsequentissimum
GEORGIUM HERBERT.

Ignosce (Heros illustrissime) quod pronomina mea adeò audacter incedant in hâc epistolâ: potui refercire lineas Honoribus, Magnif. Celsitud. sed non patitur, ut mihi videtur, Romana elegantia, periodique vetus rotunditas. Quare malui servire auribus tuis, creberrima Antiquitatis lectione tersis atque expolitis, quam luxuriæ seculi, ambitionisque strumæ, non adeò sanatæ ab optimo rege nostro quin turgescat indies, atque efferat se, indulgere.

To the right honourable and reverend Father in God, my L. Bishop of Winchester, one of the King's most honourable Privy Counsaile.

Oratio qua Auspicatissimum Serenissimi Principis Caroli,

REDITUM EX HISPANIIS CELEBRAVIT GEORGIUS HERBERT ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS ORATOR.*

VENERANDA CAPITA, VIRI GRAVISSIMI, PUBES LECTISSIMA,—Polycrates cùm annulum sibi dilectum in mare dimisisset, eundemque retulisset captus piscis, sœlicissimus mortalium habitus est. Quanto fœliciores nos omnes, Corona Musica, qui optimum Principem spe nuptiarum mari nuper tradentes, et ipsum accepimus salvum et annulum, annulum Conjugalem, nunc denuò nostrum, atque ubivis terrarum pro judicio prudentissimi Regis, et in rebus humanis divinisque exercitatissimi de integro disponendum. Rediit? rediit Carolus, et cum eo vita nostra atque calor, longo animi deliquio fugitivus ac desertor. Quid jactas mihi aromata Orientis? Quid Theriacas peregrinas? asserunt Medici unamquamque regionem suam sibi sufficere, neque externis indigere auxiliis atque antidotis: certè nostrate Principe nusquam præsentius Balsamum, nusquam benignius, solvens obstrupefactos artus, atque exhilarans, tumentibus jam venis, arteriis micantibus, spiritibusque tabellariis lætum hunc nuncium ubique deferentibus, ut nullus sit angulus corporis, nulla venula, ubi non adsit Carolus. Quàm facilè sentiuntur boni Principes! Ut natura omnis suos habet anteambulones, unde pluvia futura, an sudum, facilè conjicitur ex cœlo, ex garritu avium, ex lapidum exhalatione: Sic bonorum Principum facilis Astrologia: quorum adventum ipsi lapides, ipsa durissima ingenia, meum præsertim, celare non possunt; quantò minus tacebunt lusciniæ nostræ disertæ, minimeque omnium cœlestiores animi, quorum pietatis interest non silere.

Quæ enim uspiam gens, quod unquam seculum meliorem habuit Principem? percurrite Annales regnorum, excutite, quorum ætas teritur in libris: non rusticis loquor aut barbaris, quos magnificentiâ promissi circumscribere in promptu erat, rudesque animos vi ver-

* Ex officina Cantrelli Legge, Almæ Matris Cantabrigiæ Typographi, 1623, sm. 4to.

borum percellere: vestra est optio, vestra disquisitio, qui lineæ estis et helluones chartacei; date mihi Carolum alterum, quamlibet Magnum, modo detis eum in flore, in vaginâ, in herbescenti viriditate; nomdum ad spicam, barbamque adultum. Non rhetoricor, Academici, non tinnio: ὑγομανίαν illam et inanem verborum strepitum jamdudum deposui: bullæ et crepitacula puerorum sunt, aut eorum certè, qui cymbala sunt fanaticæ juventutis: ego verò sentio, et quis sum ipse (barbam, hui, tam gravem) et apud quos dico, viros limatæ auris atque tersæ, quorum gravitate ac purpurâ non abutar.

Quare ut parciùs agam vobiscum, simulque et laboribus meis, et vestræ fidei consulum, quemadmodum artifices non omnes licitantibus producunt merces, sed specimen tantùm; sic et ipse excerpam è Principis rebus gestis pugillum, unam actionem è multis seligam, quam vobis amplectendam dissuaviandamque præbebo: esto autem hoc ipsum iter, quod nuper emensus est, ut sciatis omnes quàm nudè, quàm simpliciter vobiscum agam, quàm non longè abeam Oratorum more, qui nullum non angulum verrunt (ac si perdiderint ingenium) ut Spartam exornent suam: Ego verò non dicam vobis quod factum est ante seculum vestrum, aut apud Indos; unicum hoc iter nuperum explicabo, in quo longè uberrimam gloriæ segetem, perspicio, nullâ verborum, nullâ temporis salce demetendam.

Non unum quid spectant, aut singulare Magni animi, sed varia solent esse eorum consilia, finesque multiplices et polymiti, ut si minùs id assequantur, quod primùm intendunt, saltem in secundis aut tertiis consistant. Quare et Principis iter multiplicem nobis exhibet prudentiam: primò nuptias ipsas spectate. Quid autem? Ergon' amavit Princeps? Quippini; homo est, non statua; Sceptriger, non sceptrum: æquúmne est ut tot labores et sollicitudines Principum sine condimento sint atque embammate? Quidsi cochleas colligeret cum Caligulâ, præsertim cum possit in eodem litore? Quid si muscas captaret cum Domitiano? at ille ambivit nobilissimam Austriacam familiam, Aquilamque illam, quæ non capit muscas. Nihil habet humana vita majoris momenti aut ponderis, quàm Nuptiæ, quas adeo laudant Poetæ, ut in cœlum transtulerint: Εἰ ἔν ἦν ὁ ἄνθρωπος, inquit Medicorum Alpha, οὐκ ἂν ἤλγεεν. Hinc Thraces dicti sunt ἄβιοι, et Licurgus magnus Legislator, ἀτιμίαν προσέθηκε τοῖς ἀγάμοις: Absque nuptiis foret populus virorum essemus unius seculi; hâc re

solum ulciscimur mortem, ligantes abruptum vitæ filum, unde consequimur, vel invitis Fatis quasi nodosam æternitatem.

Non ignoro apud quos hæc dico, eos scilicet, qui innuptam Pal ladem colunt, Musasque cœlibes, qui posteros libris non liberis quæritis. Nolite tamen nimium efferre vos, cum Virginitas ipsa fructus sit Nuptiarum: quod pereleganter et supra barbariem seculi innuebant Majores nostri, qui olim glasto se inficientes, in uxorum corporibus, Solem, Lunam, et Stellas; in virginum, flores atque herbas depinxere: ut enim Uxores, Virgines; ita Sol et Cœlum producunt flores, qui symbola sunt spei, quoniam à floribus fructus sperantur.

Quod si Nuptiæ in se graves sunt, quantò magis Principum, cum, quò eorum conditio sublimior, eò major cura adhibenda sit. Deus ipse cum crearet hominem, mundi regem, consilio usus est. Quare operosior in eo structura, et prærogitivæ regiæ emicant. Soli homini dantur manus, soli caput rotundum et cœleste, soli facies tanquam vestibulum magni palatii. Jam verò, ut Rex animalium, fiat Rex hominum, apponimus nos manibus Sceptrum, capiti et faciei coronam, significantes oportere Reges iis partibus antecellere homines, quibus homo bruta, justitia scilicet et prudentia. Goropius Becanus ait vetus vocabulum nostrum, Koning, et contractè King, à Con verbo deduci, quod tria complectitur, Possum, Scio, Audeo: cernitis Regem, et nomine et re magnum quid polliceri, ideoque ex quolibet ligno, qualibet uxore non esse fingendum: neque enim minus refert, qualis quæque sit mater, è quâ liberi quærantur, quam qualis terra, è quâ arbores. Apud Juris-consultos, partus sequitur ventrem: quibus accedunt Poetæ,

Ὅταν κρηπὶς μὴ καταβληθῇ τοῦ γένζς
Ὀρθῶς, ἀνάγκη δυσυχεῖν τοῦς ἐκγόνους.

Nam ut educationem liberorum mittam, quâ in re celebris est Gracchorum mater, ingenium ipsum atque indoles (veluti Conclusio sequitur infirmiorem partem) plerumque matrissat: hinc contigisse arbitror apud Romanos, quod nonnulæ familiæ semper mites essent, uti Valerii, aliæ contrà semper pertinaces ac tribunitiæ, uti Appii. Yuare noluit Princeps optimus, in delectu uxoris, re unâ omnium gravissimâ alienis oculis judicioque inniti; Ipse, ipse profectus est, ut ingenti labore suo et periculo consuleret, et præsenti Reipublicæ et futuræ; neque unius seculi Princeps, sed et omnium, quæ ven-

tura sunt, haberetur. Neque in hisce Nuptiis posteritati tantùm prospexit suavissimus Princeps, verùm etiam præsenti seculo, dum pacem, quâ tot jam annis impunè fruimur, hoc pacto fundatam cupit et perpetuam; quod quidem ubi gentium si non ab Hispano sperandum? *Ὅταν νομεὺς ἀγαθὸν κύνα ἔχῃ, καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι νομεῖς βούλονται πλησίον αὐτοῦ τὰς ἀγέλας ἰσάναι.* Scio Belli nomen splendidum esse et gloriosum, dum animus grandis, suique impos, triumphos et victorias, quasi frœna ferox spumantia mandit, juvat micare gladio et mucronum intueri.

> Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
> Stringuntur aures: jam litui strepunt,
> Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
> Terret equos equitumque vultus.

Cum tamen splendida plerumque vitrea sint, claritatem fragilitate corrumpentia; neque de privato agamus bono, sed publico; certè fatendum est, anteferendam bello pacem, sine quâ omnis vita procella, et mundus solitudo. Pace, filii sepeliunt patres; bello, patres, filios: pace, ægri sanantur; bello, etiam sani intereunt: pace, securitas in agris est; bello, neque intra muros: pace, avium cantus expergefacit; bello, tubæ ac tympana: pax novum orbem aperuit; bellum destruit veterem.

> Εἰρήνη γεωργὸν κἂν πετραις τρέφει καλῶς
> Πολεμὸς δὲ κἂν πεδίῳ κακὸς ἔφυ.

Quod ad nostram Rempublicam, Academiam, pax adeo Musis summè necessaria est, ut sine eâ nihil simus. Nam primùm tota hæc Pieria supellex, charta, calami, codices, quàm subitò dispereunt, simul ac concrepuit incendium militare: quid proderunt scalpella vestra, quando ipsæ hæ turres et beatæ fabricæ, unico ictu sulphurei tubi unicâ liturâ delentur? Dein quid Musis cum tumultu? Otium poscunt artes, mentem tranquillam, serenam, sudam: lucos æstate, pinguem togam hyeme: delicta res est eruditio et tenera, tanquam flos molliculus rudiore Centurionis manu tactus flaccescit. Tu, qui Philosophiæ incumbis, cùm corporis cum animâ vinculum impedimento esse ad contemplandum causaris, irruit Miles in Musæum tuum, et gladio te liberat. Tu, qui astra scrutaris, dum globos tractas et cœlos fictitios, perrumpit primipilus, et te cum cœlis tuis ad inferos deturbat. Sensit hoc Archimedes, figuras jam nunc pulveri

inscriptas, corpore confosso obliterans. Quare cavendum, ne pacem, quæ sola incubat artibus, et obstetricatur, minus quàm par est, æstimemus. Quod aliæ gentes manibus in cœlum sublatis, lachrymis in terram manantibus, jejunæ, squalidæ, perdiæ, pernoctes flagitant, cavendum ne id nobis nauseam moveat, aut tanquam oves tædulæ et fastidiosæ, cibum respuamus. Ecquid nescitis miserias Belli? consulite historias; illic tuta cognitio est, atque extra teli jactum. Ecce lanienas omnimodas, truncata corpora, mutilatem imaginem Dei, pauxillum vitæ, quantum satis ad dolendum, urbium incendia, fragores, direptiones, stupratas virgines, prægnantes bis intersectas, infantulos plus lactis quàm cruoris emittentes; effigies, imo umbras hominum fame, frigore, illuvie, enectas, contusas, debilitatas. Quam cruenta gloria est, quæ super cervicibus hominum erigitur? ubi in dubio est, qui facit, an qui patitur, miserior.

Non nego bellum aliquando necessarium esse, bellique miserias gratas, præcipuè ubi velut ex continentibus tectis ad nos trajecturum est incendium: Σωθρόνων ἐσὶ μὴ περιμένειν, ὅτε πολεμεῖν ὑμῖν ὁμολογήσει, dixit Mithridates. Sed non est nostri bellum indicere: prudentissimus Rex maturè prospiciet, ubi ille signum sustulerit, Leones Britannici (è quorum ossibus collisis ignis elicitur) qui nunc mansueti sunt, abundè rugient. Interim curiositas absit, neque eorum satagamus, quæ ad nos non spectant; sed velut Romani lacum, cujus altitudo ignota erat dedicabant victoriæ; pariter et nos consilia regia, tanquam gurgitem impervestigabilem, victoriæ nuncupemus: præsertim cum futura incerta sint, et nullis perspicillis, ne Belgicis quidem assequenda: apud poetas deorum pharetræ operculum habuere, humanæ non item: patent enim consilia nostra, absconduntur Divina et Regia, præcipuè pharetrata, quæ ad pœnam gentium et Bellum spectant. Sunt tamen acuti quidam et emuncti, qui omnia prævident: nihil eos latet, ac si Fatis à fuso essent, atque consiliis, sine quibus ne unum quidem filum torquerent: nobis non licet esse tam perspicacibus, quamvis rationi consonum videtur, ut qui hic in Musarum monte editissimo, in ipso Parnasso siti sumus, liberiorem, quam alii, prospectum habeamus. Illud autem, quod cuivis clarissimè patet, etiam lusco; nunquam intueri satis vel mirari possumus, nimirum infinitum Principis in suam gentem amorem, cui pacem quæsivit suo capite, periculis suis.

Recte facitis, Academici, attollentes oculos cum stupore; Laudo

vos, neque enim quicquam hoc itinere mirabilius, cujus tamen fructum omnem nondum habetis enucleatum. Quid enim si præter Nuptias, prolem, tranquillitatem, etiam et scientiæ augmentum ex hoc itinere captavit solertissimus Princeps? nihil ad cognitionem acquirendam peregrinatione conducibilius esse novistis omnes, unde cuncti antiqui Philosophi peregrinati sunt, existimantes Τυφλοὺς εἶναι πρὸς ὀξὺ βλέποντας, ἀναποδημήτῃς πρὸς ἐκδεδημηκότας. Quamvis res hæc Principibus ut utilissima ita difficillima facta, cum quantò plus possint in suâ terrâ, tantò minùs in alienâ. Omne regnum suo Principi carcer est, aut si excedat, alienum: at Noster difficultatem superans, fructum consecutus est: quid enim utilius quàm ex observatione exterarum Legum ac morum, patriam ditare? Catonianum præceptum est: Vicini quo pacto niteant, id animum advertito; adde quod angusti est animi aut superbi sua tantum nosse, præsertim cum in uno regno non sint omnia: divisit Natura suas dotes, ut indigentia singularum regionum, omnes connectit: etenim abundantia morosa est et sternax, unde divites sylvas, ac saltus quærunt ubi ædificent, ac si non gregaria essent animalia, sed tigres aut ursi. Quamobrem optimè consuluit gentibus natura, cum paupertatem daret tanquam catenam, quâ dissitas nationes ac superbas constringeret. Porro si Politicos audiamus, Salus regnorum pendet à vicinis, quorum consilia, apparatus, fœdera, munitiones, æquè ac nostra spectari debent: incumbant sibi invicem imperia, tanquam ligna obliqua, aliter magna hæc mundi domus corrueret: hinc Reges Legatos habent statarios ac resides, quem locum Noster suavissimus implevit, ipse egit oratorem, ut et ego aliquantulum hoc nomine glorier.

Neque alienas tantùm ex hoc itinere cognovit Respublica sed quod plus est, suam; absentiâ magis quàm præsentiâ. Nunc enim exploratos habet nostros in se affectus, timores, suspiria, expostulationes, iras, amorem rursus. Deus bone? qui tum rumores? quæ auditiones? qui susurri? Heus, abiitnè Noster? miseros nos; nunquam frigidiorem æstatem sensimus; at quo tandem? Madritum? hui! iter bene longum: Quid autem illic? sterilem aiunt regionem: Falleris, nusquam plura bona, cum etiam mala illic sint aurea: nihil inaudisti de Tago, Pactolo? apud nos agri tantum sunt fertiles, illic etiam arenæ. Dii te perdant, cum malis tuis et arenâ sine calce: at ego Principem vellem, Carolum, Carolum; siccinè abiisti

solus? cur non nos omnes tecum? cur non ut elephanti turres, ita tu patriam tecum portasti? Sic tunc omnes strepebant; hujusmodi lamentis et quiritationibus plena erant fora, nundinæ, conciliabula, angiportus, Mæandri. Dicam vobis, Academici; ego tunc temporis liberior eram, hùc illùc pro libitu circumcursitans: inspexi facies hominum ac vultus curiosiùs tanquam emptor, ita me ametis omnes, ut ego nihil uspiam lœtum, nihil candidum expiscari possem, oculi omnium dejecti, humile os, collum pensile, manus decussatæ, ipsæ mulieres inelegantes, nulla pulchritudo per universam Britanniam, disparuit forma, Albion nomine excidit: ipsum cœlum nubilum semper, et poeta stultus qui dixerat,

Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.

Inde ego sic mecum: gaudeo quidem de ingenti amore in Principem, cui nulla dilectio par esse potest; at cur adeo dolent? cur ringuntur? num diffidunt prudentiæ Regis? annon ejus consilio res gesta est? Scio Hispanum versùtum, callidum, artis et aucupii apprimè gnarum: at Jacobus à nobis est: hic ego me erexi et de dolore remisi plurimum, de desiderio nihil. Atque hoc quidem statu res erant, Suavissime Carole, cum tu aberas; ex quo facile collectu erat, quantum deperimus te; quam stultè de te rixamur: ut aliquando existimem id egisse prudentissimum Patrem tuum, cum dimitteret te in Hispaniam, quod Romani Imperatores in bello, qui solebant signa in hostes injicere, ut milites acriùs ea repeterent: certè nos te absentem omnes acerrimè concitatissimeque desideravimus.

Ecquid videtis tandem quàm utile hoc iter, per quod optimus Princeps non tantùm exteras regiones habuit perspectas, verum etiam suam; Quid si hîc lateat etiam Temperantia, rara in Principibus virtus, et cui cum sceptro lites sæpiùs intercedunt? Quid enim? adeon' nihili videtur res, Principem omnibus deliciis abundantem, obseptum illecebris, voluptatibus quasi fasciis circundatum, enatare è deliciis, transilire sepes, rumpere fascias cum Hercule, serpentesque interficere voluptatis, ut iter tantum, tantis laboribus, periculis obnoxium susciperet? Quàm pudet me delicatorum Cæsarum, qui cupiditatibus immersi, aut uno semper saginantur in loco, uti anguillæ, aut si mutant locum, gestantur, tanquam onera, circumferuntur mollissimis lecticis, indicantes, se non amare

patriam terram, à quâ adeò removentur. Sic pascunt se indies, ac si corpora sua non abirent olim in elementa, sed in bellaria aut tragemata: cum tamen in resolutione illâ ultimâ, nulla sit distinctio populi aut principis: nulla sunt sceptra in elementis, nulli fasces aut secures: Vapores serviles ad nubes educti, æquè magnum tonitru edent ac regii. Quid ego vobis Neronum aut Heliogabalorum ingluviem memorem? quid ructus crapulæ solium possidentis? Dies me deficeret (et quidem nox aptior esset tali historiæ) si Romanorum Imperatorum incredibilem luxum à Tiberio Cæsare ad Constantinum magnum aperirem, quorum imperium gulæ impar erat, ut interdum putem, optimè consuluisse Deum orbi terrarum lapides et metalla ei inserendo, alitèr mundus jamdiu fuisset devoratus. Nota sunt *ταριχεύματα* Ægyptiorum, qui antequam condiebant corpora Nobilium, solebant ventres eximere, quos in arcâ repositos abjiciebant in fluvium, his verbis. *Ὦ δέσποτα ἥλιε καὶ θέοι πάντες, εἴ τι κατὰ τὸν ἐμαυτοῦ βίον ἥμαρτον, ἢ φαγὼν ἢ πιὼν, ὧν μὴ θεμιτὸν ἦν, οὐ δι' ἐμαυτὸν ἥμαρτον, ἀλλὰ διὰ ταῦτα.* At noster spretis voluptatibus, illecebris *μελιταίαις ἀγχόναις* abjectis, iter aggreditur et labores, haud ignarus, ignem vitæ augeri ventilatione, desidiâ corrumpi, neminemque esse sui negligentiorem, quam qui sibi parcat. Quin exuit personum Principis, deponit Majestatem, virgam cum sceptro commutans, ut quid privata habeat in se vita commodi aut voluptatis, experiretur. Nihil utilius Regi quàm aliquando non regnare: hoc enim fastum amputat, affectus explorat, adulationem ventilat, et adulatores, qui semper titillant aures Principum, *Ὥσπερ τοῖς πτεροῖς κνώμενοι τὰ ὦτα.* Elfredus nobilissimus Saxonum nostrorum Princeps, sub ementito habitu fidicinis castra hostium ingressus, ipsumque Prætorium, fidibus canendo, omnia Danorum expiscatus consilia, victoriam celebrem consecutus est. Notissimus est Codri amor, cujus manifestationem in gentem suam, privatæ personæ et habitui debuit. Porro, est etiam interdum satietas quædam honoris, quem ad tempus deponere famem excitat: non minùs vitæ inæqualitas delectat, quàm terræ, quam Natura montibus vallibusque sublimitate atque humilitate distinxit: quin et venti imperant pelago, ut lævitatem illam æquabilem atque politiem perturbent. In picturis locus est umbris et recessibus, etiam si quis Principem pingat. Amat varietatem Natura omnis, flores, animalia, tum maximè homo, cui soli ideo insunt oculi variegati, cum cætera animantia

unicolores habeant. Quamobrem non est mirandum, si Reges ipsi quandoque suavitates suas populari aceto condiant.

Accepistis, Viri attentissimi, causas itineris hujus, quantum quidem ego homuncio ac nanus conjectando assequor. Quare nunc vobis ex pede Herculem, ex itinere Principem metiri licet, quod sane adeo nobile fuit et honorificum, ut nihil habeat. Invidia ipsa, quod contra hiscat aut mussitet. Adest tamen anus illa querula, et φίλεγκλημων, quam audire videor dicentem Pulchrum quidem iter et Amante dignum; siccine pessima? at fuerit; si amor virginis eò pertraxit Principem, quò tandem ducet amor Patriæ? eadem acies et stipulam secat et lignum; idem fervor qui impar sub amoris signo meritus est, ad vera castra traductus, hostem interficiet: idem impetus, qui peragravit Hispaniam, si opus sit, superabit; præsertim cùm amico fidere periculosius sit, quàm hostem superare. Protagoras cùm elegantèr admodùm caudices ligni fasciculo vinxisset, cum grandi atque impedito onere facillimè incedens, occurrit ei Democritus, et ingenium admirans, domum secum duxit, et erudivit artibus; qui inde è bajulo evasit Philosophus, eodem ingenio usus in lignis et literis: quis scit an et amoris onus scitè vinctum ligatumque, et per tot milliaria facilè transmissum, mentem majorum capacem indicet? Florent apud nos artes omnes, inter quas et Mathematicæ, quæ licèt versentur in figuris describendis, quibus nihil imperito vanius inutiliusvè videatur, ubi tamen ad usum tralatæ suerint, machinas conficiunt ad defensionem Reipublicæ mirabiles: Sic idem animus, qui nuper versatus est in formâ et figuris vultus, ubi res postulat, regnum tuebitur: imò in universum, si quis de Principe aliquo, quis sit futurus aut qualis, rectè divinaret, non respiciat materiam actionum, sed quo spiritu, quâ arte, quanto impetu atque vigore res aggrediatur: quemadmodum in Cometæ præsagio, non respicitur, quæ materia sit, cœlestis an sublunaris, sed quæ signa, quo motu transeat.

Verùm mittamus invidos et invidiam, quæ semper se devorat primùm, uti vermis nucleum, è quo nascitur; non est tanti respondere latratibus malevolorum; licèt celebres sint canes Britannici, et plus justo celebres, cum leunculum et dominum suum contra naturam adoriantur: in Geoponicis dicitur, Κάτοπτρον ἐὰν ἐπιδείξῃς τῷ ἐπικειμένῳ νέθει, παρελεύσεται ἡ χάλαζα: quanto citiùs fugient calumniæ, si speculum Invidiæ ostendas, quo deformitatem suam

intueatur. Nos verò, flores Parnassi, gaudia præstolantur, quæ jamdudum annuunt mihi ut perorem. Hilaris hæc sumenda est dies. Quare prodite tenebriones literarii è gurgustiis vestris, ubi trecenta foliorum jugera, uno die sedentes percurritis; prodite omnes. Quid novi? Quid novi stupide? Rediit Princeps, Carolus rediit, honore gravidus, gravidus scientiâ, cruribus thymo plenis: ut enim vapor, qui furtim ascendit ad nubes, ubi jam ingravescit humore, relabitur in terram, quâ ortus est, eique cum fœcundiâ remuneratur; sic et Noster qui clanculum exiit, usque ad Pyrenæas nubes conscendens, reversus per mare, gloriâ, prudentiâ auctior, ditat patriam, suamque absentiam cum fœnore compensat. Quamobrem abjicite quisque libros, non est locus gravitati, neque apud vos: tripudiet Alma Mater licèt ætate provectior, etiam anus subsultans multùm excitet pulveris: Arionem Delphino revectum excepere arbores tripudiantes, et Vos statis?

Tantùm precemur Deum immortalem, ut Princeps optimus nulla secunda itinera meditetur; posthac contineat se patriâ, cujus arctis amplexibus nunquam se expediet. Gulielmus Victor descensurus primum è navibus in terram hanc, incidit in cœnum, quod innuebat eum hîc mansurum: utinam et nunc sit tanta patriæ tenacitas, ut nunquam Princeps se extricet: satis virtuti datum est, satis Reipublicæ. Quod si necesse sit iterum exire patriâ, qui nunc invenit viam, proximo itinere faciat. Apollo olim depositis radiis, Daphnen deperiit, at illa mutata est in arborem triumphantium propriam: Noster etiam Princeps habuit Daphnen suam, cujus amor deinceps in triumphos et laurus mutabitur.

Nos vero Auditores, diu jam peregrinati cum Principe, commodè pervenimus ad laurum hanc, ubi sub umbrâ ejus paulisper requiescamus; præsertim donec transeat nubes illa, quæ vicinos adeò infestat: hîc enim securi sumus à pluviâ, imô à fulmine: Obsecremus eum tantùm ut permittat nostram hanc

Inter victrices hederam sibi serpere Lauros

Dixi.

Oratio Domini Georgii Herbert,

Oratoris Academiæ Cantabrigiensis, habita coram Dominis Legatis cum Magistro. in Artib. Titulis Insignirentur.* 27 Feb. 1622.

EXCELLENTISSIMI MAGNIFICENTISSIMI DOMINI,—Post honores eximios, præfecturas insignes, Legationes Nobilissimas, aliosque titulos æquè nobis memorantibus, ac merentibus vobis gratissimos, Saluete tandem Mágistri Artium, et quidem omnium Aulicarum, Militarium, Academicarum. Cujus novi tituli accessionem summè gratulantur Excellentiis Vestris Musæ omnes, Gratiæque, obsecrantes, ut deponatis paulisper vultus illos bellicos, quibus hostes soletis in potestatem redigere, lenioresque aspectus, et dulciores assumatis; nos etiam exuentes os illud, et supercilium quibus caperatam severioremque, Philosophiam expugnare novimus, quicquid hilare est, lætum, ac lubens, vestram in gratiam amplectimur. Quid enim jucundius accidere potest, quàm ut ministri Regis Catholica ad nos accedant? cujus ingens gloria æquè rotunda est atque ipse orbis: qui utrasque Indias Hispaniâ suâ quasi modo connectens, nullas metas laudum, nullas Herculeas columnas, quas jam olim possidet, agnoscit. Jamdudum nos omnes, nostrumque regnum gestimus fieri participes ejus sanguinis, qui tantos spiritus solet infundere. Et quod observatione cum primis dignum est, quo magis amore coalescamus, utraque gens Hispanica, Britannica, colimus Jacobum. Jacobus tutelaris divus est utrique nostrum; ut satis intelligatis, Excellentias vestras tanto chariores esse, cùm eo sitis ordine atque habitu, quo nos in hoc regno omnes esse gloriamur. Quin et Serenissimæ Principis Isabellæ laudes, virtutesque vicinum fretum quotidie transnatantes, litora nostra atque aures mirè circumsonant. Necesse est autem ut fœlicitas tantorum Principum etiam in ministros redundet, quorum in eligendis illis judicium jampridem apparet. Quarè excellentissimi, Splendidissimi Domini, cum tanti sitis et in Principibus Vestris, et in vobismetipsis, veremur ne nihil hic sit, quod magnitudini præsentiæ

* Don Charles de Coloma, Spanish ambassador, and Ferdinand, Baron of Boyscot, ambassador of Isabella, Archduchess of Austria. London, Printed by W. Stansby, for Richard Meighen. 1623.

vestræ respondeat. Quis enim apud nos splendor, aut rerum, aut vestium? quæ rutilatio? certe cùm duplex fulgor sit, qui mundi oculos perstringat, nos tam defecimus in utroque quàm Excellentiæ Vestræ abundant. Quinimo Artes hic sunt quietæ, et silentio cultæ, tranquillitas, otium, pax omnibus præterquam tineis, paupertas perpetua, nisi ubi vestræ adsunt Excellentiæ. Nolite tamen contemnere has gloriolas nostras quas è chartis et pulvere eruimus. Quomodo possetis similes esse Alexandro Magno nisi ejus res gestas tradidisset historia? seritur fama in hoc sæculo, ut in sequenti metatur: prius Excellentiis Vestris curæ erit; posterioris largam messem Vobis hæc tenuia boni consulentibus, vovemus.

—o—

The Oration of Master George Herbert,

Orator of the University of Cambridge, when the Ambassadors were made Masters of Arts. 27 Feb. 1622.

MOST EXCELLENT AND MOST MAGNIFICENT LORDS,—After many singular honours, remarkable commands, most noble ambassages, and other titles most pleasing, as well to us remembering as to you deserving them; we at last salute you Masters of Arts; yea, indeed of all, both courtly, military, academical. The accession of which new title to your Excellencies all the Muses and Graces congratulate; entreating that you would awhile lay aside those warlike looks with which you used to conquer your enemies, and assume more mild and gracious aspects; and we also putting off that countenance and gravity by which we well know how to convince the stern and more austere sort of philosophy, for respect to you, embrace all that is cheerful, joyous, pleasing. For what could have happened more pleasing to us than the access of the officers of the Catholic King? whose exceeding glory is equally round with the world itself; who tying, as with a knot, both Indies to his Spain, knows no limits of his praise; no, not, as in past ages, those pillars of Hercules. Long since all we and our whole kingdom exult with joy to be united with that blood which useth to infuse so great and worthy spirits. And that which first deserveth our

observation, to the end we might the more by love grow on, both the Spanish and British nation serve and worship James. James is the protecting saint unto us both, that you may well conceive your Excellencies to be more dear unto us, in that you are of the same order and habit, of which we all in this kingdom glory to be. The praises also and virtues of the most renowned Princess Isabel, passing daily our neighbouring sea, wondrously sound through all our coasts and ears. And necessarily must the felicity of so great princes redound also to those servants, in the choice of whom their judgment doth even now appear. Wherefore, most excellent, most illustrious Lords, since you are so great both in your princes and yourselves, we justly fear that there is nothing here answerable to the greatness of your presence. For amongst us what glorious show is there, either of garments or anything else? what splendour? surely, since there is a twofold brightness which dazzleth the eyes of men, we have as much failed as your Excellencies do excel in both. But yet the arts in quietness and silence here are reverenced: here is tranquillity, repose, peace, with all but book-worms, perpetual poverty, but when your Excellencies appear. Yet do not ye contemn these our slight glories, which we raise from books and painful industry: how could you be like great Alexander, unless history delivered his actions? Fame is sown in this age, that it may be reaped in the following; let the first be the care of your Excellencies; we for your gracious acceptance of these poor duties wish, and vow unto you of the last a plenteous harvest.

Latin and Greek Poems.

Parentalia.

AUCTORE G. HERBERT.*

Memoriæ Matris Sacrum.

AH Mater, quo te deplorem fonte? Dolores
Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos?
Sicca meis lacrymis Thamesis vicina videtur,
Virtutumque choro siccior ipse tuo.
In flumen mœrore nigrum si funderer ardens,
Laudibus haud fierem sepia justa tuis.
Tantùm istæc scribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantùm
Mater: et ista Dolor nunc tibi Metra parit.

* Printed at the end of Dr. Donne's Sermon of Commemoration of the Lady Danvers, late wife of Sir John Danvers, preached at Chelsea, July 1, 1627, together with other Commemorations of her by her son G. Herbert. Lond. 1627, 12mo. Dr. Donne had formed a great friendship for Lady Danvers. Of her he says:

"No Spring nor Summer beauty has such grace
As I have seen in an Autumnal face."

CORNELIÆ sanctæ, graves Semproniæ,
Et quicquid uspiam est severæ fœmina,
Conferte lacrymas: Illa, quæ vos miscuit
Vestrasque laudes, poscit et mixtas genas.
Namque hanc ruinam salva Gravitas defleat,
Pudorque constet vel solutis crinibus;
Quandonque, voltûs sola majestas, Dolor.
Decus mulierum periit: et metuunti viri
Utrumque sexum dote ne mulctaverit.
Non illa soles terere comptu lubricos,
Struices superbas atque turritum caput
Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,
(Nam post Babelem linguæ adest confusio,)
Quin post modestam, qualis integras decet,
Substructionem capitis et nimbum brevem,
Animam recentem rite curavit sacris
Adorta numen acri et igneâ prece.
Dein familiam lustrat, et res prandii,
Horti, colique distributim pensitat.
Suum cuïque tempus et locus datur.
Inde exiguntur pensa crudo vespere.
Ratione certâ vita constat et domus,
Prudentèr inito quot-diebus calculo.
Totâ renident æde decus et suavitas
Animo renidentes priùs. Sin rarior
Magnatis appulsu extulit se occasio,
Surrexit unà et illa, seseque extulit:
Occasione certat imò et obtinet.
Proh? quantus imber, quanta labri comitas,
Lepos severus, Pallas mixta Gratiis;
Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia:
Aut si negotio horæ sumenda est, rei
Per angiportus et mændros labitur,

Ipsos Catones provocans oraculis
Tum quanta tabulis artifex? quæ scriptio?
Bellum putamen, nucleus bellissimus
Sententiæ cum voce mirè convenit.
Volant per orbem literæ notissimæ:
O blanda dextra, neutiquam istoc pulveris,
Quò nunc recumbis, scriptio merita est tua,
Pactoli arena tibi tumulus est unicus.
Adde his trientem Musices, quæ molliens
Mulcensque dotes cæteras, visa est quasi
Cælestis harmoniæ breve præludium.
Quam mira tandem Sublevatrix pauperum?
Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
Commune cordis palpitantis balsamum:
Benedictiones publicæ cingunt caput,
Cælique referunt et præoccupant modum.
Fatisco, referens tanta quæ numerant mei
Solùm dolores,—et dolores, stellulæ!
At tu qui ineptè hæc dicta censes filio,
Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
Ergo ipse solùm mutus atque excors ero
Strepente mundo tinnulis præconiis?
Mihine Matris urna clausa est unico,
Herbæ exoletæ, ros-marinus aridus?
Matrine linguam refero, solùm ut mordeam?
Abito barde! Quàm piè istìc sum impudens?
Tu verò Mater perpetìm laudabere
Nato dolenti: literæ hoc debent tibi
Quêis me educasti; sponte chartas illinunt
Fructum laborum consecutæ maximum
Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inscii.

—o—

CUR splendes, O Phœbe? ecquid demittere matrem
Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes?
At superat caput illa tuum, quantum ipsa cadaver
Mens superat; corpus solùm Elementa tenent.
Scilicet id splendes: hæc est tibi causa micandi
Et lucro apponis guadia sancta tuo.
Verùm heus si nequeas cœlo demittere Matrem,
Sitque omnis motûs nescia, tanta quies,
Fac radios saltèm ingemines, ut dextera tortos
Implicet, et Matrem, Matre manente, petam.

—o—

QUID nugor calamo favens?
Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,
Horto pro tenui colit
Edenem Boreæ flatibus invium.
Quin cœli mihi sunt mei,
Materni decus, et debita nominis,
Dumque his invigilo frequens
Stellarum socius, pellibus exuor.
Quare Sphæram egomet meam
Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo:
Te, Mater, celebrans diû,
Noctû te celebrans luminis æmulo.
Per te nascor in hunc globum,
Exemploque tuo nascor in alterum:
Bis tu Mater eras mihi,
Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.

—o—

HORTI, deliciæ Dominæ, marcescite tandem;
Ornâstis capulum, nec superesse licet.
Ecce decus vestrum spinis horrescit, acutâ
Cultricem revocans anxietate manum:

Terram et funus olent flores: Dominæque cadaver
Contiguas stirpes afflat, eæque rosas.
In terram violæ capite inclinantur opaco,
Quæque domus Dominæ sit, gravitate docent.
Quare haud vos hortos, sed cæmeteria dico,
Dum torus absentem quisque reponit heram.
Eugè, perite omnes; nec posthâc exeat ulla
Quæsitum Dominam gemma vel herba suam.
Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumulosque paternos;
(Nempe sepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit)
Occidite; aut sanè tantispèr vivite, donec
Vespere ros mæstis funus honestet aquis.

—o—

GALENE frustrâ es, cur miserum premens
Tot quæstionum fluctibus obruis,
Arterias tractans micantes
Corporæ fluidæque molis?
Ægroto mentis? quam neque pixides
Nec tarda possunt pharmaca consequi,
Utrumque si præderis Indum,
Ultrà animus spatiatur exlex.
Impos medendi, occidere si potes,
Nec sic parentum ducar ad optimam:
Ni sanctè, uti Mater, recedam,
Morte magis viduabor illâ.
Quin cerne ut erres inscie, brachium
Tentando sanum: si calet, æstuans,
Ardore scribendi calescit,
Mater inest saliente venâ.
Si totus infler, si tumeam crepax,
Ne membra culpes, causa animo latet
Qui parturit laudes parentis:

Nec gravidis medicina tuta est.
Irregularis nunc habitus mihi est:
Non exigatur crasis ad alterum.
Quod tu febrem censes, salubre est
Atque animo medicatur unum.

—o—

PALLIDA materni Genii atque exanguis imago,
In nebulas similesque tui res guadia numquid
Mutata? et pro Matre mihi phantasma dolosum
Uberaque ærea hiscentem fallentia natum?
Væ nubi pluviâ gravidæ, non lacte, measque
Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda est.
Quin fugias? mea non fuerat tam nubila Juno,
Tam segnis facies auroræ nescia vernæ,
Tam languens genitrix cineri supposta fugaci:
Verum augusta parens, sanctum os cæloque locandum,
Quale paludosos jamjam lictura recessus
Prætulit Astræa, aut solio Themis alma vetusto
Pensilis, atque acri dirimens examine lites.
Hunc vultum ostendas, et tecum nobile spectrum
Quod superest vitæ, insumam: Solisque jugales
Ipse tuæ solùm adnectam, sine murmure, thensæ.
Nec querar ingratos, studiis dum tabidus insto,
Effluxisse dies, suffocatamve Minervam,
Aut spes productas, barbataque somnia vertam
In vicium mundo sterili, cui cedo cometas
Ipse suos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque astra.
Est mihi bis quinis laqueata domuncula tignis
Rure; brevisque hortus, cujus cum vellere florum
Luctatur spacium, qualem tamem eligit æqui
Judicii dominus, flores ut junctiùs halent
Stipati, rudibusque volis impervius hortus

Sit quasi fasciculus crescens, et nidus odorum.
Hìc ego tuque erimus, variæ suffitibus herbæ
Quotidiè pasti: tantùm verum indue vultum
Affectusque mei similem: nec languida misce
Ora meæ memori menti; ne dispare cultu
Pugnaces, teneros florum turbemus odores,
Atque inter reliquos horti crescentia fœtus
Nostra etiam paribus marcescant gaudia fatis.

—o—

PARVAM piamque dum lubentèr semitam
Grandi reæque præfero.
Carpsit malignum sidus hanc modestiam
Vinumque felle miscuit.
Hinc fremere totus et minari gestio
Ipsis severus orbibus,
Tandem prehensâ comiter lacernulâ
Susurrat aure quispiam,
Hæc fuerat olim potio Domini tui.
Gusto proboque Dolium.

—o—

HOC, Genitrix, scriptum proles tibi sedula mittit.
Siste parum cantus, dum legis ista, tuos.
Nôsse sui quid agant, quædam est quoque musica sanctis,
Quæque olim fuerat cura, manere potest.
Nos miserè flemus, solesque obducimus almos
Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.
Interea classem magnis Rex instruit ausis:
Nos autem flemus: res ea sola tuis.
Ecce solutura est, ventos causata morantes:
Sin pluviam: fletus suppeditâsset aquas.

Tillius incumbit Dano: Gallusque marinis:
Nos flendo: hæc nostrûm tessera sola ducum.
Sic ævum exigitur tardum, dum præpetis anni
Mille rotæ nimiis impediuntur aquis.
Plura tibi missurus eram (nam quæ mihi laurus,
Quod nectar, nisi cum te celebrare diem?)
Sed partem in scriptis etiam dum lacryma poscit,
Diluit oppositas candidus humor aquas.

—o—

NEMPE hucusque notos tenebricosos,
Et mæstum nimio madore Cœlum,
Tellurisque Britannicæ salivam
Injustè satis arguit viator.
At te commoriente, Magna Mater,
Rectè, quem trahit, aerem repellit
Cum probo madidum, reumque difflat.
Nam te nunc Ager, Urbs, et Aula plorant:
Te nunc Anglia, Scotiæque binæ,
Quin te Cambria pervetusta deflet,
Deducens lacrymas prioris ævi
Ne seræ meritis tuis venirent.
Non est angulus uspiam serenus,
Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.

—o—

DUM librata suis hæret radicibus ilex
Nescia Vulturnis cedere, firma manet.
Post ubi crudelem sentit divisa securem,
Quò placet oblato, mortua fertur, hero:
Arbor et ipse inversa vocor: dumque insitus almæ
Assideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.

Nunc sorti pateo, expositus sine Matre procellis,
Lubricus, et superans mobilitate salum.
Tu radix, tu petra mihi firmissima, Mater
Ceu Polypus, chelis saxa prehendo tenax:
Non tibi nunc soli filum abrupere sorores
Dissutus videor funere et ipse tuo.
Unde vagans passim rectè vocer alter Ulysses,
Alteraque hæc tua mors, Ilias esto mihi.

—o—

FACESSE Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes.
Exuta strato carnis, ossibus constans,
Iisque siccis, adeo ut os Molossorum
Haud glubat inde tres teruncios escæ.
Dolere prohibes? aut dolere me gentis
Adeò inficetæ, plumbeæ, Meduseæ,
Ad saxa speciem retrahentis humanam,
Tantoque nequioris optimâ Pyrrhâ.
At forte matrem perdere haud soles demens:
Quin nec potes; cui præbuit Tigris partum.
Proinde parco belluis, nec iras cor.

—o—

Epitaphium.

HIC sita fœminei laus et victoria sexus:
Virgo pudens, uxor fida, severa parens:
Magnatumque inopumque æquum certamen et ardor:
Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
Sic excelsa humilisque simul loca dissita junxit,
Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et astra, fruens

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἔρκος, ἀμαιρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος
Τῷδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίζεο, φίλε, μόνον.
Νοῦ δ' αὐτοῦ τάφος ἐστ' ἀστήρ· φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνου
Φεγγώδη μόνον, ὡς εἰκος, ἔπαυλιν ἔχει.
Νῦν ὁράας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ὠπὸς ἀπαυγοῦς
Οὐ σαθρὸν, οὐδὲ μελῶν ἔπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
Ὅς διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δὶ Ὀλύμπου
Ἀστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νεῖμε σέλας.

—o—

Μῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
Ὄδυρμα Δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
Πῶς νῦν ἀφίπτασαι, γόου καὶ κινδύνου
Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίους.
Μενοῦνγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεών,
Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σήνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις
Ἔχρην φυγοῦσα, τήν τ' ἐπιστήμην βίου.
Μενοῦν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίῤῥοον τρόπῳν,
Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ὑπεξελθεῖν λεών.
Νῦν δ' ὤχου ἐνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς νικηφόρος
Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κἄγων ἡ ὡς Ἀπαρκτίας
Κήπου συνωθῶν ἀνθινὴν εὐωδίαν,
Μίαν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας.
Ἐγὼ δὲ ῥινὶ ξυμβαλὼν ἰχνηλατῶ
Εἶπου τύχοιμι τῆς δ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
Θανεῖν συνειδὼς κρεῖττον, ἢ ἄλλως βιοῦν.

—o—

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι.
Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι·
Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
Δακρύοντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
Γενέτειραν οὐ τις ἄνδρων
Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαύτην
Ἐποδύρεται πρεπόντως.
Τάλας; εἶθε γ' Ἄργος εἴην

Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
Ἵνα μητρὸς εὐθενούσης
Ἀρετὰς διακριθείσας
Ἰδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

—o—

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι, καὶ ἄλλοι,
Οὐκ ἐθ' ἐμὴν ἰδίας φύλης γράψαντες ἀρωγὸν,
Προυνομίῳ δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἐλόντες.
Οὐκ ἔνι θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν· οὔδε γὰρ ὕδωρ,
Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἴργειν
Ἡ θέμις, ἢ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
Δημόσιον τ' ἴνδαλμα καμοῦ, θεῖόν τε κατόπτρον.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
Οὐκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἦτορ,
Αὖταρ ἄχει μεγάλῳ κεντούμεναι: εὖτε γὰρ αὗται
Τῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἑοῦ ποικίλματος ἄρδην
Λήσμονες, ἡ βελόνη σφαλερῷ κῆρ τραύματι νύττει
Ἔργου ἁμαρτηκυῖα, νέον πέπλον αἵματι στικτὸν
Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόῳ καὶ πένθεσι σύγχρουν.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσιν ὀπώραι,
Οὐκ ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερᾷ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι·
Ἧς βίος ἠελίοιο δίκην, ἀκτῖνας ἱέντος
Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαραῖς ἐπικίδνατι κῆπον·
Αὖταρ ὀδ' αὖ θάνατος κυρίης ὡς ἥλιος αὖος
Σειρίου ἠττηθεὶς βουλήμασι, πάντα μαραίνει.
Ζῶ δ' αὐτὸς βραχύ τι πνείων, ὥς ἔμπαλιν αὐτῆς
Αἶνον ὁμοῦ ζώειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοις ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

—o—

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῶντα Θαμήσεος, αἶκε σελήνης
Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὄγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.
Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίῃ μεγάλης ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴσῃ,
Οὐλυμπόνδε βιβᾶν ὕμμιν ἀνισταμένοις.
Ἀλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαίνῃ,
Καὶ πρέπον ὧδε παρὰ δακρύεσσι ῥέειν.

EXCUSSOS manibus calamos, falcemque resumptam
Rure, sibi dixit Musa fuisse probro.
Aggreditur Matrem (conductis carmine Parcis)
Funereque hoc cultum vindicat ægra suum.
Non potui non ire acri stimulante flagello:
Quin matris superans carmina poscit honos.
Eja, agedum scribo: vicisti Musa; sed audi,
Stulta semel scribo, perpetuò ut sileam.

Georgii Herberti. Angli Musae Responsoriae, ad Andreae Melvini Scoti Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriam.

Pro Supplici Evangelicorum Ministrorum in Anglia, ad Serenissimum Regem contra Larvatam Geminæ Academiæ Gorgonem Apologia; Sive Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria,

AUCTORE ANDREA MELVINO.*

Responsum non Dictum.

INSOLENS, audax, facinus nefandum,
Scilicet, poscit ratio ut decori,
Poscit ex omni officio ut sibi mens
Conscia recti

* Andrew Melvin, or Melvill, a celebrated Presbyterian, was born 1545, and died 1622. On the accession of James the First to the throne of England, the ministers of the Kirk presented him with a petition, called from its numerous signatures the "Millenary Petition." The Universities of Cambridge and Oxford passed resolutions adverse to it, and Melville instantly wrote a satirical poem against our Liturgy ceremonies and Church government. It was brought to Westminster School, where George Herbert then was, and he answered it with "such reflections," says Walton, "on him and his Kirk as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel." These verses were collected and preserved by Dr. Duport, Dean of Peterborough. Melvill, for his continued insults to the Church of England, was imprisoned for three years in the Tower.

Anxiam Christi vigilémque curam
Quæ pias terris animas relictis
Sublevans deducit in astra, nigróque
Invidet Orco,

De sacri casta ratione cultûs,
De sacrosancti officii decoro,
Supplicem ritu veteri libellum
Porgere Regi:

Simplici mente atque animo integello,
Spiritu recto, et studiis modestis,
Numinis sancti veniam, et benigni
Regis honorem

Ritè præfantem; Scelus expiandum
Scilicet taurorum ovium, suúmque
Millibus centum, voluisse nudo
Tangere verbo

Præsulum fastus: monuisse ritus
Impios, deridiculos, ineptos,
Lege, ceu labes maculásque, lectâ ex
Gente fugandos.

Júsque-jurandum ingemuisse jura
Exigi contra omnia; tum misellis
Mentibus tristem laqueum injici per
Fásque nefásque.

Turbida illimi crucis in lavacro
Signa cosignem? magico rotatu
Verba devolvam? sacra vox sacratâ im-
Murmuret undâ

Strigis in morem? Rationis usa ad-
Fabor infantem vacuum? canoras
Ingeram nugas minùs audienti
Dicta puello?

Parvulo impôstis manibus sacrabo
Gratiæ fœdus? Digitóne sponsæ
Annulus sponsi impositus sacrabit
Connubiale

Fœdus æternæ bonitatis? Undâ
Num salutari mulier sacerdos
Tinget in vitam, Sephorámque reddet
Lustrica mater?

Pilei quadrum capiti rotundo
Ritè quadrabit? pharium Camillo
Supparum Christi, et decus Antichristi
Pontificale?

Pastor examen gregis exigendum
Curet invitus, celebrare cœnam
Promptus arcanam, memorando Jesu
Vulnera dira?

Cantibus certent Berecynthia æra
Musicûm fractis? reboéntve rauco
Templa mugitu? Illecebris supremi ah
Rector Olympi

Captus humanis; libitúmque nobis
Scilicet, Regi id Superûm adlubescet:
Somniúmque ægri cerebri profanum est
Dictio sacra.

Haud secus lustri lupa Vaticani
Romuli fæcem bibit: et bibendum
Porrigit poc'lo populisque, et ipsis
Regibus aureo.

Non ità æterni Wittakerus acer
Luminis vindex, patriæque lumen
Dixit aut sensit: neque celsa summi
Penna Renoldi.

Certa sublimes aperire calles
Sueta cœlestes iterare cursus,
Læta misceri niveis beatæ
Civibus aulæ;

Nec Tami aut Cami accola saniore
Mente, qui cœlum sapit in frequenti
Hermathenæo, et celebri Lycæo
Culta juventus;

Cujus affulget genio Jovæ lux:
Cui nitens Sol justitiæ renidet:
Quem jubar Christi radiantis alto
Spectat Olympo.

Bucerum laudem? memorèmque magnum.
Martyrem? Gemmas geminas renati
Aurei sæcli: duo dura sacri
Fulmina belli?

Alterum Camus liquido recursu
Alterum Tamus trepidante lymphâ
Audiit, multum stupuítque magno
Ore sonantem.

Aune mulcentem Rhodanum et lemannum
Prædicem Bezam, viridi in senecta?
Octies cujus trepidavit ætas
Claudere denos

Solis anfractus, reditúsque, et ultra
Quinque procurrens spatiosa in annos
Longiùs florem viridantis ævi
Prorogat et ver.

Oris erumpit scatebra perenni
Amnis exundans, gravidíque rores
Gratia fœcunda animos apertis
Auribus implent

Major hic omni invidia, et superstes
Millibus mille, et Sadeele, et omnium
Maximo CALVINO, aliísque veri
Testibus æquis;

Voce olorina liquidas ad undas
Nunc canit laudes Genitoris almi
Carmen, et nato canit eliquante
Numinis aurâ,

Sensa de castu sacra puriore
Dicta de cultu potiore sanctâ
Arma quæ in castris jugulent severi
Tramitis hostes.

Cana cantanti juga ninguidarum
Alpium applaudunt, resonántque valles;
Jura concentu nemorum sonoro,
Et pater Ister

Consonant longè : pater et bicornis
Rhenus assénsum ingeminat : Garumna,
Sequana, atque Arar, liger, insularum et
Undipotentum

Magna pars intenta Britannicarum
Voce conspirat liquida ; solúmque,
Et salum cœli æmula præcinentis
More modóque

Concinunt Bezæ numeris modísque
Et polo plaudunt ; referúntque leges
Lege quas sanxit pius ardor et Rex
Scoto-Britannus.

Sicut edictum in tabulis ahenis
Servat æternum pia cura Regis
Qui mare et terras, variísque mundum
Temperat horis.

Cujus æqualis soboles parenti
Gentis electæ pater atque custos :
Par et ambobus veniens utrinque
Spiritus almus.

Quippe tres-unus Deus ; unus Actus,
Una natura : est tribus una virtus
Una majestas, Deitas et una,
Gloria et una

Una vis immensa, perennis una
Vita, lux una et sapientia una
Una mens, una et ratio, una vox et
Una voluntas

Lenis indulgens facilis, benigna
Dura et inclemens rigida et severa,
Semper æterna, omnipotens et æqua
Semper et alma.

Lucidum cujus speculum est reflectens
Aureum vultûs jubar et verendum,
Virginis proles sata cœlo, et alto in-
Terpres Olympi.

Qui Patris mentémque animúmque sancti
Filius pandit face noctilucâ,
Sive doctrinæ documenta, seu com-
Pendia vitæ,

Publicæ, privæ, sacra scita Regni
Regis ad nutum referens; domûsque
Ad voluntatem Domini instituta
Singula librans

Luce quam Phœbus melior refundit,
Lege quam legum tulit ipse lator,
Cujus exacti officii suprema est
Norma voluntas.

Cæca mens humana, hominum voluntas
Prava, et affectus rabidi: indigétque
Luce mens, normâ officii voluntas,
Lege libido.

Quisquis hanc surda negat aure, et orba
Mente dat serri rapidis procellis,
Ter quater caudex, stolidusque et omni ex
Parte misellus.

Quisquis hanc prona bibit aure, quâ se
Fundit ubertim liquidas sub auras
Ille ter prudens, sapiensque et omni
Ex parte beatus.

Ergò vos Cami proceres, Tamique
Quos viâ flexit malesuadas error
Denuo rectum duce Rege Regum, in-
Sistite callem

Vos metus tangit si hominum nec ullus,
At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi
Vindicem sperate, et amœna solis
Tartara Diris;

Quæ manent sontes animas, trucésque
Præsulum fastus; malè quos perurit
Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis cus-
Todia pernox.

Veste bis tinctâ Tyrio superbos
Murice: et pastos dape pinguiore
Regia quondam, aut Saliari inuncta ab-
Domine cœna.

Qualis ursini Damasíque fastus
Turgidus, luxúque ferox, feróque
Ambitu pugnax, sacram et ædam, et urbem
Cœde nefandâ

Civium incestavit: et ominosum
Traxit exemplum veniens in ævum
Præsulum quod nobilium indecorus
Provocat ordo.

Quid fames auri sacra? quid cupido
Ambitus diri fera non propagat
Posteris culpæ? mala damna quanta
Plurima fundit?

Pro Disciplina Ecclesiæ Nostræ, Epigrammata Apologetica.

—o—

Augustissimo Potentissimoque Monarchæ Jacobo, D.G. Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regi, Fidei Defensori, &c. Geo. Herbertus.

ECCE recedentis fœcundo in littore Nili
Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
Antè tui, CÆSAR, quàm fulserat aura favoris,
Nostræ etiam Musæ vile fuere lutum:
Nunc adeò per te vivunt, ut repere possint,
Síntque ausæ thalamum solis adire tui.

—o—

Illustriss. Celsissimoque Carolo, Walliæ, et Juventutis Principi.

QUAM chartam tibi porrigo recentem,
Humanæ decus atque apex juventæ,
Obtuto placido benignus affles,
Nam[que] aspectibus è tuis vel unus
Mordaces tineas, nigrásque blattas,

Quas livor mihi parturit, retundet,
Ceu, quas culta timet feges, pruinas
Nascentes radii fugant, vel acres
Tantùm dulcia leniunt catarrhos.
Sic ô te (juvenem, senémve) credat
Mors semper juvenem, senem Britanni.

Reverendissimo in Christo Patri, ac Domino, Episcopo Vintoniensi, &c.*

LANCTÈ Pater, cœli custos, quo doctius uno
Terra nihil, nec quo sanctius astra vident;
Cùm mea futilibus numeris se verba viderent
Claudi, penè tuas præteriêre fores.
Sed properè, dextréque reduxit euntia sensus,
Ista docens soli scripta quadrare tibi.

Ad Regem Epigrammata Duo.
Instituti Epigrammatici Ratio.

CUM millena tuam pulsare negotia mentem
Constet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope;

* Lancelot Andrews, born in 1555. He was one of the ten divines selected to translate the Pentateuch in the reign of James I. He died 1626. His "Manual of Private Devotion" is well known.

Nè te productis videar lassare Camœnis,
Pro solido, Cæsar, carmine frusta dabo.
Cùm tu contundens Catharos, vultúque librísque,
Grata mihi mensæ sunt analecta tuæ.

—o—

Ad Melvinum.

NON mea fert ætas, ut te, veterane, lacessam;
Non ut te superem: res tamen ipsa feret.
Ætatis numerum supplebit causa minorem;
Sic tu nunc juvenis factus, egóque senex.
Aspice, dum perstas, ut te tua deferat ætas;
Et mea sint canis scripta referta tuis.
Ecce tamen quàm suavis ero! cùm, fine duelli,
Clauserit extremas pugna peracta vices,
Tum tibi, si placeat, fugientia tempora reddam;
Sufficiet votis ista juventa meis.

—o—

In Monstrum Vocabuli Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria.
Ad Eundem.

O QUAM bellus homo es! lepido quàm nomine fingis
Istas Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias!
Sic Catharis nova sola placent; res, verba novantur:
Quæ sapiunt ævum, ceu cariosa jacent.
Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces:
Non tibi fingendi sola taberna patet.

Cùm sacra perturbet vester furor omnia, scriptum
Hoc erit, Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria.
Pollubra vel cùm olim damnâris Regia in ara,
Est Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria.

—o—

Partitio Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriæ.

TRES video partes, quò re distinctiùs utar,
Anticategoriæ, Scoto-Britanne, tuæ:
Ritibus una Sacris opponitur; altera Sanctos
Prædicat auctores; tertia plena Deo est.
Postremis ambabus idem sentimus uterque;
Ipse pios laudo; Numen et ipse colo.
Non nisi prima suas patiuntur prælia lites.
O bene quòd dubium possideamus agrum!

—o—

In Metri Genus.

CUR, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poesis,
Sola tibi Sappho, feminàque una placet?
Cur tibi tam facile non arrisêre poetæ
Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede?
Cur non lugentes Elegi? non acer Iambus?
Commotos animos rectiùs ista decent.
Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui puriùs itis,
Et populi spurcas creditis esse vias;
Vos ducibus missis, missis doctoribus, omnes
Femineum blanda fallitis arte genus:
Nunc etiam teneras quò versus gratior aures
Mulceat, imbelles complacuêre modi.

De Larvata Gorgone.

GORGONA cur diram, larvàsque obtrudis inanes,
Cùm propè sit nobis Musa, Medusa procul?
Si, quia felices olim dixêre poetæ
Pallada gorgoneam, sic tua verba placent.
Vel potiùs liceat distinguere. Tùque tuíque
Sumite gorgoneam, nostráque Pallas erit.

—o—

De Præsulum Fastu.

PRÆSULIBUS nostris fastus, Melvine, tumentes
Sæpius aspergis. Siste, pudore vacas.
An quod semotum populo laquearibus altis
Eminet, id tumidum protinus esse feres?
Ergò etiam Solem dicas, ignave, superbum,
Qui tam sublimi conspicit orbe viam:
Ille tamen, quamvìs altus, tua crimina ridens
Assiduo vilem lumine cingit humum.
Sic laudandus erit nactus sublimia Præsul,
Qui dulci miseros irradiabit ope.

—o—

De Gemina Academia.

QUIS hîc superbit, oro? túne, an Præsules?
Quos dente nigri corripis?
Tu duplicem solus Camœnarum thronum
Virtute percellis tuâ;

Et unus impar æstimatur viribus,
Utrumque sternis calcitro :
Omnésque stulti audimus, aut hypocritæ,
Te perspicaci, atque integro.
An rectiùs nos, si vices vertas, probi,
Te contumaci, et livido ?
Quisquis tuetur perspicillis Belgicis
Qua parte tractari solent,
Res ampliantur, sin per adversam videt,
Minora siunt omnia :
Tu qui superbos cæteros existimas
(Superbius cùm te nihil)
Vertas specillum : nam, prout se res, habent,
Vitro minùs rectè uteris.

—o—

De S. Baptismi Ritu.

CUM tener ad sacros infans sistatur aquales,
Quòd puer ignorat, verba profana putas ?
Annon sic mercamur agros ? quibus ecce Redemptor
Comparat æterni regna beata Dei.
Scilicet emptorem si res aut parcior ætas
Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
Forsitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
Et per se Templi limen adire velis :
Sin, Melvine, pedes alienos postulet infans,
Cur sic displiceat vox aliena tibi ?
Rectiùs innocuis lactentibus omnia præstes,
Quæ ratio per se, si sit adulta, sacit.

Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus suppleat alter.
Cùm nequeat claras ipse litare preces?
Sævus es eripiens parvis vadimonia cœli:
Et tibi sit nemo præs, ubi poscis opem.

—o—

De Signaculo Crucis.

CUR tanta sufflas probra in innocuam Crucem?
Non plùs maligni dæmones Christi cruce
Unquam fugari, quàm tui socii solent.
Apostolorum culpa non levis fuit
Vitâsse Christi spiritum efflantis crucem.
Et Christianus quisque piscis dicitur
Tertulliano, propter undæ pollubrum,
Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
Natare sine clarissima potest cruce?
Sed non moramur: namque vestra crux erit,
Vobis faventibùsve, vel negantibus.

—o—

De Juramento Ecclesiæ.

ARTICULIS sacris quidam subscribere jussus,
Ah! Cheiragra vetat, quò minùs, inquit, agam.
O verè dictum, et bellè! cùm torqueat omnes
Ordinis osores articulare malum.

—o—

De Purificatione post Puerperium.

ENIXAS pueros matres se sistere templis
Displicet, et laudis tura litare Deo.
Fortè quidem, cùm per vestras Ecclesia turbas
Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
Vos sine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
Vitàque neglectas est satìs ulta preces.
Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem
Non laudare Deum, credimus esse nefas.
Quotidiana suas poscant si fercula grates,
Nostra caro sanctæ nescia laudis erit?
Adde piis animis quævis occasio lucro est,
Quæ possint humili fundere corde preces.
Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conscia pomi
Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, suos,
Appositè quem commotum subfugerat olim,
Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.

De Antichristi Decore Pontificali.

NON quia Pontificum sunt olim afflata veneno,
Omnia sunt temere projicienda foras.
Tollantur si cuncta malus quæ polluit usus,
Non remanent nobis corpora, non animæ.

De Superpelliceo.

QUID sacræ tandem meruêre vestes?
Quas malus livor jaculis lacessit
Polluens castam chlamydis colorem
Dentibus atris?
Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum
Luce prælustri, vel honore pollet,
Mens sub insigni specie coloris
Concipit albi.
Scilicet talem liquet esse solem;
Angeli vultu radiante candent;
Incolæ cœli melioris albâ
Veste triumphant.
E creaturis sine mentis usu
Conditis binas homini sequendas
Spiritus proponit, et est utrique
Candor amicus.
Ergò ringantur pietatis hostes,
Filii noctis, populus malignus,
Dum suum nomen tenet, et triumphat
Albion albo.

—o—

De Pileo Quadrato.

QUÆ dicteria suderat Britannus
Superpellicei tremendus hostis,
Isthæc pileus audiit propinquus,
Et partem capitis petit supremam;

Non sic effugit angulus vel unus
Quo dictis minùs acribus notetur.
Verùm heus! si reputes, tibi tuísque
Longè pileus anteit galerum,
Ut fervor cerebri refrigeretur,
Qui vestras edit intimè medullas.
Sed qui tam malè pileos habetis,
Quos Ecclesia comprobat, verendum
Nè tandem caput ejus impetatis.

—o—

Catharum.

CUR Latiam linguam reris nimis esse profanam?
Quam præmissa probant secula, nostra probant?
Cur teretem Græcam damnas, atque Hellada totam,
Qua tamen occisi fœdera scripta Dei?
Scilicet Hebræam cantas, et perstrepis unam:
Hæc facit ad nasum sola loquela tuum.

—o—

Episcopus.

QUOS charos habuit Christus Apostolos,
Testatòsque suo tradiderat gregi;
Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens
Doctrinæ fluvios clauderet aureæ,
Mites acciperent Lampada Præsules,
Servaréntque sacrum clavibus ordinem;

Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat
Indulgens propriis ambitionibus,
Et quos ipsa nequit scandere vertices
Hos ad se trahere, et mergere gestiens.
O cœcum populum ! si bona res siet
Præsul, cur renuis ? sin mala, pauculos
Quàm cunctos fieri præstat episcopos.

—o—

De Iisdem, ad Melvinum.

PRÆSULIBUS dirum te Musa coarguit hostem,
An quia Textores, Artificèsque probas ?

—o—

De Textore Catharo.

CUM piscatores Textor legit esse vocatos,
Ut sanctum Domini persequerentur opus ;
Ille quóque invadit Divinam Flaminis artem,
Subtegmen reti dignius esse putans,
Et nunc perlongas Scripturæ stamine telas
Torquet, et in Textu Doctor utróque cluet.

—o—

De Magicis Rotatibus.

QUOS tu rotatus, quale murmur auscultas
In ritibus nostris ? Ego audio nullum.

Agè, provocemus ùsque ad Angelos ipsos,
Aurésque superas; arbitri ipsi sint litis,
Utrum tenore sacra nostra sint necne
Æquabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta
Calumniandi concitavit urtica,
Ut, quæ Papicolis propria, assuas nobis,
Falsùmque potiùs, quàm crepes [vero?] versu?
Tu perstrepis tamen; ùtque turgeat carmen
Tuum tibi, poeta belle non mystes
Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas Striges,
Dicteriis mordacibus notans, clamas
Non convenire precibus ista Divinis.
O sævus hostis! quàm ferociter pugnas!
Nihilne respondebimus tibi? Fatemur.

—o—

Ad Fratres.

O SC'LUM lepidum! circumstant undique Fratres,
Papicolísque sui sunt, Catharísque sui.
Sic nunc plena boni sunt omnia Fratris, amore
Cùm nil fraterno rarius esse queat.

—o—

De Labe, Maculisque.

LABECULAS, maculâsque nobis objicis,
Quid? hoccine est mirum? Viatores sumus.
Quò sanguis est Christi, nisi ut maculas lavet,
Quas spargit animæ corporis propius lutum?

Vos ergo puri! O nomen appositissimum
Quo vulgus ornat vos! At audias parum;
Astronomus olim (ut fama) dum maculas diu,
Quas Luna habet, tuetur, in foveam cadit,
Totúsque cænum Cynthiæ ignoscit notis.
Ecclesia est mihi luna; perge in fabulâ.

—o—

De Musica Sacra.

CUR efficaci, Deucalion, manu,
Post restitutos fluctibus obices,
Mutas in humanam figuram
Saxa supervacuásque cautes?
Quin redde formas, O bone, pristinas,
Et nos reducas ad lapides avos:
Nam saxa mirantur canentes,
Saxa lyras, citharásque callent.
Rupes tenaces, et silices ferunt
Potentiori carmine percitas
Saltus per incultos, lacúsque
Orphea mellifluum secutus.
Et saxa diris hispida montibus
Amphionis testitudine nobili
Percussa dum currunt ad urbem,
Mœnia contribuêre Thebis.
Tantùm repertum est trux hominum genus,
Qui templa sacris expoliant choris,
Non erubescentes vel ipsas
Duritiâ superare cautes.

O plena centum Musica Gratiis,
Præclariorum spirituum cibus,
Quò me vocas tandem, tuúmque
Ut celebrem decus insusurras?
Tu Diva miro pollice spiritum
Cæno profani corporis exuens
Ter millies cælo reponis:
Astra rogant, Novus hic quis hospes?
Ardore Moses concitus entheo,
Mersis revertens lætus ab hostibus
Exuscitat plebem sacratos
Ad Dominum properare cantus.
Quid hocce? Psalmos audión'? O dapes!
O succulenti balsama spiritus!
Ramenta cæli, guttulæque
Deciduæ melioris orbis
Quos David, ipsæ deliciæ Dei,
Ingens piorum gloria Principum,
Sionis excelsas ad arces
Cum citharis, lituisque miscet.
Miratur æquor finitimum sonos,
Et ipse Jordan sistit aquas stupens;
Præ quo Tibris vultum recondit,
Eridanúsque pudore fusus.
Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,
Et nullus audis? Cantibus obstrepens,
Ut, quò fatiges verberésque
Pulpita, plus spatii lucreris?
At cui videri prodigium potest
Mentes, quietis tympana publicæ,
Discordiis plenas sonoris
Harmoniam tolerare nullam!

—o—

De Eadem.

CANTUS sacros, profane, mugitus vocas?
Mugire multò mavelim quàm rudere.

—o—

De Rituum Usu.

CUM primùm ratibus suis
Nostram Cæsar ad insulam
Olim appelleret, intuens
Omnes indigenas loci
Viventes sine vestibus,
O victoria, clamitat,
Certa, ac perfacilis mihi!
Non alio Cathari modo
Dum sponsam Domini piis
Orbam ritibus expetunt,
Atque ad barbariem patrum
Vellent omnia regredi,
Illam tegminis insciam
Prorsus Dæmoni, et hostibus
Exponunt superabilem.
Atqui vos secus, O boni,
Sentire, ac sapere addecet,
Si vestros animos regant
Scripturæ canones sacræ:
Námque hæc, jure, cüipiam
Vestem non adimi suam,
Sed nudis et egentibus
Non suam tribui jubet.

De Annulo Conjugali.

SED nec conjugii signum, Melvine, probabis?
Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
Nulla tibi si signa placent, è nubibus arcum
Eripe cælesti qui moderatur aquæ.
Illa quidem à nostro non multùm abludit imago,
Annulus et plenus tempore forsan erit.
Sin nebulis parcas, et nostro parcito signo,
Cui non absimilis sensus inesse solet.
Scilicet, ut quos ante suas cum conjuge tedas
Merserat in lustris perniciosa venus,
Annulus hos revocet, sistàtque libidinis undas
Legitimi signum connubiale tori.

—o—

De Mundis et Mundanis.

EX prælio undæ ignísque (si physicis sides)
Tranquillus aer nascitur:
Sic ex profano Cosmico et Catharo potest
Christianus extundi bonus.

—o—

De Oratione Dominica.

QUAM Christus immortalis innocuo gregi
Voce suâ dederat,
Quis crederet mortalibus
Orationem rejici septemplicem,

Quæ miseris clypeo
Ajacis est præstantior?
Hæc verba, superos advolaturus thronos
Christus, ut auxilii
Nos haud inanes linqueret,
(Cùm dignius nil posset aut melius dare)
Pignora chara sui
Fruenda nobis tradidit.
Quis sic amicum excipiet, ut Cathari Deum
Qui renovare sacri
Audent amoris Symbolum?
Tu verò quisquis es, cave nè, dum neges
Improbe verba Dei,
Te deneget Verbum Deus.

—o—

In Catharum quendam.

CUM templis effare, madent sudaria, mappæ,
Trux caper alarum, suppara, læna, sagum.
Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris:
Nunc sudas solus; cætera turba riget.

—o—

De Lupa Lustri Vaticani.

CALUMNIARUM nec pudor quis nec modus?
Nec Vaticanæ desines unquam Lupæ?
Metus inanes! Nos pari prætervehi

Illam Charybdim cautione novimus
Vestramque Scyllam, æquis parati spiculis
Britannicam in Vulpem, inque Romanam Lupam.
Dicti fidem firmabimus Anagrammate.

—o—

Roma dabit Oram, Maro, Ramo, Armo, Mora, et Amor.

ROMA, tuum nomen quam non pertransiit Oram,
Cùm Latium ferrent sæcula prisca jugum?
Non deerat vel fama tibi, vel carmina famæ,
Unde Maro laudes duxit ad Astra tuas.
At nunc exsucco similis tua gloria Ramo
A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut Armo
Jam deturbârunt tempora longa suo.
Quin tibi jam desperatæ Mora nulla medetur;
Qua Fabio quondam sub duce nata salus.
Hinc te olim Gentes miratæ odêre vicissim;
Et cum sublatâ laude recedit Amor.

—o—

De Impositione Manuum.

NEC dextra te fugit almi amoris emblema?
Atqui manus imponere integras præstat,
Quàm (more vestro) imponere inscio vulgo.
Quanto impositio melior est imposturâ!

—o—

Supplicum Ministrorum raptus

κωμῳδούμενος.

AMBITIO Cathari quínque constat actibus.
I. Primò, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
II. Mox displicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanserit
III. Paulò, secretis mussitans in angulis
Quærit recessus. Incalescit fabula,
IV. Erumpit indè, et continere nescius
V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
Præ spiritu ruptis, quò eas resarciat
Amstellodamum corripit se. Plaudite.

—o—

De Auctorum Enumeratione.

QUO magis invidiam nobis et crimina confles,
Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
Martyra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctùmque Bucerum,
Qui tamen in nostros fortiter ire negant.
Whitaker, erranti quem præfers carmine, miles
Assiduus nostræ papilionis erat.
Nos quoque possemus longas conscribere turmas,
Si numero starent prælia, non animis.
Primus adest nobis, Pharisæis omnibus hostis,
Christus Apostolici cinctus amore gregis.
Tu geminas belli portas, O Petre, repandis,
Dum gladium stringens Paulus ad arma vocat.
Indè Patres pergunt quadrati, et tota Vetustas.
Nempe Novatores quis Veteranus amat?

Jam Constantinus multo se milite miscet;
Invisámque tuis erigit hasta Crucem.
Hipponensis adest properans, et torquet in hostes
Lampada, quâ studiis invigilare solet.
Téque Deum alternis cantans Ambrosius iram,
Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit.
Hæc etiam ad pugnam præsens, quâ vivimus, ætas
Innumeram nostris partibus addit opem.
Quos inter plenùsque Deo, genióque Jacobus
Defendit veram mente manúque fidem.
Interea ad sacrum stimulat sacra Musica bellum.
Qua sine vos miseri lentiùs itis ope.
Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, Ordo,
Ordine discerni maxima bella solent.
O vos invalidos! Audi quem talibus armis
Eventum Naso vidit et admonuit;
Una dies Catharos ad bellum miserat omnes:
Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.

—o—

De Auri sacra Fame.

CLAUDIS avaritâ Satyram; statuísque sacrorum
Esse recidendas, Æace noster, opes.
Cætera condonabo tibi, scombrísque remittam:
Sacrilegum carmen, censeo, flamma voret.

—o—

Ad Scotiam Protrepticon ad Pacem.

SCOTIA, quæ frigente jaces porrecta sub Arcto,
Cur adeo immodicâ religione cales?

Anne tuas flammas ipsa Antiperistasis auget,
Ut nive torpentes incaluêre manus?
Aut ut pruna gelu summo mordaciùs urit,
Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum?
Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor: unda propinqua est,
Et tibi vicinas porrigit æquor aquas;
Aut potiùs Christi sanguis demissus ab alto,
Vicinùsque magis nobiliórque fluit:
Nè, si flamma novis adolescat mota flabellis,
Ante diem vestro mundus ab igne ruat.

—o—

Ad Seductos Innocentes.

INNOCUÆ mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi
Ducitur illimi candida vita fide,
Absit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem;
Perstringunt vestros carmina sola duces.
O utinam aut illorum oculi (quod comprecor unum)
Vobis, aut illis pectora vestra forent.

—o—

Ad Melvinum.

ATQUI te precor unicè per ipsam,
Quæ scripsit numeros, manum; per omnes
Musarum calices, per et beatos
Sarcasmos quibus artifex triumphas;
Quin per Presbyteros tuos; per urbem

Quam curto nequeo referre versu;
Per charas tibi, nobilésque dextras,
Quas subscriptio neutiquam inquinavit;
Per quicquid tibi suaviter probatur;
Nè me carminibus nimis dicacem,
Aut sævum reputes. Amica nostra est
Atque edentula Musa, nec veneno
Splenis perlita contumeliosi.
Nam si te cuperem secare versu,

Totámque evomerem potenter iram
Quam aut ecclesia despicata vobis,
Aut læsæ mihi suggerunt Athenæ,
(Et quem non stimularet hæc simultas)
Jam te funditus igneis Camœnis,
Et Musa crepitante subruissem:
Omnis linea sepiam recusans
Plumbo ducta fuisset æstuanti,
Centum stigmatibus tuos inurens
Profanos fremitus bonásque sannas:
Plùs charta hæc mea delibuta dictis
Hæsisset tibi, quàm suprema vestis
Olim accreverit Herculi furenti:
Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum
Extruxissem, ubi, cum moneret usus,
Haurirent tibi tota plaustra Musæ.

Nunc hæc omnia sustuli, tonantes
Affectus sociis tuis remittens.
Non te carmine turbidum vocavi,
Non deridiculumve, sive ineptum
Non striges, magiámve, vel rotatus,
Non fastus tibi turgidos repono;

Errores, maculas, superbiámque,
Labes, somniáque, ambitúsque diros
Tinnitus Berecynthios omittens
Nil horum regero tibi merenti.

Quin te laudibus orno: quippe dico
Cæsar sobrius ad rei Latinæ
Unus dicitur advenire cladem:
Et tu solus ad Angliæ procellas
(Cúm plerùmque tuâ sodalitate
Nil sit crassius, impolitiúsve)
Accedis benè doctus, et poëta.

—o—

Ad Eundem.

INCIPIS irridens; stomachans in carmine pergis;
Desinis exclamans: Tota figura, vale.

—o—

Ad Seren. Regem.

ECCE pererratas, Regum doctissime, nugas,
Quas gens inconsulta, suis vexata procellis,
Libandas nobis, absorbendásque propinat!
O cæcos animi fratres! quis vestra fatigat
Corda furor, spissáque afflat caligine sensus?
Cernite, quàm formosa suas Ecclesia pennas
Explicat, et radiis ipsum pertingit Olympum!
Vicini populi passim mirantur, et æquos

Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiscere ritus:
Angelicæ turmæ nostris se cætibus addunt:
Ipse etiam Christus cœlo speculatus ab alto
Intuitúque uno stringens habitacula mundi,
Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet Anglia cultus.
Scilicet has olim divisas æquore terras
Seposuit Divina sibi, cùm conderet orbem,
Progenies gemmámque suâ quasi pyxide clausit.

O qui Defensor Fidei meritissimus audis,
Responde æternùm titulo; quóque ordine felix
Cœpisti, pergas simili res texere filo.
Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hostes:
Quásque habet aut patulas, aut cæco tramite, moles
Hæresis, evertas. Quid enim te fallere possit?
Tu venas laticésque omnes, quos sacra recludit
Pagina, gustâsti, multóque interprete gaudes:
Tu Synodósque, Patresque, et quod dedit alta vetustas
Haud per te moritura, Scholámque introspicis omnem.
Nec transire licet quo mentis acumine findis
Viscera naturæ, commistúsque omnibus astris
Ante tuum tempus cælum gratissimus ambis.
Hac ope munitus securior excipis undas,
Quas Latii, Catharíque movent, atque inter utrasque
Pastor agis proprios, medio tutissimus, agnos.
Perge, decus Regum; sic, Augustissime, plures
Sint tibi vel stellis laudes, et laudibus anni:
Sic pulsare tuas, exclusis luctibus, ausint
Gaudia sola fores: sic quicquid somnia mentis
Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem;
Sic positis nugis, quibus irretita libido
Innumeros mergit vitiatâ mente poëtas,
Sola Jacobæum decantent carmina nomen.

Ad Deum.

QUEM tu, summe Deus, semel
Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
Illum non labor irritus
Exercet miserum; non dolor unguium
Morsus increpat anxios;
Non mæret calamus; non queritur caput
Sed fœcunda poëseως
Vis, et vena sacris regnat in artubus
Qualis nescius aggerum
Exundat fluvio Nilus amabili.
O dulcissime spiritus,
Sanctos qui gemitus mentibus inseris
A Te Turture defluos,
Quòd scribo, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est

Inuenta Bellica.

E Msto. Autog.

OH Mortis longæva fames, venterque perennis!
Quem non Emathius torrens, non sanguine pinguis
Daunia, non satiat bis ter millesima cædis
Progenies, mundique ætas abdomine tanto
Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
Prisci, crescentesque una cum prole cavernas;
Hinc tamen excludi mors noluit, ipsaque vitam
Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.
Confluere interea passim ad Floralia pubes
Cœperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra solutis.
Compita fervescunt pedibus, clamoribus æther.
Hîc ubi discumbunt per gramina, salsior unus
Omnia suspendit naso, sociosque lacessit:
Non fert Ucalegon, atque amentata retorquet
Dicta ferox, hærent lateri convitia fixo.
Scinditur in partes vulgus ceu compita, telum
Ira facit, mundusque ipse est apotheca furoris,
Liber alit rixas, potantibus omnia bina
Sunt præter vitam: saxis hic sternitur, alter
Ambustis sudibus, pars vitam in pocula fundunt,
Bacchantur Lipithæ, furit inconstantia vini,

Sanguine quem dedérat spolians: primordia belli
Hæc fuerant, sic Tisiphone virguncula lusit.

Non placuit rudis atque ignara occisio, morti
Quæritur ingenium, doctusque homicida probatur.
Hinc tyrocinium, parvoque assueta juventus,
Fictaque Bellona, et veræ ludibria pugnæ,
Instructæque acies, hyemesque in pellibus actæ.
Omniaque hæc ut transadigant sine crimine costas
Artificesque necis clueant et mortis alumni.
Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hostes
Assiduus tyro, si sit spectanda voluntas.
O superi! quis tantum ipsis virtutibus instat,
Quantum cædi? adeone unam nos vivere vitam,
Perdere sexcentas? crescet tamen hydra nocendi
Tristis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur imâ,
Fœcundusque chalybs sceleris, jam sanguine tinctus,
Expleri nequit, at totum depascitur orbem.
Quid memorem tormenta, quibus prius horruit ævum,
Balistasque, Onagrosque, et quicquid Scorpio sævus
Vel Catapulta potest, Siculique inventa magistri,
Angligenûmque arces, gaudentes sanguine Galli
Fustibales, fundasque quibus cum numine fretus
Stravit Idumæum divinus Tityrus hostem.

Adde etiam currus et cum temone Britanno
Arviragum, falcesque obstantia quæque metentes.
Quin aries ruit et multâ Demetrius arte,
Sic olim cecidere.

Deerat adhuc vitiis nostris dignissima mundo
Machina, quam nullum satis execrabitur ævum;
Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum,

Fusaque decurrit notis aqua ferrea sulcis :
Exoritur tubus, atque instar Clyclopis Homeri,
Luscum prodigium, medioque foramine gaudens !
Inde rotæ atque axis subeunt, quasi sella curulis,
Qua mors ipsa sedens hominum de gente triumphat.
Accedit Pyrius pulvis laquearibus Orci
Exulis, Infernæ pretiosa tragemata mensæ,
Sulphureaque lacu, totaque imbuta Mephiti.
Hinc glans adjicitur, non quam ructare vetustas
Creditur, ante satas prono cum vertice fruges.
Plumbea glans, livensque suæ quasi conscia noxæ,
Purpureus lictor Pltonis, epistola fati
Plumbis obsignata, colosque et stamina vitæ
Perrumpens, Atropi vetulæ marcentibus ulnis.
Hæc ubi vincta, subit vivo cum fune minister,
Fatalemque levans dextram, qua stupeus ignis
Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem
Pulveris inferni, properat, datur ignis, et omnem
Materiam vexat, nec jam se continet antro
Tisiphone, flammâ et fallaci fulmine cincta ;
Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem.
It stridor, cælosque omnes et Tartara findit.
Non jam exaudiri quidquam vel musica sphæræ
Vel gemitus Erebi, piceo se turbine volvens,
Totamque eructans nubem glans proruit imo
Precipitata, cadunt urbes formidine, muri
Diffugiunt, fragilisque crepant cœnacula mundi.
Strata jacent toto millena cadavera campo,
Uno ictu ; non sic pestis, non stella maligno
Afflatu perimunt. En Cymba Cocytia turbis
Ingemit, et defessus opem jam portitor orat.
Nec glans sola nocet, mortem quandoque susurrat
Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert.
Dicite vos, Furiæ ! qua gaudet origine monstrum ?

Nox Ætnam, noctemque Chaos genuere priores,
Ætna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic Ixiona Græcis
Cantatum, deinde Ixion cum nubibus atris
Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacæ
Triste colens sellæ, noctuque et Dæmone plenum
Protulit horrendum hoc primum cum pulvere monstrum.
Quis monachos mortem meditari, et pulvere tristi
Versatos neget? atque humiles queis talia cordi
Tam demissa, ipsamque adeo subeuntia terram?

Nec tamen hic mortis rabies stetit; exilit omni
Tormento pejor Jesuita, et fulminat orbem,
Ridens bombardas miseras, quæ corpora perdunt
Non animas; raroque ornantur sanguine regum
Obstreperæ stulto sonitu, crimenque fatentes.
Sistimus hic, inquit fatum, sat prata biberunt
Sanguinis, innocuum tandem luet orbis Abelum.

G. Herberte.

Alia Poemata Latina.

Ad Auctorem Instaurationis magnæ.
[*Franciscum Bacon.*]

PER strages licet auctorum veterúmque ruinam
Ad famæ properes vera Tropæa tuæ,
Tam nitidè tamen occidís, tam suaviter hostes,
Se quasi donatum funere quisque putat.
Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato,
Vulneréque emanat sanguis, ut intret honos.
O quám felices sunt, qui tua castra sequuntur,
Cùm per te sit res ambitiosa mori.

In Honorem Illustrissimi Domini Francisci de Verulamio Vic-Comitis Sti. Albani.
Post editam ab eo Instaaur. magnum.

QUIS iste tandem? non enim Vultu ambulat
Quotidiano. Nescis, ignare? audies.
Dux Notionum; Veritatis Pontifex;
Inductionis Dominus; et Verulamii;
Rerum Magister unicus, at non Artium:

Profunditatis Pinus, atque Elegantiæ;
Naturæ Aruspex intimus; Philosophiæ
Ærarium, Sequester Experientiæ,
Speculationísque; Æquitatis Signifer;
Scientiarum subpupillari statu
Degentium olim Emancipator; Luminis
Promus: Fugator Idolûm, atque Nubium:
Collega Solis: Quadra Certitudinis:
Sophismatum Mastix: Brutus Literarius,
Authoritatis exuens Tyrannidem:
Rationis et Sensus Stupendus Arbiter?
Repumicator mentis: Atlas Physicus,
Alcide succumbente Stagiritico;
Columba Noæ, quæ in vertustate Artibùs
Nullum locum requiemque cernens, præstitit
Ad se suumque Matris, Arcam regredi.
Subtilitatis terebra; Temporis nepos
Ex veritate Matre; Mellis Alveus;
Mundíque et Animarum Sacerdos unicus;
Securisque Errorum; ínque Natalibus
Granum Sinapis, acre aliis, Crescens sibi;
O me prope Lassum! Juvate Posteri.

GEOR. HERBERT. ORAT. PUB. IN ACADEM. CANTAB.

—o—

In Obitum incomparabilis Francisci Vice-Comitis Sancti Albani, Baronis Verulamii.

DUM longi lentíque gemis sub pondere morbi,
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede;
Quid voluit prudens Fatum, jam sentio tandem:
Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori:

Ut Flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis,
Deducant Linguæ funera sola tuæ.

—o—

Comparatio inter Munus Summi Cancellariatus et Librum

MUNERE dum nobis prodes, libróque futuris,
In laudes abeunt sæcula quæque tuas:
Munere dum nobis prodes, libróque remotis,
In laudes abeunt jam loca quæque tuas:
Hæ tibi sunt alæ laudum. Cui contigit unquam
Longius æterno, latius orbe decus?

—o—

Æthiopissa ambit Cestum diversi Coloris Virum.

QUID mihi si facies nigra est? hoc, Ceste, colore
Sunt etiam tenebræ, quas tamen optat amor.
Cernis ut exustâ semper sit fronte viator;
Ah longum, quæ te deperit, errat iter.
Si nigro sit terra solo, quis despicit arvum?
Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi:
Aut aperi, et cernes corpas quas projicit umbras;
Hoc saltem officio fungar amore tui.
Cum mihi sit facies fumus, quas pectore flammas
Jamdudum tacitè delituisse putes?
Dure, negas? O fata mihi præsaga doloris,
Quæ mihi lugubres contribuêre genas!

—o—

In Natales et Pascha Concurrentes.

CUM tu, Christe, cadis, nascor; mentémque ligavit
Una meam membris horula, téque cruci.
O me disparibus natum cum numine fatis!
Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, Christe, negas?
Quin moriar tecum: vitam, quam negligis ipse,
Accipe; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat.
Hoc mihi legatum tristi si funere præstes,
Christe, duplex fiet mors tua vita mihi:
Atque ibi per te sanctificer natalibus ipsis,
In vitam, et nervos pascha coæva fluet.

—o—

*Ad Johannem Donne, D.D. de uno Sigillorum ejus, Anchora et Christo.**

QUOD crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuíve Christum devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum: nempè symbolum suæ
Tibi dedit unda et terra certitudinis

* A little before his death Dr. Donne had many seals made, and on them engraven the figure of Christ crucified on an anchor, the emblem of Hope, and of which Dr. Donne would say, *Crux mihi anchora.* These seals he gave or sent to most of those friends on whom he put a value; and at Mr. Herbert's death the following verses were found wrapped round the seal the poet had given him:

"When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this seal, and so gave o'er
When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure
This Anchor keeps my Faith, that me, secure."

Quondam fessus amor loquens amato
Tot et tanta loquens amica; scripsit
Tandem et fessa manus, dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi
Sanctiùs in regno magni credebat amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum.
Munde, fluas sugiásque licet, nos nostráque fixi:
Deridet motus sancta Catena tuos.

[TRANSLATION BY GEORGE HERBERT.]

Although the Cross could not Christ here detain,
Though nailed unto it, but He ascends again;
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep Him still,
But only while thou speak'st; this Anchor will:
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain Anchor add a seal; and so
The *water* and the *earth*, both unto thee
Do owe the Symbol of their certainty.

When love being weary, made an end
Of kind expressions to his friend,
He writ; when his hand could write no more,
He gave the seal, and so left o'er.
How sweet a friend was he, who, being grieved,
His letters were broke rudely up, believed
'T was more secure in great love's commonweal
(Where nothing should be broke) to add a seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure.—
This holy Cable is of all storms secure.

In Obitum Serenissimæ Reginæ Annæ.
(*E Lacrymis Cantanbrigiensibus.*)

QUO te, felix Anna, modo deflere licebit?
Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat:
Ecce meus torpens animus succumbit utrique,
Cui tenuis fama est, ingeniumque minus.
Quis, nisi qui manibus Briareus, oculisque sit Argus,
Scribere te dignùm vel lacrymare queat?
Frustra igitur sudo; superest mihi sola voluptas,
Quod calâmum excusent Pontus et Astra meum:
Namque Annæ laudes cœlo scribuntur aperto,
Sed luctus noster scribitur Oceano.

—o—

*In Obitum Henrici Principis Walliæ.**
(*Ex Expicedio Cantabrigiensi.*)

ITE leves (inquam), Parnassia numina, musæ!
Non ego vos posthac, hederæ velatus amictu,
Somnis nescio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo:
Sed nec Cirrhæi saltus, Libethriave arva
In mea dicta ruant; non tam mihi pendula mens est,
Sic quasi Diis certem, magnos accerfere montes;
Nec vaga de summo deducam flumina monte,
Qualia parturiente colunt sub rupe sorores:
Si quas mens agitet moles (dum pectora sævo
Tota stupent luctu) lachrymisque exæstuit æquis
Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, hæc flumina sunto:

* Son of James the First—a very model of princes.

Musa, vale! et tu, Phœbe! dolor mea carmina dictet;
Hinc mihi principium: vos, o labentia mentis
Lumina, nutantes paulatim acquirite vires,
Vivite, dum mortem ostendam: sic tempora vestram
Non comedant famam, sic nulla oblivia potent.
Quare age, mens! effare, precor, quo numine læso?
Quæ suberant causæ? quid nos committere tantum,
Quod non lanigeræ pecudes, non agmina lustrent?
Annon longa fames, miseræque injuria pestis
Pœna minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis ægrum?
Jam felix Philomela, et menti conscia Dido!
Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus ensis!
Non metuunt ultra; nostra infortunia tantum
Fataque, Fortunasque et spem læsere futuram.
Quod si fata illi longam invidere salutem
Et patrio regno (sub quo jam Principe nobis
Quid sperare, immo quid non sperare licebat?)
Debuit ista pati prima et non nobilis ætas:
Aut cita mors est danda bonis aut longa senectus.
Sic lætare animos et sic ostendere gemmam
Excitat optotus avidos, et ventilat ignem.
Quare etiam nuper Pyrii de pulveris ictu
Principis innocuam servâstis numina vitam
Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere prostet.
Phœbe, tui puduit, quum summo mane redires,
Sol sine sole tuo! quum te tum nubibus atris
Totum offuscari peteres, ut nocte silenti
Humana æternos agerent præcordia questus:
Tantum etenim vestras, Parcæ, non flectit habenas
Tempus edax rerum, tuque o mors improba sola es
Cui cæcas tribuit vires annosa vetustas!
Quid non mutatum est? requiêrunt flumina cursus:
Plus etiam veteres cœlum videre remotum:
Cur ideo verbis tristes effundere curas

Expeto, tanquam hæc sic nostri medicina doloris?
Immodicus luctus tacito volat igne medullas,
Ut fluvio currente, vadum sonat, alta quiescunt.

—o—

INNUPTA Pallas, nata Diespatre!
Æterna summæ gloria regiæ!
Cui dulcis arrident camœnæ
Pieridis Latiæque Musæ.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi, vel tuis
Quacunque gutta temporis imminent?
Tantaque propendet statera
Regula sanguinolenta fati?

Numne Hydra talis tantaque bellua est
Mors tot virorum sordida sanguine
Ut mucro rumpatur Minervæ
Utque minax superetur Ægis?

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare cærulum
Ussisse prono fulmine diceris,
Ajacis exesas triremes
Præcipitans graviore casu.

Tu discidisti Gorgoneas manus
Nexas, capillos anguibus oblitos,
Furvosque vicisti Gigantem
Enceladum, pharetramque Rhœci.

Ceu victa, musis porrigit herbulas
Pennata cæci dextra cupidinis,
Non ulla Bellonæ furentis
Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis cæsia vocibus
Respondit: Eia! ne metuas precor,
Nam fata non justis repugnant
Principibus, sed amica fiunt.

Ut si recisis arboribus meis
Nudetur illic lucus amabilis,
Fructusque post mortem recusent
Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam
Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua,
Dignamque cœlesti corona
Harmoniam dabit inter astra.

—o—

E Msto. Autog.

CUM petit Infantem Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus,
Quisnam horum major sit, dubitatur, amor?
Vincit more suo Noster: nam millibus Infans
Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

—o—

E Msto. Autog.

VERO verius ergo quid sit, audi
Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.

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